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The Irish
IN THE
American Revolution
AND THEIR
Early Influence in the Colonies

By JAMES HALTIGAN

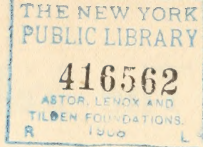
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WASHINGTON, D. C.:
PATRICK J. HALTIGAN, Publisher

1908

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WASHINGTON, D. C.



WASHINGTON, 1908
SUDWARTH PRINTING COMPANY

AUTHORITIES AND SOURCES OF INFORMATION

Appleton's American Biography, Lossing's Field Book of the Revolution, Little's Classified Dates, the Century Cyclopedia of Names, Lecky's American Revolution, Musick's Independence, Doheny's American Revolution, Hemstreet's Story of New York, When Old New York Was Young, Rhoad's Battlefields of the Revolution, Walker's Life of Andrew Jackson, Irving's Life of Washington, Hale's Historic Boston, History of the Boston Irish Charitable Society, Campbell's History of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick and Hibernian Society of Philadelphia, McLaughlin's Life of Matthew Lyon, Speeches of Edmund Burke, Jameson's Dictionary of United States History, Official Papers of Charles Thomson, Secretary of the Continental Congress; Official Publications of the American-Irish Historical Society, General John Sullivan's Indian Campaign, 1779; Masterpieces of American Eloquence, History of the United States by B. B. Andrews, History of the United States by Julian Hawthorne, Cullen's History of the Irish in Boston, L. Carroll Judson's Sages and Heroes of the American Revolution, Spark's American Biography, Garner and Lodge's History of the United States, J. R. Spear's Anthony Wayne, Headley's Washington and His Generals, Historical Papers by Colonel John C. Linehan, Jeremiah D. O'Connell, John Kelly, Miss Mary L. Linehan, Gouverneur Morris, Wm. W. Campbell, Franklin M. Danaher, M. H. Herschberg, Chas. C. Jones, Jr., and innumerable Official Documents, Magazine and Newspaper Articles and Historical Sketches.

ILLUSTRATIONS

x x

Gen. GEORGE WASHINGTON

Commodore JOHN BARRY

Gen. RICHARD MONTGOMERY

Gen. JOHN SULLIVAN

Gen. HENRY KNOX

Gen. ANTHONY WAYNE

CHARLES CARROLL of Carrollton

CHARLES THOMSON

DEDICATION



To the Ancient Order of Hibernians in America, whose members have been foremost in preserving the spirit of Irish Nationality in this country for the past seventy-five years, and whose untiring work in the present day is bound to make their Order the Great Irish Organization of the Future—upon whose platform will stand the united children of the Gaelic race—THIS WORK IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

FOREWORD



IN presenting this volume to the public we make no pretensions to have written any new history. Finding that a disposition exists among many modern historians to ignore the achievements of the Irish people in the foundation of this Republic we have merely resurrected all we could of their true history in the past and restored it to its proper place among the records of the Nation.

We have only endeavored to reinsert some of the pages which have been torn from the National Book by racial and religious prejudice and to give just credit to the brave men of our race who sacrificed their fortunes and their lives for the liberty and independence of the United States.

In doing so we have carefully stated the sources of our information and given full credit to all the authors we have quoted. We have made no claims on behalf of our people that cannot be substantiated by official documents and reputable writers, and all our statements are based on historic facts.

While we have done our best in this connection we are far from satisfied with our work. The task was greater and more difficult than we anticipated and over-reached our opportunities for proper research.

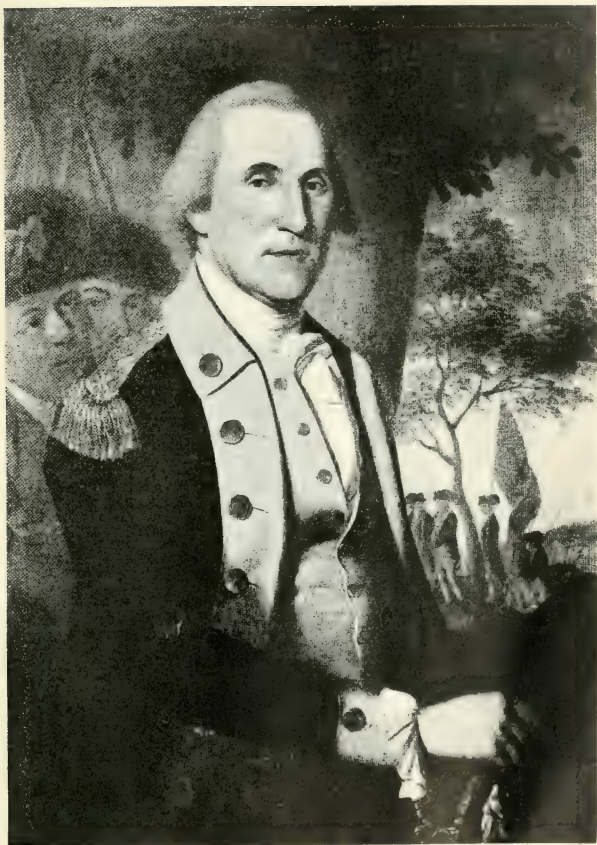
To do full justice to this subject a large volume should be published for each State in the Union, for in every portion of this Republic, as President Roosevelt truly says, "the Irish people have proved themselves a masterful race of rugged character—a race the qualities of whose womanhood have become proverbial, while its men have the elemental, the indispensable virtues of working hard in time of peace and fighting hard in time of war."

Again, from the same high authority—the President of the United States—we have the additional evidence that "the immigrants from Ireland, and those alone, boldly pushed through the settled districts and planted themselves as the advance guard of the conquering civilization on the borders of the Indian-haunted wilderness."

Our great object has been to reawaken interest in these early Irish settlers of America, so truthfully characterized by President Roosevelt; to restore the true history of the Fathers in their regard and to re-establish facts in connection with their noble lives that have been forgotten or ignored.

If we have done this even in a small way—if we have only made a beginning that will be taken up by others and carried on to its logical end—we can look forward with confidence to the time when full justice will be done our countrymen for the work they have accomplished in the establishment and preservation of this Republic.





GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON.

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CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

Sixty years ago when Michael Doheny was asked by Gavan Duffy and Thomas Davis to contribute a volume to the Irish Library they were then issuing in Dublin, he chose for his subject the history of the American Revolution.

His first idea, as he was addressing himself entirely to Irish readers, was to write only of the deeds of Irishmen during that eventful period, or at least to group together in the history the men of his own race who took a prominent part in it. He abandoned that intention, however, feeling that his impartiality might appear questionable if he selected them as leading characters in the history of a great people, of whom they formed but a proportionate part.

At the time Michael Doheny was writing there was no necessity to take up the history of his countrymen especially, for their names were then written in large letters on the roll of American fame, and no attempt had yet been made to ungratefully ignore their important services or unjustly dim the luster of their glorious names.

In this our day matters are entirely different. Since the time of Michael Doheny a great change has taken place in American literature. What would then have been justly considered partial and indelicate on his part now becomes a duty under the changed conditions. The orators, poets, writers and soldiers of Ireland were then given a high place in American books, especially in those intended for the instruction or entertainment of the young. Emmet's immortal speech and the classic orations of such brilliant men as Burke, Sheridan, Grattan, and O'Connell were printed in American school books, and the patriotic efforts of Irishmen in behalf of their unhappy country were held up as bright examples to all Americans.

Now there plainly exists a disposition to ignore the Irish element in current American books. At first this practice crept in with stealthy and treacherous steps, but as time wore on it was established as a general rule.

During the Civil War Irishmen and Irish-Americans once more, and with greater force than ever, proved their devotion to this Republic on many a hard-fought field, yet from that time forth the credit of their services, which hitherto had been freely accorded them as their due, seems to have become subject to a

process of evaporation until it is now either grudgingly bestowed or altogether refused.

During the progress of that war England tried by every means in her power to destroy this Republic, but all her efforts in that direction having failed, she resolved on a new course—a method none the less deadly in its hatred of Republican institutions, but one having the guise of pretended friendship. It was then that the cry of "the mother country," "the one race," "the same language," and all the other phrases of hypocrisy first arose in any concerted volume—it was then that the cultivation of the Anglo-American Alliance first began. Every power and influence in England has since been used not only to foster this feeling but to destroy all elements of opposition to it.

It is plain that all discrimination against Irishmen and Catholics may be traced to this source. The spirit which seems dominant in American literature to-day to crowd out all reference to Irish and Catholic endeavor does not arise from the hearts of the American people. It was not born on this soil, but is a direct importation from our old enemies across the sea. The same power which monopolized, as far as possible, Irish genius at home to its own glory, now seeks to destroy it in this country, where it is beyond its control.

Whenever a bright and gifted mind appeared in Ireland it was quickly turned to the service of England or else destroyed. The Burkes and Sheridans were flattered and rewarded, while the Wolfe Tones and Emmets were condemned to death.

And it is this same power—the secret service of England—which is now changing the American schoolbooks into English readers and endeavoring to do away with all allusion to Irish or Catholic achievement in the literature of America.

We could cite many instances where prominent Americans, consciously or unconsciously, are being made the tools of England in this evil work, but a few will be sufficient for our purpose.

One of these is supplied by Mr. J. D. O'Connell, lately of Washington. For over thirty years Mr. O'Connell was one of the chief clerks of the Bureau of Statistics in Washington, and the experience and knowledge which he there gained render him a most competent authority on many important subjects.

In an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October, 1896, entitled "Five Contributions to American Civilization," President Eliot, of Harvard University, thus wrote:

"It is great mistake to suppose that the process of assimilating foreigners began in the nineteenth century. The eighteenth century provided the colonies with a great mixture of peoples, although the English race predominated then as now. When the

Revolution broke out there were already English, Scotch, Dutch, Germans, French, Portuguese, and Swedes in the colonies."

Noticing the omission of any mention whatever in that article of the Irish as an element in the mixture of peoples who made up the Americans of the eighteenth century, Mr. O'Connell addressed a letter to Professor Eliot calling his attention to that strange omission.

This letter was so filled with historic facts that it could not be controverted, and Professor Eliot was publicly compelled to acknowledge his ignorance. "I shall have to confess," he wrote Mr. O'Connell, "that I omitted the Irish because I did not know they were an important element in the population of the colonies in the eighteenth century. My ignorance about the early Irish immigration is doubtless due to provincialism. The Massachusetts of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was the creation of the English Puritans and Independents."

The Springfield Republican, in commenting on this admission, said that President Eliot confessed to an extent of ignorance which was amazing for a man in his position and which must have cost him some courage to own.

It is almost impossible to conceive that the President of Harvard College could be so densely ignorant as he represented himself to be in this letter. He must have heard of the Boston Charitable Irish Society, which was founded in 1737, and in his study of the Revolutionary period he must have seen such names as Sullivan, Stark, and Knox. One of the Sullivans was a leading General in the army and another was a judge on the bench and afterwards Governor of Massachusetts. Stark was one of the most renowned men in New England, while General Knox was the warm friend of George Washington and one of his ablest and most trusted advisers.

No American able to read could justly make the plea of ignorance which the President of Harvard avowed, and the inference is not unfair that some other motive lay at the bottom of his omission.

Moreover, according to all accounts, there were more Irish in the American colonies at the time of the Revolution than all the other foreign elements combined. But as the Irish, being Catholics, were considered at that time outside of the body politic in their own country and by their own Parliament, it is reasonable to suppose that some portion of that feeling followed them to America, and they were compelled to fight their way in public as well as in private life.

But there were vast numbers of Irishmen in this country then outside of the proscribed Catholic faith—Protestants and

Presbyterians who were of the same race as the men who joined with their Catholic fellow-countrymen in the Revolution of 1798. They were real patriotic Irishmen—not Scotch Irishmen, as some would like to make them—and fought England in America as their brothers did in Ireland. In both countries they battled against the tyranny and injustice of English rule and left behind them names that will never perish, no matter how Anglo-Americans may seek to becloud or ignore their memories.

Another instance of the efforts recently being made to create a pro-English feeling in this country is the publication of Lecky's *History of the American Revolution*, a work so notoriously unfair and prejudiced towards the Americans and their cause as to call forth an apology from its editor, another college man, James A. Woodburn, Professor of History and Politics in Indiana University.

In his introduction to his new version of Lecky, Professor Woodburn tells us that American history should be studied in the light of Europe, and that the American citizen's intelligence is too meager if he has his knowledge merely in the study of American subjects from American schoolbooks and American authors. In other words he lays down the law that we must accept the story of our enemies—for to him Europe means England—in preference to the chronicles of the patriots who laid down their lives in behalf of the American cause.

"American journals and schoolbooks," writes Mr. Woodburn, "of a past generation—fortunately it is not so true at present—have conveyed false and exaggerated conceptions of British despotism and tyranny. The reading of a volume like Mr. Lecky's will do much properly to remove these harmful impressions. The intelligent reading of our Revolution should lead us to see that, while that unfortunate policy may have disturbed, it has in no sense destroyed the essential unity of the Anglo-Saxon race."

In these latter words Mr. Woodburn exposes the object of his volume and makes common cause with those who seek to distort American history for the benefit of England.

The latter country is now weak and tottering to decay as a result of countless years of her own despotism and cruelty to other peoples. She feels the need of an alliance with this country to restore her strength and prestige and enable her to carry on her old policy of robbery and conquest.

If the false and exaggerated conceptions of English despotism and tyranny do not now, as Mr. Woodburn says, appear in American journals and schoolbooks as much as they did in past generations, we may thank the secret work of England and the action of American journalists and educators, who, with or with-

out malice or pecuniary reward, aid her in her nefarious schemes.

In the case of Professor Eliot, if we believe himself, England's work was done through his own ignorance, but in Professor Woodburn the Anglo-Americans have found a man brazen enough to charge exaggeration and stupidity against his own countrymen in advocacy of England's cause. He even has the effrontery to print apologies for the American patriots and their cause in cases where Mr. Lecky's criticism has been unduly severe or hostile.

Mr. Lecky, we may add, was an Irishman of genius and ability, but he is one of those who have been bought by England. In the case of his own country he has flatly contradicted his own writings of an earlier and more honest day in order to retain the favor of his English masters. The man who falsifies the history of his native land cannot be depended upon in the story of any other country.

It is customary for some of our men of letters, editors and teachers, to allude in glowing terms to England's great achievements in all the walks of life, but all their fine words cannot wipe out the record of her evil deeds or change the verdict of honest men that every inch of her supposed greatness represents a mile of ruthless desolation and destruction in other lands.

The doctrines taught by this Anglo-American coterie, as we have said before, meet no response in the great heart of the American people. In their estimation, we verily believe, all the business in all the world would not make amends for the loss of one sentence of the Declaration of Independence. In this regard they agree with our Catholic teaching that it avails a man nothing to gain the whole world and lose his own soul. They believe that the men who demand liberty for themselves and refuse it to others do not appreciate what the word means and are not fit for the duties of American citizenship.

Previous to the Revolution the Tory feeling in this country among those who sprung from England was deep and widespread. Some of the best people in the land felt themselves bound to England not only by business connections but by ties of blood and friendship, and even those whose reason saw her tyranny and injustice—who realized that Ireland's treatment was about to be repeated in America—hesitated long before they cast the final die.

And we are firmly of the opinion that in the hour of doubt and indecision immediately preceding the great change, the strongest power which turned the scales against England was exercised by the Irish people then resident in this country. They

knew from bitter experience the treachery of England and were pronounced from the beginning in their opposition to her rule.

When Franklin gave up hope on the passage of the Stamp Act in 1764 it was an Irishman who cheered him on and invigorated him with new life—Charles Thomson, Secretary of the Continental Congress from its first session to its close.

"The sun of liberty is set," Franklin wrote to him on that occasion, "and Americans must now light the lamps of industry and economy." "Be assured," promptly answered Thomson, "we shall light torches of quite another kind."

Thomson was one of the most noted men of his time—a patriot second only to Washington in the esteem of Americans. His influence during the Revolution was so great that he was called "the Sam Adams of Philadelphia, the life of the cause of liberty."

We do not say that but for men like Thomson the decision would have gone the other way, but we fearlessly assert that they were the most potent factors in arousing the great feeling of liberty and justice which lay at the bottom of the people's hearts. They were the most tireless workers in bringing that feeling into active, burning life, and were amongst those who made the greatest sacrifices in its behalf.

Thomas Hamilton Murray, the Secretary of the American-Irish Historical Society, a man who has done noble work in behalf of the Irish race, wrote an article on "Some Patrick's in the Revolution" in the *Rosary Magazine* of December, 1896. In that article he states that a British agent had just arrived in New York, whose mission was to argue that American history, as taught in our schools, was responsible for much of American antipathy to England, and to aid in eliminating from our textbooks such passages as were objectionable to England.

"Instead of too much American history," writes Mr. Murray, "being taught in the schools, the subject receives hardly more than elementary treatment. We are assured on the authority of General Lee that fully half the Continental army was derived from Ireland, yet we find no mention of that and other equally important facts in our school histories of the United States. What we want is, not less American history in American schools, but a great deal more."

It is now ten years since Mr. Murray wrote these lines and a great many other British agents must have arrived in the meantime, judging from the progress which the British Alliance idea seems to have made in many quarters, especially amongst certain newspaper men, book publishers, Government attaches and those who have made money through unjust and illegal privileges.

In 1892 the Hibernian Society of Philadelphia issued the History of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick and the Hibernian Society from March 17, 1771, to March 17, 1892. The work contains 570 large octavo pages and is filled from cover to cover with historical facts of the highest value to the Irish race. To our mind this is the most important book ever published in America, and we think that at least a million copies of it should be printed and placed in every school and library in the land. But, we are sorry to say, it has never been put upon the market at all and was only printed for private circulation. But as it is it will accomplish great good, because it will always be a fountain of truth to future historians. It took eight years to produce, and reflects the highest credit upon its writers and compilers, chief of whom was Mr. John H. Campbell.

In his preface Mr. Campbell truly says his volume will be of great value to the student of history and will show to the public the patriotic part which the Irish-Americans of Pennsylvania took in gaining the liberties of our country.

"Rank injustice," he writes, "has been done to Pennsylvania for her share in the Revolution by Bancroft and other American historians. The services of such men as Wayne, Hand, Cadwalader, Moylan and many other distinguished citizens of Pennsylvania have been slighted or glossed over and no justice at all has been accorded to the Irish-Americans who formed such a large percentage of the State's population."

From these and other facts which we could produce it is plain that a regularly organized effort is on foot to Anglicize America, and that, aided by money and social influence, it is bound to assume greater proportions in the near future unless it is speedily and permanently checked.

To help to bring about such a check and to do justice to the memory of our countrymen who helped to drive England from these shores and found this great Republic is the object of this history of their part in the noble work.

The Irish Catholics of America have freely spent millions to establish schools for the proper education of their children—especially from a religious point of view. The history of Ireland and of the Irish race in America—of the great sacrifices they have made since the days of St. Patrick for creed and country—should form the principal subject of instruction in these schools.

Love of God and country can never be divorced in the Irish heart, and the Irish Catholic who denies his country is even a greater recreant than the Protestant pervert who betrays it. Such a man is only a Catholic in name—a mere hypocrite who pretends

to Catholicity for worldly motives, and is entirely void of that gratitude which all Catholics should hold for Ireland.

Although the Irish race are mainly Catholics, and with God's help will always remain in that faith, they are fully alive to the worthiness and patriotism of their many Protestant fellow-countrymen, and of the great body of the American people who differ from them in religion. While steadfastly practicing the tenets of their own faith, they more than freely accord to others the right to do the same, holding that liberty of conscience should be enjoyed by all.

It is in this spirit that we approach the task of writing the history of the Irish in the American Revolution. We seek only to do justice to the memories of the heroic Irishmen and Irish-Americans who fought, suffered and died in the cause of American liberty and independence.

CHAPTER II.

BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.

Westward the course of Empire takes its way;
The four first acts already passed,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day—
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

The poem, of which the foregoing are the concluding lines, was written fifty years before the Declaration of Independence by an Irishman who resided in America as early as 1729. He was a Protestant Irishman and clergyman, and, as Verplanck writes, never had that ill-governed and injured country a purer or more devoted patriot, while his writings are full of practical good sense, unbounded charity and the warmest affection for his country. He was no Scotch Irishman, though a Protestant, but a genuine Irishman; born on the soil. His name was George Berkeley and he was born at Kilcrin, near Thomastown, in the County of Kilkenny, Ireland, on March 12, 1684.

Such was the high estimation in which he was held in Ireland that, in 1749, while he was Protestant Bishop of Cloyne and the leading publicist of his time, the general body of the Irish Roman Catholic clergy, in a formal address, returned him their sincere and hearty thanks for certain of his publications, assuring him they were determined to comply with his advice in all particulars, and adding "that every page contains a proof of the author's extensive charity, his views are only towards the public good, and his manner of treating persons in their circumstances so very uncommon that it plainly shows the good man, the polite gentleman and the true patriot."

To realize what an exceptionally good man Bishop Berkeley really was it must be remembered that at the time at which he earned this panegyric the Protestant Church in Ireland was steeped in infamy. Stone, its Primate, was then at the head of the Irish Government, and Dr. Taylor, an English and Protestant historian, tells us that "this profligate prelate scrupled not to employ the most detestable means to effect his political designs. To procure partisans in Parliament he is said to have gratified the sensual desires of the young members with the most unlimited indulgence. His residence became in fact a tavern and a brothel."

In his fortieth year Dr. Berkeley, sick of such surroundings, conceived the project of founding an university in Bermuda on so liberal a scale that its benefits would extend all over the British

possessions in America. Dr. Berkeley at that time held the richest church preferments in Ireland and had the fairest prospects of advancement to the first literary and ecclesiastical dignities of that country, or even of England.

All these, with a self-sacrifice which excited the wonder and derision of Swift, he was prepared to resign for a bare maintenance as Principal of the American University. He even pointed out the means whereby the Government could get the money for the project, namely, by the sale of lands in the Island of St. Christopher, which had been ceded to England by the treaty of Utrecht, but which had been totally forgotten until he called attention to it and enabled the Government to realize ninety thousand pounds sterling by his enterprise.

Having obtained a charter from the Crown, and a promise of twenty thousand pounds from the funds which he discovered, Berkeley sailed from Gravesend on September 17, 1728, and arrived at Newport, Rhode Island, on the twenty-third of January following. While in Newport he became convinced that he had erred altogether in his choice of Bermuda, and he applied for an alteration in his charter empowering him to select some other place on the American continent for the site of the university, which would probably have been fixed in the city of New York.

But in the succeeding year all his bright hopes were shattered by a court intrigue, and the large sum which had been paid into the British Treasury from the funds pointed out by Berkeley was seized by Sir Robert Walpole, the Prime Minister, to pay the marriage portion of the Princess Royal. This was the manner in which the "mother country" helped her colonies in America to establish their educational institutions.

Berkeley's residence in Rhode Island, which extended two years and a half, gave a general stimulus to literary and scientific exertion and made a deep impression on the formation of the character of the future nation. He became personally acquainted with all who had any literary taste or acquirement, especially among the clergy, with several of whom he formed a close intimacy, and continued to encourage and patronize them by every means in his power during his whole life.

He minutely examined into the state of public institutions in New England and the middle colonies, and after his return to Ireland rendered them several important services by his pen and his influence.

Having observed the serious inconveniences under which American students labored from the want of books and the defects in early classical education, shortly after his return he

sent out to Yale College a large and choice collection of the best works ever sent to America and valued at five hundred pounds, which for scores of years formed the most valuable part of the public library. He accompanied this present with a deed of gift of his farm of ninety-six acres in Rhode Island, to be held by the trustees for the encouragement of learning, directing it to be appropriated to the support of three scholarships, to be bestowed upon the best classical scholars of each year. The Berkelian scholarships and prizes thus established have been regularly awarded since 1733, and the list of those who have received these honors includes the names of some of the most distinguished graduates of Yale. The farm was rented by the college in 1762 for a period of 999 years, and the Dean's Bounty, as the fund is called, still remains to help keep up the college and extend its usefulness.

Dr. Berkeley was a liberal benefactor also to the library of Harvard College, and the King's College (now Columbia University) of New York, on its establishment some years after, was deeply indebted to him for assistance and support.

It will thus be seen that the three principal universities of America had their foundations laid by an Irishman, whose identity as such has been deliberately laid aside and whose benefactions are now only referred to as the gifts of an eminent English divine.

In this regard his name has not been forgotten. The name of Berkeley is honored not only in New Haven, where a memorial window in the Battell Chapel has been placed, and where his prizes are annually bestowed, but also in other seminaries far and wide throughout the land. A school of divinity at Middletown, Conn., and the State University of California bear his name, while his aid in the formation of the Redwood Library of Newport and his gift of an organ to Trinity Church are not forgotten. In 1886 a memorial chapel was dedicated to him at Newport and is a fitting tribute to the memory of the distinguished man whose influence was so closely identified with the history of the town.

But his name is rarely associated with Ireland, the country of his birth and education, where he lived an honored and useful life, loved by all classes of his Catholic fellow-countrymen.

Is it not wonderful that President Eliot, of Harvard, one of the recipients of his bounty, never heard of this distinguished Irishman, nor gave him any credit for the formation of American character, while he was only too ready to acknowledge the Hessians and the Portuguese, who came hither only as hirelings to welter in the people's blood and devastate their lands.

Of the early days of Maryland, too, a similar story can be

told. George Calvert, its founder, was Secretary of State under James the First, but being converted to Catholicity through the persecution of the adherents of that faith in Ireland, he resigned his office and was raised to the Irish peerage as Baron Baltimore, taking his title from the seaport of that name in the County of Cork. He was also granted a large tract of land in the County of Longford, and lived there some years.

His object in resigning his seat in the Cabinet was to devote himself to the founding of a colony where every man would be free to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience. His first attempt in this direction was in Newfoundland, but he was forced to abandon that country owing to its severe climate. He then applied for a grant of land in Northern Virginia, now Maryland, but he died before the charter was signed, and it was issued to his son, Cecil Calvert, the second Lord Baltimore, in 1632.

Cecil Calvert carried out the principles of his father in founding the colony, and placed his brother, Leonard Calvert, in command of the colonists, all of whom were Catholics and many of them Irish. They set sail from Cowes, accompanied by two Catholic priests, on November 22, 1633, and landed on the coast of Northern Virginia on March 27, 1634. Leonard Calvert founded St. Mary's at the point on which he landed and was proclaimed the first Governor of Maryland. His claim to the territory was disputed by William Claiborne, of Virginia, and a long conflict and much bloodshed resulted until 1658, when the province was restored to Lord Baltimore.

Owing to the early death of the first Lord Baltimore there is scarcely any historical record of his share in the colonial administration of Maryland, but the little that tradition has preserved respecting him speaks volumes in his praise.

"We know," writes Julian C. Verplanck, the American author, lawyer and statesman, a man as liberal as he was able, "that he displayed the most perfect good faith in all his transactions with the natives, and that it was to him that Maryland was indebted for such a liberal code of religious equality that the province soon became the refuge, not only of the Catholics who fled from Ireland and England, but of the Puritans who were driven from Virginia and of the Quakers exiled from New England.

"It was at a period when even the speculative idea of religious rights was nearly unknown. Now and then the faint and feeble voice of some obscure scholar or philosopher was raised for toleration—that weak and imperfect substitute for liberty of conscience—but it was raised, sometimes from the walls of a cloister, oftener from the depths of a dungeon, and rarely reached the ears and never touched the hearts of the mighty ones of the

earth. Even on this western shore, what, at that period, was to be seen in the English colonies on each side of the infant colony of Maryland? In New England the Puritans, just escaped from the prison and the stocks and the scourge at home, had hardly taken breath before they set themselves to persecute and punish and banish the Quakers and the Baptists. These very Puritans of New England, whenever enterprise or commerce brought them to Virginia, found themselves again heretics and there felt the heavy arm of the established church.

"The founder of Maryland, in thus rising above the errors of his own age, and probably sacrificing the prejudices of his own education, had no higher view than that of establishing an humble colony on a distant shore, where a few of his countrymen might find rest and peace and worship God after the manner of their fathers or the conviction of their own minds. In this his prayers were heard and his wishes granted. But, meanwhile, he was unconsciously becoming the instrument of a still nobler purpose. He was unwittingly laying the foundation of a State destined to become one of the earliest members of a great republic. He was preparing a race of republican Catholics for the toils and dangers of the struggle for independence, and for the duties and privileges of self-government; a race jealous of their own rights and respectful to those of other men; a race which was to give the Church such men as the learned, pious and liberal Archbishop Carroll—to the State such men as his illustrious relative, Charles Carroll of Carrollton. He was laying the sacred corner-stone of that great edifice of civil and religious equality which was destined gradually to take in the whole circuit of this land—a land where every man's religion is protected and no man's religion is preferred; where, although piety does not rear her mitred head in courts and palaces, she finds her true and living throne in the hearts and consciences of men."

This is a beautiful tribute to Catholicity, and its glowing truths contain confirming evidence that the centuries of religious persecution which the Irish people patiently bore, and over which they finally triumphed, was conducive to, and almost entirely creative of the great boon of religious liberty which the United States now enjoys.

In the face of such evidence who but a bigot can deny the all-powerful influence of the Irish race in the establishment and formation of this Republic and her glorious institutions?

Verplanck's high opinion of the tolerant spirit of the early Maryland Catholics is fully sustained by all impartial historians and statesmen—especially those who wrote or spoke in the early part of the nineteenth century. John Pendleton Kennedy, one of

the most distinguished authors and statesmen of his time, in his discourse before the Maryland Historical Society in 1845, thus alludes to the two hundred Catholics who first settled in Maryland under Lord Baltimore:

"All the world outside of these portals was intolerant, prescriptive, vengeful against the children of a dissenting faith. Only in Maryland, throughout the wide world of Christendom, was there an altar erected and truly dedicated to the freedom of Christian worship."

The Catholics of Maryland were so tolerant of the views of others that they even fined one of their own co-religionists for speaking harshly to two Protestant servants who had read aloud a passage from Smith's sermons calling the Pope Anti-Christ and the Jesuits Anti-Christian ministers.

The act for religious liberty passed by the Catholics of Maryland in 1649 contained a clause authorizing the imposition of a fine of ten shillings for abusive expressions between the parties—such as idolater, popish priest and Jesuit on the one side, and heretic, round-head and similar epithets on the other.

It is sad to relate that subsequently, when the Protestants got the upper hand in the colony, these liberal enactments were not only declared obsolete, but all the old forms of religious intolerance were quickly re-established and prosecuted with the utmost rigor. They not only persecuted the Catholics long established in the colony, but as early as 1708 they passed an act imposing a poll tax of twenty shillings on Irish servants for the publicly avowed purpose of "preventing the importation of too great a number of papists into the colony."

But so great was the influence of Irish Catholics even at that time in Maryland, this restrictive tariff, nor a far more rigorous one which was adopted in 1717, had no effect in stopping Irish emigration.

The Irish continued to come in spite of all acts, and it was well for the future of America that they did, for they not only spread the liberality of their views, but they increased rapidly in wealth and numbers, and by the time the Revolution was approaching, wielded such a power in the colony that their influence turned the scales against England, and was the chief means of establishing liberty and independence.

Foremost among these Irish families were the Carrolls, all of whom threw their influence on the side of independence and at least three of whom played particularly distinguished parts in the subsequent conflict—so much so that their names to-day are second only to those of Washington and Jefferson.

The Carrolls sprung from one of the most distinguished fam-

ilies in Ireland. The first of them to come to Maryland was Charles Carroll, who was a clerk in the office of Lord Powis, in the reign of James the Second, and who left Ireland on the accession of William and Mary in 1689. Before he was two years in Maryland he was appointed judge and register of the land office and receiver of the rents of Lord Baltimore. His son Charles was born in 1702 and died in 1782, after having lived for eighty years as one of the most prominent men in the colony, and leaving his son Charles, the signer of the Declaration of Independence—the man who, with his cousin John, the first Catholic Bishop of America, was destined to write his name in large letters on the history of this Republic.

In his eighth year Charles Carroll, the signer, was sent to France to receive an education which was denied him in the home his people had founded. He spent seventeen years abroad, nine studying under the Jesuits in France and eight learning law in London. He returned to Maryland in 1765 and found the public mind in a ferment over the fundamental principles of civil and religious liberty. In a province founded by Catholics on a basis of religious toleration, the education of Catholics in their own schools had been prohibited by law. Not only were Roman Catholics under the ban of disfranchisement, but all persons of every faith and no faith were taxed to support the established church, which was the church of England.

Carroll immediately joined in the discussion as to the right of taxation for the support of religion, which had already extended from the Legislature to the public press. Over the signature of "The First Citizen," he attacked the validity of the law in a series of articles in the Maryland Gazette. The church establishment was defended by Daniel Dulany, leader of the colonial bar, whose ability and learning were acknowledged by all classes. Nevertheless, he came out only second best in the discussion with Carroll, while the latter received the thanks of public meetings all over the province and became at once and in reality the first citizen.

It is not our intention, nor is it necessary, to dwell at length on the honors which were heaped upon Charles Carroll of Carrollton during his long and eventful life of ninety-five years, or on the great services which he unassumingly rendered to this Republic. The Anglomaniacs, virulent as they are, have not been able to cast a shadow over his life or work, or lessen in any way the great reputation which he left behind.

Like all great men Carroll was unassuming and modest and never put forward his personality except in cases of great emergency or where it was absolutely necessary. One of these occasions arose at the time he was in the act of signing the Declaration

of Independence, when he was taunted with the remark that he could sign with impunity—there were so many Carrolls. Quick as a flash down went the two words “of Carrollton” after his name, and he thus committed not only his name but his vast wealth and his very life to the fortunes of the Revolution.

The following letter, written by John H. B. Latrobe, Carroll's biographer, to the chief editor of Appleton's *Cyclopedia of American Biography*, shows what manner of man Charles Carroll, the signer, was:

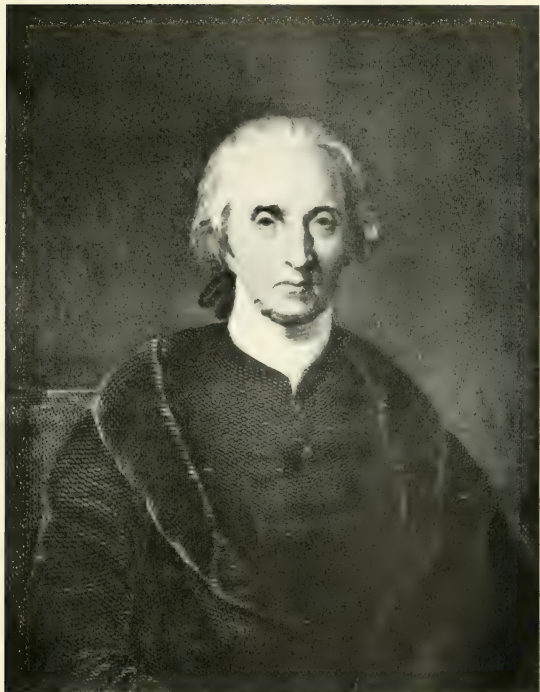
“After I had finished my work I took it to Mr. Carroll, whom I knew very well indeed, and read it to him, as he was seated in an arm-chair in his own room in his son-in-law's house in Baltimore. He listened with marked attention and without a comment until I had ceased to read, when, after a pause, he said: ‘Why, Latrobe, you have made a much greater man of me than I ever thought I was; and yet, really, you have said nothing in what you have written that is not true.’ * * * In my mind's eye I see Mr. Carroll now—a small, attenuated old man, with a prominent nose and somewhat receding chin, small eyes that sparkled when he was interested in conversation. His head was small and his hair white, rather long and silky, while his face and forehead were seamed with wrinkles. But old and feeble as he seemed to be, his manner and speech were those of a refined and courteous gentleman, and you saw at a glance whence came by inheritance the charm of manner that so eminently distinguished his son, Charles Carroll, of Homewood, and his daughters, Mrs. Harper and Mrs. Caton.”

Seated in the same arm-chair, looking back over his long and honored life and calmly waiting for the final summons of the Most High, Charles Carroll of Carrollton thus proclaimed the greatest blessing which he experienced in a career as filled with divine favors as it was distinguished:

“I have lived to my ninety-sixth year; I have enjoyed continued health; I have been blessed with great wealth, prosperity and most of the good things which the world can bestow—public approbation, esteem, applause—but what I now look back on with the greatest satisfaction to myself is that I have practiced the duties of my religion.”

Thus it will be seen that he had always risen above the temptations of this life and all its frail vanities and sought the realization of the divine truths which were implanted in his youth.

John Carroll, his cousin—the grandson of the same grandfather—was the counterpart of the illustrious signer, with the addition that he was an anointed priest of God, unburdened with



CHARLES CARROLL, OF CARROLLTON.

family cares and entirely free to devote himself to the cause of God and humanity.

The agitation in America for resistance to the Crown of England enlisted his earliest and heartiest sympathies. Having, like his cousin, been compelled to go abroad for his education, John Carroll came back to his native land in 1774, a priest of the Jesuit Order. The condition of the Catholics in Maryland had been so unhappy for many years that the Carrolls had applied to the King of France for a grant of land beyond the Mississippi, in the territory of Louisiana, where they might establish a new refuge for their persecuted fellow-Catholics. The true English civilization had extended itself into Maryland with such virulence that they had made up their minds to leave it in despair until another means of relief presented itself in the struggle for American liberty. Father Carroll threw himself with his whole heart into the patriotic cause, which was at the same time to his people the cause of liberty of conscience and freedom of thought. He was pious, learned, eloquent and patriotic and represented a powerful family in Ireland and in Maryland, being, moreover, a devoted priest of the great Order which was strongly entrenched in landed estates and the affection of the people. No greater power of combined wealth, intellect and enthusiasm existed anywhere in America than the union of the Catholics and Jesuits in Maryland in the person of John Carroll.

This opinion of the character of Father Carroll and of the power his family and countrymen wielded in America previous to and during the Revolution is not our own. It is quoted literally from Appleton's *Cyclopedia of American Biography*, a book easily within the reach of American writers and college professors who plead ignorance with regard to Irish and Catholic influence in America—an ignorance which we firmly believe is only pretended and used as a subterfuge behind which bigotry still hides.

The services of Father Carroll were highly prized by the leaders of the Revolution, both civil and military. Washington became especially attached to him and Franklin loved him as a son. With the latter, Charles Carroll and Samuel Chase, Father Carroll was sent to Canada in February, 1776, to secure the co-operation of the French Roman Catholics with the American cause. Being a priest, the greater portion of the work of the mission fell into the hands of Father Carroll, and so well did he succeed that the Indians refused to further assist England in her enslavement of the American colonies.

While on this mission Mr. Franklin became ill through over-exertion and anxiety. Father Carroll returned with him and nursed him with a care that established their life-long friendship.

During the struggle for independence Father Carroll rendered important services to his country by writing letters to friends in every part of Europe, thus securing sympathy and support in places where Americans were unknown.

At the close of the war the Catholics of the United States petitioned the Pope to free them from the ecclesiastical authority of the Vicar-General of London and to appoint a superior over them who would owe allegiance to the government of their country alone. The Papal Nuncio at Paris consulted with Dr. Franklin, and, at the latter's request, Father Carroll was appointed superior of the clergy of the United States, his selection as bishop and archbishop following in the natural course of events.

When Washington was chosen President of the United States he was presented with a special address by the Catholics under Father Carroll. This highly pleased the Father of his Country, and in his reply he plainly pointed out the duty of Americans toward Irishmen and Catholics. "I hope," he said, "to see America among the foremost nations in examples of justice and liberality. Your fellow-citizens will not forget the part you took in the accomplishment of their Revolution, or the important assistance they received from a nation in which the Catholic faith is professed."

Thus Washington himself put the stamp of his approval on the services rendered to America by Father Carroll and his fellow-Catholics. Afterward, when it pleased God to call Washington to Himself, the Congress of the United States indorsed this approval by selecting John Carroll, the bishop of a formerly proscribed faith and the grandson of an Irishman—above all the other clergymen in America—to deliver his panegyric in the National Capital.

Such historic facts as these can not be wiped out no matter how ignorant college professors may become or how prejudiced writers may be made by the use of English money or influence.

With the encouragement and assistance of the leading men Father Carroll continued his work as a Catholic missionary. For many years he was the only bishop in America, but under him the Church advanced with giant strides. By leaps and bounds its adherents have since become so numerous and influential that it is now referred to as a peril by Anglomaniacs; and a peril to them and to all evil-doers and bigots of every description it will remain. It is a peril that will save this country from the doom of Godless commercialism at present hanging over it, and bring it back to its original principles of common justice for all.

Archbishop Carroll lived until 1817. He accomplished wonderful work in behalf of his church and country and died as he

lived—so filled with humility and reverence that when his last hours came he asked to be laid on the ground to die.

Besides the Carrolls and their immediate connections, Maryland abounded in other Irish families, such names as Collins, Brady, O'Brien, Whalen, Burke, Connolly, Lynch, Hennessy, etc., being prominent throughout its length and breadth.

Protestant Irishmen, also, were numerous in the colony and took a leading part in the movement for independence. The Rev. Patrick Allison, a native-born Irishman, the first pastor of the Baltimore Presbyterian Church, was one of the principal organizers of the Sons of Liberty, and was afterward appointed Chaplain to Congress when that body was forced to leave Philadelphia by the British and hold its sessions in Baltimore.

Maryland supplied nearly 14,000 soldiers to the Continental Army during the Revolutionary War, and it is safe to say that nearly one-half of these were of the Irish race, judging from the frequency of distinctly Keltic names. Rawling's Maryland Riflemen and Brown's Maryland Artillery were mainly composed of Irishmen and Irish-Americans. Side by side with the other Maryland Regiments they made a wonderful record for bravery in action and loyalty to the American cause in the darkest hours of the conflict. Maryland vindicated the true principles of civil and religious liberty established by her Catholic and Irish founders.

CHAPTER III.

THE EARLY DAYS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Leaving Maryland for a while we turn to other sections of the country and find the spirit of the Irish race actuating the people everywhere. From the very opening of the eighteenth century the "Case of Ireland Stated," a work published in Dublin, in 1698, by the Irish philosopher, William Molynceux—and which was publicly burned by the common hangman on the order of the English Government—was closely studied in the American colonies, until, in 1765, it had become a text-book on their duties to themselves and the Englishment Government. John Dickinson, too, afterward an honorary member of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, of Philadelphia, devoted the tenth of his "Farmer's Letters" to a powerful statement of the abuses of the English Government in Ireland, and even Lecky tells us that the Americans had continually before their eyes the hereditary revenue, the scandalous pension list, the monstrous abuses of patronage in Ireland, and they were firmly resolved not to suffer similar abuses in America.

The English system in Ireland was simply extending itself to America, but it was accompanied by that spirit of resistance which the Irish people, even in their most forlorn times, never failed to utter—that divine remonstrance against wrong that still keeps her, though crushed in slavery, an unconquered and unconquerable land. Both this spirit and the resistance it voiced were hastening the day of England's retribution on this continent.

In a private letter written by General Huske, a prominent American who was residing in England in 1758, he thus exposes the outrageous system of English appointments in his country :

"For many years past most of the places in the gift of the Crown have been filled with broken Members of Parliament, of bad if any principles, pimps, valets de chambre, electioneering scoundrels, and even livery servants. I can point out a chief justice of a province appointed from England for no other reason than publicly prostituting his honor and conscience at an election ; a livery servant that is secretary of a province ; a pimp, collector of a whole province, who got the place for prostituting his own wife to the man in power."

The influence of Irishmen in Pennsylvania has been felt since its earliest days. James Logan, who was born in Lurgan, County Armagh, on October 20, 1674, came over with William

Penn as his secretary in 1699. He resided with Penn "in the slate-roof house" on Second street, and continued there after Penn returned to England in 1701. He became provincial secretary, commissioner of property and receiver-general of the colony. He was the business agent of the Penn family and wielded great influence. Though a Protestant he was a man of the most liberal mind. Even Penn himself, writing to him from London in 1708, reproves him for his great liberality. "There is," he writes, "a complaint against your government that you suffer public mass."

Logan was one of the leading literary and scientific men of his time. He made many translations from the classics and corresponded with the most noted men of Europe. He was noted for the justice and honor of his character and treated the native Indians so kindly that their leading chief assumed his name. In the early part of the eighteenth century, owing principally to his nationality and tolerance, Irishmen came in great numbers to Pennsylvania. An article in *Potter's American Monthly* for March, 1875, says a very large emigration from the north of Ireland took place between 1720 and 1730. They at once pushed to the frontier of Chester County and settled there. They were a brave and hardy race. Many of the names of those emigrants are not distinctively Irish owing to the fact that the Penal laws in Ireland compelled them to change their names and assume cognomens foreign to their nationality, such as White, Black, Taylor, Smith, etc.

In the History of the Hibernian Society of Philadelphia, to which we have already alluded, an abundance of evidence is presented to prove that more than half the population of Pennsylvania was of Irish extraction previous to and during the Revolution, and the book abounds in quotations from reputable historians to sustain this fact. Gordon, in his history of Pennsylvania, states that from December, 1728, to December, 1729, the emigrants to that province were as follows: English and Welsh, 267; Scotch, 43; Germans (Palatines), 243; Irish, (5,655.)

Thus it will be seen that the Irish outnumbered all the other foreigners combined more than ten to one. William Willis, in his introduction to the *Genealogy of the McKinstry Family*, published in Boston in 1858, writes: "The first immigration of the Irish people to this country was to the Middle States and Southern Colonies. As early as 1684 a settlement was formed in New Jersey, and in 1690 small groups were found in the Carolinas, Maryland and Pennsylvania. But it was not until the reigns of Anne and George the First that large numbers, driven by oppressive measures of government, were induced to seek, even in the wilderness, better homes than their old settled region could give them. Gor-

don says that emigration to America, from 1728 on, drew more than three thousand people annually from Ulster alone. The principal seats of these emigrations were Pennsylvania and the Middle States. New England was found not so favorable to their farming and other interests. By Proud's History of Pennsylvania we find that before the middle of the eighteenth century nearly twelve thousand emigrants arrived annually from Ireland for several years."

"From these statements," writes Mr. Campbell in his History of the Friendly Sons, "it may be seen that so far as Pennsylvania is concerned the Anglo-Saxon is not the foundation stock of her people, and England can not be truly regarded as the mother country. It was doubtless the presence of such large numbers of Irish settlers among her population that led to her strenuous resistance to the exactions of Great Britain before the Revolution, and her firm support of the cause of independence. At any rate the disaffected and Tory parts of her people came from classes who were not Irish."

This is another proof that the Irish people were the main factors in bringing about the Revolution and in supporting it with their lives and fortunes after it was inaugurated. Knowing of old the worth of English promises, with the broken Treaty of Limerick and the innumerable massacres of their own defenseless people yet fresh in their memories and still crying to Heaven for vengeance, it is not wonderful that they applied themselves with vigor and determination to put an end to that merciless rule in this country which relentlessly oppressed them for centuries and finally drove them from their homes.

In answer to the present-day fiction that the early settlers in Pennsylvania were Scotch-Irish Mr. Campbell punctures that bubble in very short order. "They were Irish to the backbone," he writes. "The Donegals, Tyrones, Derrys and other like localities of Pennsylvania were Irish names, not Scotch, and were bestowed upon them by the early settlers, who regarded themselves as true Irishmen, no matter how some of their descendants may now regard them as Scotch.

"Take the history of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, the leading Irish organization prior to and during the Revolution. Most of them were what now would be considered as Scotch-Irishmen, and yet they organized an Irish society, not a Scotch one; they met on St. Patrick's Day, not on St. Andrew's Day; and though originally composed of Presbyterians and Episcopalians, with but three Catholics among their number, yet so far were their thoughts from any idea of illiberality that they chose one of these Catholics, General Stephen Moylan, who was certainly not Scotch-Irish, to be their first President.

"The St. Andrew's Society, of Philadelphia, was organized twenty-two years before the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, and yet these Scotch-Irish members of the latter society organized a distinctively Irish organization to keep alive the memories of Old Ireland. We can imagine them smiling if, in their day, some over-zealous orator claimed them to be more Scotch than Irish."

These words, written fifteen years ago, after eight years' study of the Irish in America, thoroughly dispose of the Scotch-Irish claim.

Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, grand nephew of the immortal Robert, in his book, "Ireland under English Rule," recently published, also destroys the tradition of the Scotch-Irish settlers, from whom so many Americans are in the habit of boasting descent. "The Presbyterians," he writes, "who settled in the north of Ireland after the early part of the eighteenth century, had come chiefly from the central portion of England. They, like Cromwell, hated the Scotch, and would never have accepted the term Scotch-Irish for themselves. These Presbyterians, having become thoroughly Irish, a little more than a hundred years ago, originated the United Irishmen at Belfast, and were the first to urge tolerance for their Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen."

Colonel John C. Linehan, of New Hampshire, one of the best authorities on the early Irish settlers of New England, and to whose writings we will refer at length later on, treats the Scotch-Irish claim as a farce. In an article in the Granite Monthly, which he entitled "Early Scotch Settlers from Ireland," he laughs the idea out of existence, putting all such claims in this ridiculous guise: "One of the most notable of the modern Scotch writers was the late John Boyle O'Reilly, who was born in the Scotch part of the County of Meath. He was, as his name indicates, a most intense Scotchman because he was born in Ireland."

The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, of Philadelphia, was organized on March 17, 1771. It sprang from an association of merchants of Irish birth or parentage, who were accustomed to meet weekly for social enjoyment as early as 1765, and who called themselves the "Irish Club." It was at one of these meetings at the beginning of 1771 that it was proposed to give perpetuity to the club by forming a society from its members to be called the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. From this humble beginning arose a society that was destined to wield a mighty power in the land and embrace within its membership many of the leading men of the time. To show the wide influence it exercised we need only mention the fact that from its roll of membership, and that of its successor, the Hibernian Society, it supplied 290 officials and public men of the very highest order to the city, State and nation.

This is no careless statement. The name of each one, with his official station, is printed in the book. We are sorry we can not reproduce them, but we print the following summary to show the important services they rendered:

Presidents of the United States, 3; Cabinet Officers, 8; Diplomatic representatives, 9; Army officers of the highest rank, 69; Naval officers, 21; Members of Congress, 33; Judges, 35; City, State and National officers, 141; editors, authors, publishers of newspapers, magazines, etc., 89; total, 399.

Of other prominent Irishmen and Irish-Americans who distinguished themselves in Pennsylvania, but not mentioned in this list, we might mention the Rev. Francis Allison, a distinguished scholar and first vice-president of the University of Pennsylvania, who emigrated from Ireland in the year 1735. The Rev. William Linn was born in Pennsylvania in 1752, whither his grandfather had emigrated from Ireland, and where he had lived in the wilderness until more than one hundred years of age. Hugh Williamson, the noted physician, patriot and historian, was also born of Irish parents in 1735. He, while on a visit to London, was the first to announce the destruction of the tea in Boston Harbor, and he boldly warned the Privy Council that civil war would follow coercion in the colonies.

Speaking of the Revolutionary era Spencer, in his History of the United States, says: "No complete memorial has been transmitted of the particulars of the emigrations that took place from Europe to America at the period, but from the few illustrative facts that are actually preserved they seem to have been amazingly copious. In the years 1771 and 1772 the number of emigrants to America from Ireland alone was 17,350. Almost all of them emigrated at their own charge, a great many of them consisting of persons employed in the linen trade, or farmers possessed of some property, which they converted into money and carried with them. Within the first fortnight of August, 1773, there arrived in Philadelphia 3,500 emigrants from Ireland."

From these figures it is safe to say that the rank and file of the patriot army was largely recruited from men of Irish birth who were only too glad to repay England for the cruelties which had driven them from their native land. It was no wonder that Plowden, the Irish historian, should write: "It is a fact beyond question that most of the early successes in America were immediately owing to the vigorous exertions and prowess of the Irish emigrants who bore arms in that cause." Neither is it astonishing that Lord Mountjoy should rise in his place in the House of Lords and solemnly declare that England lost America by Ireland.

We could write pages of testimony to this effect, but a few

more extracts will suffice for our purpose. The Rev. Henry Hugh Breckenridge, a chaplain in Washington's army, wrote a political satire upon the war, in which he made the clown an Irishman—not from any disrespect or prejudice, but for the reason that the Irish character was best understood in the community. His efforts to make the character English, Scotch or American, he says, were dismal failures. "But," he writes in his preface, "the Midland States of America and the Western parts in general being half Ireland, the character of the Irish clown will not wholly be misunderstood. It is so much known among the emigrants here, or their descendants, that it will not be thrown away."

Lecky, in his *History of the American Revolution*, speaking of the composition of the American army, says: "One of the most remarkable documents relating to the state of opinion in America is the examination of Galloway, late Speaker of the Pennsylvania House of Assembly, by a Committee of the House of Commons on June 16, 1779. Galloway was asked the following question: 'What, in the service of Congress, were they chiefly composed of—natives of America, or were the greatest part of them English, Scotch or Irish?' Galloway answered: 'The names and places of their nativity being taken down, I can answer the question with precision. There were scarcely one-fourth natives of America; about one-half Irish; the other half English and Scotch.'"

The muster roll of the famous Pennsylvania Line, which bore the brunt of battle throughout the gallant struggle and was mainly composed of men of the Irish race, corroborates these figures and proves the truth of our assertion that more than one-half the American patriot army had Irish blood in its veins. So also does the statement of Colonel John Parke Custis, the adopted son of Washington, which welled up from his grateful and patriotic heart:

"Of the operations of the war—I mean the soldiers—up to the coming of the French, Ireland had furnished in the ratio of one hundred for one of any nation whatever. Then honored be the old and good services of the sons of Erin in the War of Independence. Let the Shamrock be entwined with the laurels of the Revolution; and truth and justice, guiding the pen of history, inscribe on the tablets of America's remembrance: "Eternal gratitude to Irishmen."

Were these noble words carried out there would be no need now to compile this history or to assemble any historic facts whatever to sustain the truth. But we are sorry to say they have not been carried out and that neither truth nor justice now guides

the pen of history. On the contrary, as we have shown on competent authority, efforts have been made to hide or slur the truth and do gross injustice to the men of Irish birth or blood who sacrificed so much in fighting the battles of this Republic during the dark days of the Revolutionary War.

We believe, however, we have stated sufficient facts to expose those efforts as the work of designing or unthinking men, undertaken on the order or through the influence of the British Government. We will return to Pennsylvania again and again in the course of our history—especially to Philadelphia, the Capital of the new-born nation—but for the present we will review the preliminary situation in other sections of the country.

CHAPTER IV.

PROMINENCE OF THE IRISH RACE IN EARLY NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY.

New York, before the Revolution, was not the Empire State that it is now. The city was behind both Philadelphia and Boston in point of affluence and population, and the State was but sparsely settled and greatly subject to Indian depredations.

New York was behind those sections, too, in the patriotic ardor of its citizens, but at the same time it contained many brave men within its borders, while nearly all the Irish population flocked to the standard of Independence. Its continual occupation by the English as the headquarters of the Army and Navy made it the center of the 'Tory or loyal English population. It was long the base of operations on the part of the English, and from the city itself more marauding parties started out to burn and destroy the surrounding country than from any other point. That section lying along the banks of the Hudson between New York and Peekskill, which was called the Neutral Ground, owing to its position between the two armies, was subject to continual persecution and robbery from the beginning to the end of the war.

In 1681, the year in which William Penn received the charter of Pennsylvania, there was an Irishman Governor of the Colony of New York. His name was Thomas Dongan, and he was born in Castletown, County Kildare, Ireland, in 1634.

He was the best Governor ever sent to New York by the English kings, and willingly granted the people their full rights. But these rights were speedily taken away by his successors, as they were opposed to the methods of English civilization, and had to be fought for by the Americans in the Revolution nearly one hundred years later. And yet his name was utterly forgotten until a few years ago, when it was resurrected by an Irish-American lecturer. The New York Times, in its literary edition of February 1, 1902, had a lengthy editorial on Dongan, which we print here because it contains the truth and is eminently fair to Dongan's memory, though it is highly characteristic of the then chief organ of the Anglo-Americans:

"And who might Thomas Dongan be? Such, no doubt, were the thoughts which arose in many minds, on learning a few days ago that a public dinner had taken place in this city in honor of Dongan's memory, and that one of the speakers insisted that a monument to Dongan should be erected in New York. A search

of the cyclopedias would scarcely shed much light on the question. In the English 'Dictionary of National Biography' there is nothing about Dongan: the 'Encyclopedia Britannica' has nothing, and Johnson nothing, while 'Appleton's Dictionary of American Biography' disposes of the man in a stickful.

"Thomas Dongan was Governor of the Province of New York from 1682 until 1688, and during those six years left a mark on the history of the province such as no preceding Governor had left and few subsequent ones were able to leave, except Burnet. His administration was not only characterized by vigor and intelligence, but by enlightenment in which a keen sense of political liberty was prominent. To Dongan New York was indebted for a document which ought to be more famous than it is, that 'Charter of Liberties and Privileges' which is a landmark in the history of popular government in America. Its date is the year 1683, or almost a century back of the Revolution. Here are some of its provisions:

"Every freckholder within this province and freeman in any corporation shall have his free choice and vote in the election of the representatives, without any manner of constraint or imposition, and in all elections the majority of voices shall carry it.

"No aid tax, tollage, assessment, custom, loan, benevolence, or imposition whatsoever shall be laid, assessed, imposed or levied on any of his Majesty's subjects within this province, or their estates, upon any manner of color or pretense but by the act and consent of the Governor, Council, and representatives of the people in General Assembly met and assembled."

"Under this act members of the New York Assembly thus acquired the same privileges as those enjoyed by members of the English Parliament. The most liberal provisions of the English law were extended to the inhabitants of New York. In other words, here was asserted the great principle of taxation by consent. No charter in any of the governments of New England secured liberties like these: in none of them were the people recognized as having legislative authority. Had these liberties granted in New York remained thenceforth parts of popular rights in America, there could, of course, have been no revolution, for here was granted the very principle for which the Revolution was fought—taxation only by consent of the taxed.

"The fate of Dongan's charter is interesting and memorable. Having been proclaimed by Dongan, it was sent to England for the Duke of York's approval and signature. It was duly signed and sealed by him in March, 1684. A year afterward the Duke succeeded as King of England, and it came up for discussion. It was then decided to be too liberal, and the King did not 'think

fit to confirm it.' The law, however, had gone into force in New York and so continued until near the end of the same year, or about two years after Dongan had solemnly proclaimed it.

"These are not the only services which Dongan rendered. Except for his defensive opposition to William Penn, it is likely that Penn would have extended his domain far northward of Pennsylvania. Penn sought to acquire from the Indians the upper Susquehanna Valley because of its valuable fur trade. Dongan opposed him at every point, and finally thwarted him, becoming himself the purchaser of those lands from the Indians. Penn never forgave Dongan. Rising high in favor at the Court of James II, he fostered prejudice against him, and in 1688 Dongan was recalled.

"Dongan's further services pertain to that century-long conflict by which this continent was rescued from the French, and made secure for Anglo-Saxon civilization. He was himself a Romanist, but this did not restrain him from vigorous opposition to French priests who sought to win over to the cause of France the Indians of New York. Dongan was first among English Governors to realize the importance of such action. In the next century its importance was again realized by men from New England, who sent Protestant missionaries into Central New York. It was also realized by Sir William Johnson, another Irishman, to whom, as to Dongan, a memorial might well be set up in New York. Johnson held the Indians fast to the cause of England and more than one historian has attributed to this the final overthrow of the French power in America. But Dongan's work began two generations before Johnson's. He also was the pioneer.

"Men are just beginning to realize the tremendous importance of that war with France—in some ways a more important factor in the civilization of this continent than the Revolution itself. To Dongan belongs the singular and double honor of having taken early and important steps against French aggressions, and at the same time securing for New York a charter in which were embodied the very principles for which ninety years afterward the Revolution was fought.

"He has been forgotten by this generation, but his day will yet come—when some good cyclopedist shall actually tell who's who."

The opening paragraph in the Times article bears out our contention that Irishmen have been systematically ignored in current American publications—so much so that even the Times itself in its concluding sentence hopes for a day yet to come "when some good cyclopedist will actually tell who's who."

We thank the Times for this admission, but at the same time we must point out its typical errors about English civilization and object to its unjust conclusions. We also resent the insulting and Cromwellian epithet of "Romanist," which it applies to Dongan, who, it admits, was a man of liberal mind and sound judgment.

Dongan's policy, as we have said, was not founded on the lines of so-called English civilization, because the course pursued by England, not only here in America, but in Ireland and every other country which she inflicted with her presence, was entirely at variance with Dongan's methods of justice and true civilization. Had England adopted his principles as her national policy the American Revolution would have been rendered unnecessary and Ireland would have been saved countless years of misery and persecution.

The Times admits that no other colony in America secured from England liberties like those granted by Dongan, the course pursued in all of them being entirely adverse to his. Therefore Dongan's methods were not English. If they were, they would have been generally inaugurated long before his time and he would have been maintained in office instead of being dismissed. If Dongan were alive during the Revolution he would have taken up arms in behalf of his own principles and would have been found at the side of Washington helping to drive England and her civilization from these shores.

Dongan's charter was founded on Irish civilization, not English. The liberties which he granted the people began and ended with his term of office. They were the result of his Irish liberality and feeling and utterly opposed to the course invariably pursued by England.

After his removal the charter of liberty which he had granted was not only repealed by the Protestant Assembly of New York, at the order of King William, but in 1700 that body enacted a law that "every priest remaining in or coming into the Province after November 1, 1700, should be deemed and accounted an incendiary and disturber of the public peace and safety, and an enemy of the true Christian religion, and shall be adjudged to suffer perpetual imprisonment; that is, in case of escape and capture they should suffer death, and that the harborers of priests should pay a fine of two hundred pounds, and stand three days in the pillory."

This was the true English civilization—the same barbarous methods which were practiced on Ireland for so many centuries—which proved the bitter curse of every country in which England has set her foot, and which finally drove America into Revolution.

It is the same old English policy which has remained un-

changed and unchangeable for ages—the purely English doctrine of liberty for itself and tyranny for all others, the shameless usurpation which rides roughshod over every people, confiscating their property and destroying themselves.

As governor succeeded governor, the laws became more and more exacting and the taxes grew higher and higher. Remonstrances were of no use and only brought insult and added injury. Governor Lovlace declared he would make the taxes so high that “the people would have liberty for no thought but how to discharge them.”

The Times, too, does a great injustice to the memory of Governor Dongan by comparing him to Johnson, the Irish Tory. Johnson followed the lines laid down by England. He coerced and persecuted the people instead of granting them any rights. He even urged the Indians to commit depredations on the white settlers, who were struggling for those rights, and with fire and sword did all in his power to thwart their efforts for independence. This was the real English civilization which was driven out of the country by the Revolution.

If this so-called Anglo-Saxon civilization was right the American Revolution was wrong, and all the sophistry in the world on the part of the Times or its Anglo-American adherents will not change the situation.

An Englishman's civilization, as we have said, means liberty for himself alone, and oppression and wrong for those who oppose his lawless sway.

Thomas Dongan, the Irishman, was the best Governor ever sent to these shores, and the charter which he granted the people was so just that it lasts to this day, and is still the basis on which the rights of citizens rest.

We think therefore that the influence of this Irishman largely entered into the civilization of this Republic.

Owing to the bitter religious prejudice which was planted in New York by the early Dutch and afterward encouraged by the English, few Irish Catholics came to New York before the Revolution.

The first Catholic missionary who penetrated the colony of New York was Father Jogues, the Jesuit. In a letter dated August 30, 1643, he records the fact that he heard the confessions of a young Irishman and a Portuguese woman on Manhattan Island.

Nearly all what is now Orange and Sullivan Counties, New York, was originally settled by the Irish. No less than eight Irish families are set forth in Eager's "History of Orange County" as the first settlers of Newburgh, N. Y.

Year after year brought new accessions to these settlers until they spread northward as far as Albany and westward to the Delaware River.

Among the Irish Protestants who came to New York were many men of bright intellect and liberal mind who exercised great power over the events which led up to the Revolution.

In this class of emigrants was Charles Clinton, who was born in the County Longford, Ireland, in 1670. His grandfather, William Clinton, settled in Ireland on the death of Charles I, in 1649, and died there, leaving one son. This son, James Clinton, lived all his life in Ireland, and was the father of Charles Clinton, who emigrated to New York, in his fortieth year, in 1729, and became the founder of the patriot Clinton family in America.

Being a man of influence in Longford, Charles Clinton prevailed upon a large number of his neighbors and friends to come to the New World with him, a receipt still preserved among his papers evidencing the fact that he paid the passages of ninety-four persons.

They sailed from Dublin in a vessel called the *George and Anne* on May 20, 1729. Their captain proved a violent and unprincipled villain. They were poorly supplied with stores and suffered from disease and famine, many of the passengers, including a son and daughter of Mr. Clinton, dying on the long voyage. They were finally landed on the coast of Massachusetts on October 4, 1729, the captain refusing to go to New York or Philadelphia, the latter port having been Clinton's original place of destination. The whole party remained in Massachusetts until the spring of 1731, when they removed to the province of New York, and settled at a place called Little Britain, just north of the Hudson Highlands, afterward a part of Ulster and now a part of Orange County. Here, with the virgin wilderness around him, Charles Clinton made his home, and followed his occupation of farmer and land surveyor.

He was afterward justice of the peace, county judge and lieutenant-colonel of the Ulster County Militia. He took an active part in the Indian and French wars, and was in command of a regiment at the capture of Fort Frontenac. He was a man of pure and elevated character, of dignified manners and exerted great influence in the district where he lived. Charles Clinton was married in Ireland to Elizabeth Denniston, an intelligent and accomplished Irishwoman, who shared largely in the patriotic ardor of her husband and her sons.

Charles Clinton died on the 19th of November, 1773, at his own residence, in the eighty-third year of his age, and in full view of that Revolution in which his sons were destined to act such

noble and distinguished parts. His wife survived him six years and died at the residence of her son, General James Clinton, on Christmas day, 1779, in the seventy-fifth year of her age.

This was the worthy couple who founded the Clinton family in America. They left four sons—Alexander, Charles, James, and George. The two former were distinguished physicians, but it is with the two latter that we have principally to deal. From his youth up, James was a soldier, and rose to the rank of major-general in the patriot army. He was married to Mary De Witt, a lady of great respectability and of Holland ancestry. He had four sons—Alexander, Charles, and George being prominent lawyers, and De Witt, Governor of the State of New York, and projector of the Erie Canal.

George, the youngest son of Charles Clinton the founder, was a soldier and a statesman. He was a member of the Provincial Assembly just before the Revolution, and was a fearless advocate of his country's liberty. He was the first Governor of the State of New York and for twenty-one years was continued in that high and responsible office, where he exerted a larger influence than any other man over the future destinies of the Empire State, closing his eventful life while Vice-President of the United States.

Later on we will speak more at length of the achievements of these Clintons and of the other distinguished Irishmen who settled in New York, but before temporarily parting with them we must state that they were thoroughly Irish as well as American. Their actions in 1804 on the arrival of Thomas Addis Emmet in this country proved the kind of Irish they were. When an effort was made to prevent the Irish patriot from joining the bar of New York he had no warmer friends than George Clinton, Governor of the State, and De Witt Clinton, his nephew, then Mayor of the city of New York. They espoused his cause so thoroughly that Emmet had no difficulty in defeating his enemies and becoming a member of the New York bar.

No matter where the Clintons originally sprang from, they were over eighty years in Ireland and were of the same class of Irishmen as the Emmets and Wolf Tone, whose patriotic course in Ireland they sincerely and ardently endorsed.

The names of Dongan, Clinton, and Montgomery, without mentioning any others, are sufficient in themselves to show what a deep influence the Irish character had in the formation of the Empire State.

An instance of how widespread was the influence of Irishmen just before the American Revolution may be cited in the case of Alexander Hamilton, one of New York's foremost patriots and leaders, whose early education was given him by an Irishman, the

Rev. Dr. Hugh Knox, a Presbyterian clergyman, who emigrated to America in 1751. Doctor Knox lived in America for many years, but finally went as pastor to the Island of Nevis, West Indies, where Alexander Hamilton was born, and where he was thrown on the world at a tender age owing to the failure of his father in business. The warm-hearted Irishman took a deep interest in the boy. He not only personally educated him, but was the means of sending him to New York, and of procuring for him entrance to a school in Elizabeth, N. J., and to the Kings College (now Columbia University), New York, where he speedily made his mark.

Doctor Knox kept up an affectionate correspondence with him in after years when Hamilton was on his way to greatness, and in 1777 he wrote to him that he must be the annalist and biographer, as well as the aid-de-camp of General Washington, and the historian of the American war of Independence. Thus an Irishman was instrumental in giving America one of her greatest men in the person of Alexander Hamilton.

At the annual meeting of the American-Irish Historical Society held in New York City on January 19, 1903, the Hon. Franklin M. Danaher, for many years Judge of the City Court of Albany, N. Y., read a most valuable paper on "The Early Irish in Old Albany," which has since been published in pamphlet form by this Society.

Judge Danaher deserves high credit for this publication. Though it is only a small volume, it represents a vast amount of research and painstaking labor. All his facts are acquired from unpublished records which have lain for years unnoticed in the State Library and would never have seen the light but for his loving hand.

In the last paragraph of his paper he says his "purpose in writing it was to do for his locality what each and every member of the society should do for his own. It was a duty, and we have accomplished it, in the hope that it may induce others to follow and to delve for richer treasures in more abundant fields of Irish endeavor in the aid of our national development."

Well has he accomplished the duty which he set himself. If his example were followed by our leading men all over the country, an array of historical facts, which now, through carelessness or prejudice, remain a closed book, would be speedily presented to the public which would add luster to the Irish race and confound those who seek to ignore its achievements.

In his paper Judge Danaher gives a list of ninety-seven Irishmen who figured in Albany society between the years of 1645 and

1773, the first of whom, "Jan Andriessen (John Anderson), the Irishman," lived alone among the Dutch for many years. Coming down to the Revolution Judge Danaher writes: "At the outbreak of the Revolution, Albany was an essentially Dutch city. Its people retained all the cold, phlegmatic characteristics of their seventeenth century ancestors and their jealousy of the foreigner, so it need not cause us grief if we found no Irish names among those who in the city in 1776 furnished the usual committee of safety and proceeded with the business of organizing resistance to the tyranny of England, each with his neck in a halter.

"But the unpublished manuscript records of their meetings, on file in New York State Library, disclose the constant presence and untiring activity in the cause of American liberty of James Magee, James Dennison, Tyrannis Collins, Hugh Michael, Robert Meaher, David McCarty, and John Dennis as members, and the appointment of Patrick Campbell, ensign, and Michael Jackson, lieutenant, in the fighting regiments. It was no different on the firing line. In that most valuable publication, 'New York in the Revolution,' editions of 1897, 1898, 1902, compiled by the Comptroller of the State of New York, we find the muster rolls of the troops enlisted by the State of New York during the Revolutionary War. There were a few regiments of 'The Line,' the so-called regulars or Continentals, but the bulk was militia, raised in the counties, and sent wherever duty called them. Among the troops credited to Albany County we find, as officers, the following with Irish names: As captains, Jarvan Hogan, James Dennison, George Hogan, Michael Horton, Tyrannis Collins, Michael Dunning, Cornelius Doty, George Gilmore; among the lieutenants, Henry Hogan, Jacob Sullivan, John Thornton, Jurian Hogan, John Riley, Hugh McManus, Jacob McNeal, Abel Whalen, Nicholas Power, Peter Martin; ensigns, John Mahoney and John Clark, a number entirely and creditably beyond their proportion according to their number in the community.

"The Irish names among the enlisted men of the city and county of Albany are ample to prove that the Albany Irishman had not lost his hatred of his English oppressor in the new found love of his adopted country, and that he was ready to shed his blood in her defense as his ancestors had been for Ireland on many a hard-fought battlefield.

"We can not lay too much stress on the value of the above-mentioned work in arriving at a proper appreciation of the valor and sacrifices of the Irish in New York for the cause during our struggle for independence, and if other States did as well the debt is incalculable. We earnestly recommend its careful study to all our members as containing much by deduction concerning

Irish activity and service in the cause of liberty during the days which tried men's souls. Their names appear not only singly, but as companies, battalions and regiments, and bear witness that they were willing to sacrifice their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors in defense of their new fatherland.

"Hugh Mitchel was also one of the Commissioners of Conspiracies formed in Albany during the Revolution; its duties were to arrest Tories and suspected persons, and it had general charge of the frustration of conspiracies against the new government. He was generally quite active in the patriotic cause.

"David McCarty, mentioned as very active in Albany's Committee of Safety, was a valiant soldier during the Revolution, and at the time of his death was a general of militia. He married, on May 6, 1771, Charlotta, the grand-daughter of Pieter Coeymans, the founder of an old influential and wealthy Dutch family, and became possessed thereby of much land in the Coeyman's Patent. He was a man of ability and of influence, and was respected by the entire community. None of his descendants in the male line are now extant in Albany. His widow died at Coxsackie on April 22, 1828, in the eighty-eighth year of her age. Among the bronze historical tablets erected by the citizens of Albany during the celebration in 1886 of the bicentenary of Albany, as a chartered city, there is one on the northwest corner of Beaver and Green streets, where Hugh Denniston kept Albany's only first-class hotel and tavern for many years. It was the first stone house erected in Albany.

"A true Irishman, Denniston was an ardent patriot during the war, and his hotel was a meeting place for the loyal citizens of Albany, where treason was hatched against England. On both of his visits to Albany in 1782 and in 1783, Washington was a guest at the hotel, where he was presented with the freedom of the city. Denniston owned much property in Albany, and was a citizen well liked by all. Descendants in the male line are not known in Albany.

"In 1780 John Cassidy, the progenitor of the existing Cassidy family in the city, settled in Albany. In 1788 Robert and John Barber, Longford County Irishmen, were engaged in publishing the Albany Gazette. In 1802 John was State Printer. In 1796 the first Catholic Church in the city was incorporated, and Thomas Barry, Daniel McEwan, Terrance O'Donnell, Jeremiah Driskill, Michael Begley, William Donovan, and Philip Farley were among the trustees. The church records prior to 1822 are not extant; they would furnish much valuable and interesting information, if in existence, about the Irish people in Albany dur-

ing the latter part of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries.

"Irish emigration to New York State began in large volume with the arrival in 1731 of the County Longford families, who settled along the Hudson River, in what is now Ulster County, but very little impress thereby was made on the city of Albany until after the Revolution and during the first years of the nineteenth century, when Albany as the frontier city was the gateway through which New England and Europe opened up the then West, and its resultant expansion and activities, including the opening of the Erie Canal, caused a wondrously large increase in its Irish population. In 1807 a special act of the legislature was passed incorporating Daniel Campbell and his associates as the St. Patrick's Society of the city of Albany, its purpose being 'to afford relief to indigent and distressed emigrants from the kingdom of Ireland.' It held its annual election on March 17 in each year.

"We learn from the valuable book of Hon. John D. Crimmins, our president, 'Early Celebration of St. Patrick's Day,' that this society duly celebrated St. Patrick's Day in 1810 and again in 1811, when the day and banquets were honored by the presence of the Governor of the State, the Mayor of the City of New York, Judge Taylor, and the celebrated Irish patriot, orator and lawyer, Thomas Addis Emmet, whose attendance was a distinguished mark of consideration and evidence of the Irish in Albany, and their high standing and character as citizens. The account of the celebration in one of the city newspapers of the day contains, according to the custom of the times, the formal and formidable list of eighteen set toasts, full of patriotic sentiment and Irish love for their adopted country."

The Longford families which Judge Danaher mentions as settling along the Hudson River in 1731 were those who came out with Charles Clinton about that time, ninety-four of whose passages he is recorded to have paid, all of whom came from Longford.

Hugh Denniston, too, who kept the first-class hotel in Albany and who entertained Washington as a guest, must have been a relative of Mrs. Clinton, whose maiden name was Mary Denniston.

Altogether, Judge Danaher throws much light on the early Irish settlers of the upper Hudson, and supplies many facts which would have otherwise remained unknown. Well may he arrive at the conclusion that the valor and sacrifices of the Irish in New York during the struggle for independence make up a debt that

is well nigh incalculable. As he says, their names appear not singly, but as whole regiments, and that is true not only of New York, but of all other colonies.

Even the English army officers bear testimony to this. General Robertson, who served twenty-four years in this country, testified before the House of Commons that he was told by General Lee that half the rebel army were from Ireland.

The territory now occupied by the State of New Jersey was originally included in the Colony of New York. James, Duke of York, afterward King James the second, of odious memory, sold the lands west of the Hudson and east of the Delaware to Lord Berkeley and Sir George Carteret, and the new province thus formed was divided into East and West Jersey. Eventually it fell into the hands of Quakers, who purchased it from the heirs of the original purchasers, and the whole territory became an asylum for the oppressed. It proved a bad speculation for the Quakers, however, and in 1702 they surrendered it back to the crown. For a while New Jersey remained under the jurisdiction of the Governor of New York, with a distinct legislature of its own. In 1738 it was again separated from New York, and remained a distinct province until it assumed the position of a sovereign State in 1776.

As early as 1682 many Irish families had settled in New Jersey; among them was Joseph English, who settled in Monmouth County, and called his home Englishtown. He was the ancestor of the late Thomas Dunn English, the poet, journalist and statesman. The family always remained intensely Irish, and the two hundred and twenty years which elapsed from the foundation of the family to the death of Thomas Dunn English, on April 1, 1902, did not dim in any way their patriotic ardor. During his long life of eighty-three years Thomas Dunn English, the last distinguished representative of the family, was a most ardent Irish patriot. His voice and pen were ever ready at Ireland's call, and all the national characteristics were as strong in him as if he had been born and brought up in Ireland. Two weeks before his death he attended an Irish meeting in Newark, and his last hours were spent in the composition of a drama in which the Irish race was pictured with dignity and truth.

Another distinguished Irish family in New Jersey was that of the Harts, from which sprang John Hart, the signer of the Declaration of Independence from New Jersey. His father, Edward Hart, was also a prominent man in the early days, and was commander of the New Jersey Blues, the leading military body of the colony.

John Hart, the signer, was born at Hopewell, N. J., in 1708,

and was a man of peace until the passage of the stamp act in 1765, when he was the first to recognize the tyrannical character of that measure. He was known in the community as "Honest John Hart," and was held in the highest esteem. In person he was tall and well proportioned, with very black hair and blue eyes, and his disposition was most affectionate and just.

He served in the Continental Congress from 1774 to 1776 and was afterward Chairman of the New Jersey Council of Safety. When the English and Hessian soldiers were let loose in their pursuit of Washington across New Jersey they laid the country waste with fire and sword and committed the most frightful deeds of rapine, outrage and murder. John Hart's home was burned to the ground and his stock and farm destroyed. His family was compelled to fly for safety and every effort was made to capture the aged patriot. With his family he hid in the forest, but they suffered so much from privation and distress, that his wife died under the hardships. He was not allowed to return to his home until after the battles of Trenton and Princeton in December, 1776, when the greater part of New Jersey was cleared of the inhuman invaders. He never recovered from the sufferings he had undergone, and died at his home in Hopewell in 1780.

Gen. Joseph Reed was one of the most devoted men in the Revolution. He ever retained the confidence and highest esteem of Washington and the other patriotic leaders. He was born in Trenton, N. J., on August 27, 1741, his father having emigrated from Ireland earlier in the eighteenth century. He was an Irish-American of the best type, and graduated from Princeton in 1757. He studied law with Richard Stockton, and at the Temple, in London, where he had Charles Carroll of Carrollton for a fellow-student.

On his return from England he settled in Philadelphia, and took up the practice of law. He was President of the first popular convention in Pennsylvania, and accompanied Washington as his aid and Secretary when he went to Cambridge as Commander-in-Chief of the Army in 1775, and remained with him during that campaign. In 1776 he was appointed Adjutant-General of the American Army, and proved a brave and active officer. In the spring of 1777 he was appointed to the chief command of the cavalry, but declined the honor, as he did also the Chief Justiceship of Pennsylvania, preferring to remain with Washington as a member of his staff without rank or station. He distinguished himself at Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth. He was a member of Congress in 1778, when commissioners arrived from England, charged with the settlement of the war. One of these, Commissioner Johnstone, through the agency of a lady named Mrs. Fer-

guson, approached General Reed with honeyed words and promises of wealth and rank if he would favor the views of the English Government. Johnstone desired Mrs. Ferguson to say to General Reed that, provided he could exert his influence to settle the dispute along English lines, he might command ten thousand guineas and the best post in the gift of the Government.

Mrs. Ferguson sought and obtained an interview with General Reed in Philadelphia three days after the British had evacuated that city. She repeated to him her conversation with Johnstone, when Reed, filled with indignation, replied, "I am not worth purchasing, but such as I am, the King of Great Britain is not rich enough to do it!"

This noble answer was passed from mouth to mouth and added new laurels to the already brilliant record of General Reed. He did not live long, however, to enjoy them, having died in his forty-second year, on March 4, 1785, deeply and universally lamented by all his countrymen.

A few days after his death, Philip Freneau, the poet of the Revolution, wrote the following tribute to his memory:

"No single art engaged his manly mind,
In every scene his active genius shined.
Nature in him, in honor to our age,
At once composed the soldier and the sage.

"Firm to his purpose, vigilant and bold,
Detesting traitors and despising gold,
He scorned all bribes from Britain's hostile throne,
For all his country's wrongs were thrice his own."

Mrs. Reed nobly seconded her husband in his sacrifices for the cause of American Independence and was the leader of the ladies of Philadelphia in their efforts to raise money for the suffering soldiers in Valley Forge. Their son Joseph became a leading man in Pennsylvania. He was Attorney-General of the State, and Recorder of the City of Philadelphia for many years. Their youngest son, George W. Reed, was commander of the ship *Vixen* in the War of 1812, and died while an English prisoner in Jamaica from the harsh treatment he received.

Even to this day, the descendants of this worthy couple of the Revolution occupy high positions in the service of their country, reflecting honor on themselves and the noble Irish family from which they sprang.

We can not here recount all the names of Irishmen and Irish-Americans of New Jersey who were prominent in that State both before and during the Revolution. Amongst them were James Sterling, a member of the New Jersey Provincial Congress,

and an active participant in the cause of Independence, and Alexander Chambers and his son, both of whom were born in Ireland, who fought through the war in the New Jersey Line.

Thomas Hamilton Murray, Secretary of the American-Irish Historical Society, in his article on "Some Patricks in the Revolution," to which we have before alluded, has this to say about the New Jersey Patricks:

"Many Patricks appear in the New Jersey records of the Revolution. Patrick Anally was a soldier of the line. Patrick Brady served in a Fourth battalion of the second establishment. Patrick Davis was another New Jersey soldier. Patrick McHolland served in Spencer's regiment of the Continental Army. The New Jersey Continental soldiers included, too, Patrick Kelly, Patrick McConnally, Patrick McKinney, Patrick McLane, Patrick Tool (or Toole), Patrick Dunlevy, Patrick Hart, Patrick Hackett, and Patrick Henderson. Patrick Hughes is mentioned in a return of the invalid corps, having been wounded or contracted illness in the service. Patrick Connor served in Captain Newkirk's company in the Second battalion of Salem County, N. J. Patrick Lamb was a member of Captain Tucker's company of the First Regiment, Hunterdon County, N. J. Patrick Moore, of the Second battalion, Salem County, N. J., was wounded at Hancock's Bridge, March 21, 1778. Other New Jersey soldiers included Patrick Leader, Patrick McGill, Patrick Riley, Patrick Dreamell, Patrick Rogers, and Patrick Thompson."

It will thus be seen that the Irishmen and Irish-Americans of New Jersey came valiantly to the front in the cause of American Independence. They not only acted their own parts well in that trying ordeal, but they left a noble heritage to the State in their children and their children's children, who are now occupying many honorable and responsible positions, and who, whenever occasion arises, will be found not only ready, but eager to follow in the patriotic footsteps of their Irish sires.

CHAPTER V.

THE EARLY DAYS IN NEW ENGLAND.

In the early days of New England it contained only four provinces, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut. The territory of the present Vermont was then known as the New Hampshire Grants. It was claimed both by New York and New Hampshire, but refused to acknowledge the authority of either. It established its independence in 1777 and was the first State admitted into the Union, in 1791. Before the Revolution Maine was known as the District of Maine, and was under the government of Massachusetts. During the Revolution, in 1779, that portion of Maine known as the Castine Peninsula was seized and occupied by the British. They endeavored to erect a new province there under the name of New Ireland, hoping that the name would insure the loyalty of the many Irishmen then resident in that section. The scheme failed, and the new province was banished with the old ones.

New Hampshire was occasionally united to Massachusetts, but generally it was an independent colony.

The colony of Rhode Island was originally founded by Roger Williams as a protest against the bigotry of Massachusetts. He advocated complete separation of church and state and toleration for all creeds. He founded Providence in 1636. Connecticut also had its origin in the same cause as Rhode Island. Many people, dissatisfied with the intolerance of Massachusetts, left that province under the leadership of Thomas Hooker and settled in the Connecticut Valley. In 1639 they adopted a Constitution providing for the annual election of all officers by the people, with no religious qualifications and completely ignoring all connection with England and its King. This liberality was vitiated to a great extent by a company of Englishmen who founded New Haven and who adopted the Bible as their Constitution, refusing trial by jury and establishing all the Cromwellian methods of religious persecution. To this latter class may be traced all the intolerance from which Irishmen and Catholics suffered in later years.

In glancing over the many records and articles treating of this section we fail to find any excuse for the ignorance professed by President Eliot, of Harvard College, in his letter to Mr. J. D. O'Connell before alluded to. Our trouble in presenting the history of the Irish in New England is the vast volume of facts

which confronts us and makes it an almost impossible task to do justice to the subject. It would take a large book in itself to properly record the doings of our countrymen in New England, both before and during the Revolution.

For the past twenty years our esteemed fellow-citizen, Col. John C. Linehan, late Insurance Commissioner of New Hampshire, was busily engaged in writing up the historic deeds of Irishmen, not only in his own section, but all over the Eastern and middle portions of the country. He contributed numerous able articles to the Boston Pilot, and other journals and magazines on this subject and he can now be referred to as one of the most reliable authorities on the matter. All his facts are drawn from town, county and State histories, civil and military reports and other official sources. His work represents years of patient and painstaking study and entitles him to the gratitude of his race.

Following his example, a namesake of his, Miss Mary L. Linehan, teacher in the South School, of Hartford, Conn., has now entered on the same study and bids fair to emulate him in his labor of love. Colonel Linehan has supplied her with all the facts in his possession and in every way encourages her in the work.

In February, 1903, Miss Linehan read a paper before the Connecticut Historical Society, entitled "The Colonial Irish in New England," which contains an exhaustive and interesting account of the earliest immigration of that nationality to this country, the result of ten years of research of the records of every State in New England. We present a few extracts from her paper which will prove deeply interesting:

"The early Irish came to this country in three distinct periods, the first, dating from 1621 to 1653, the second from 1653 to 1718, and the third from the latter period to the Revolution.

"Two Irishmen, William Mullins and Christopher Martin, came over on the Mayflower and hundreds of like distinctive Irish names followed.

"In 1718 a petition was sent to Governor Shute, of Massachusetts, by three hundred and twenty leading Irishmen, among whom were ministers, asking permission to settle in the State. The same year one hundred and twenty Irish families arrived in Boston and brought with them the manufacturing industry of linen and also introducing the use of the potato. There was not a town incorporated from that time but what contained the descendants of some of those men or of those who followed them directly.

"From 1718 to the Revolution great numbers of people from the North of Ireland came to New England. In 1730 the First Presbyterian Irish Church was founded in Boston."

Miss Linehan gives highest praise to the Pilgrims and Puritans during the period from 1621 to 1774 for their kindness and charity to the early Irish pioneers, and speaks of the assistance given the wandering priests in Connecticut Valley, who came to look after their people. She tells how the Rev. Gabriel Druillests, a Jesuit, and founder of the Abenkai Mission in Maine in 1646, had been entertained by Governor Bradford, of Plymouth, and how the executive courtesy supplied the reverend gentleman with fish on a Friday, and allusion is made to the Reverend John Pieron, a Jesuit priest, who made a tour of the colonies in 1676.

Coming down to the Revolutionary War, Miss Linehan gives facts regarding many Irish patriots who took part in the war from all over New England and served from the siege of Boston to the surrender of Yorktown. She refers to the Jersey prison ship where Irish-American soldiers were confined, and tells of the cruelties they endured, and of the offers of freedom if they would join the ranks of King George's army, which they rejected with scorn—not one of them going over to the enemy out of the eleven thousand who died in seven years.

Miss Linehan claims John Hancock, President of the First Continental Congress, as of Irish ancestry, together with Col. Hugh Maxwell, Gen. John Stark, William Whipple and Matthew Thornton. The facts above quoted can be sustained by historic documents.

Maxwell and Thornton were born in Ireland, both being brought to this country by their parents, the former in his first, and the latter in his third year.

As early as 1632 we find mention of the Irish in Boston. In an old legal document of that year an Irishman named Coogan is described as the first merchant of Boston. By means of this old deed Mr. C. E. Leider, in his articles on "Ancient Boston," describes the original site of the city as follows:

"A town corn bin on Cornhill, a prison, established in 1632; the school, the first meeting house, occupying the commanding position on Dock Square and Cornhill, and a tavern where the Ames building now is. Opposite on Washington street were placed the parsonage, the shop of Coogan, first merchant, the first market place, where the old State House now stands. Near by were the dock, the powder magazine, a town clock, the great Indian cemetery, only a few steps away from the earliest burial place of the whites."

The history of the Boston Irish Charitable Society is in itself sufficient evidence that our countrymen wielded great influence in New England previous to the Revolution. Through the kindness of Mr. William Peard, of Boston, the warm personal friend of

the lamented John Boyle O'Reilly, we have been enabled to peruse the official records of that time-honored organization, and have gleaned from them many important facts. The society was organized on St. Patrick's Day, 1737, a fact which in itself proves that its originators were genuine, not "Scotch Irishmen." The names of the twenty-six original members were as follows:

Robert Duncan, Andrew Knox, Nathaniel Walsh, Joseph St. Lawrence, Daniel McFall, Edward Allen, William Drummond, William Freeland, Daniel Gibbs, John Noble, Adam Boyd, William Stewart, Daniel Neal, James Mayes, Samuel Moor, Philip Mortimer, James Egart, George Glen, Peter Pelham, John Little, Archibald Thomas, Edward Alderchurch, James Clark, John Clark, Thomas Bennett, and Patrick Walker.

The names of these men should be held in high honor by their countrymen throughout all time. In a country far from their native land, and surrounded on every hand by English prejudice and hate, they were among the first to band themselves together in behalf of their less fortunate fellow-countrymen and to keep alive old customs which were dear to them at home. Though nearly all of these men were Protestants, difference in faith was not allowed to play any part in their work, Catholics being many times selected for the highest offices.

During the thirty-eight years between its organization and the Revolution the society continued to hold its meetings with almost unvarying regularity. Until the spring of 1775 very few gaps are noticeable in the records, but from that time until the fall of 1784 there was not a single meeting.

Imagine what that interval means to America and the world at large! And what momentous occurrences took place within the decade! A mighty struggle had taken place and out of it was born the greatest nation on the earth—a nation that has held out the lamp of hope and liberty to every struggling race in the past, and that will, notwithstanding temporary aberrations, with God's help, continue to do so in the future. That the Boston Irishmen had other work to do during this interval than quietly meeting in their hall, and that they did it nobly and well, is attested by the following minutes which we copy from their record:

"At a meeting of the Boston Charitable Irish Society, October 26, 1784, at Mr. John Tufts, the President, William Mackay, made a short and appropriate address, which by vote of the society was placed on the record as follows:

"Gentlemen, members of the Charitable Irish Society, I congratulate you on this joyful occasion, that we are assembled again after ten years' absence, occasioned by a dreadful and ruinous war of nearly eight years; also that we have conquered one of the

greatest and most potent nations on the globe, so far as to have peace and independence. May our friends, countrymen in Ireland, behave like the brave Americans till they recover their liberties." THESE WORDS HAVE NO SCOTCH FLAVOR ABOUT THEM. They breathe that love of liberty so dear to all true Irishmen, whether Catholics or Protestants, and helped in no small way to create that feeling among their countrymen in Ireland which afterward grew into the powerful organizations of the United Irishmen, in which the Presbyterians of the North took such a leading and prominent part.

At the centennial celebration of the society, which was held on St. Patrick's Day, 1837, the orator of the occasion, the Hon. James Boyd, thus referred to those brief minutes and portrayed in glowing words the patriotic feelings which the Irishmen of the American Revolution entertained for their native land:

"From 1761 to 1775, regular entries are made of the meetings and doings of the society, but from the latter date till October 26, 1784, it does not appear that any meetings were held. This is good evidence that our countrymen of that day were not idle spectators of the great and successful effort made by America for its independence. Irishmen took their part in the noble struggle, and embarked in it with their whole soul. Social enjoyments were not permitted to interfere with the great work, to the accomplishing of which they had joined in pledging 'their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor.' When heart and hand and blood were required in the cause of liberty, they contributed their share most cheerfully; and when the cause had triumphed, and they rested from their labor, one of the first acts of the society, in resuming its meetings and intercourse, was to congratulate each other on the success which had attended their efforts.

"On the night of the first meeting after the war, the President, Mr. William Mackay, delivered a short address, in which he congratulates his brethren on the 'joyful occasion' (as he expressed it) 'of meeting again after nearly ten years' absence, occasioned by a dreadful and ruinous war—on having conquered one of the greatest nations on the globe, so far as to have peace and independence'; and concludes in these words: 'May our friends, countrymen in Ireland, behave like the brave Americans, till they recover their liberties.' Such were the feelings under which the members of this society resumed their meetings on the close of the War of the Revolution.

"It would be a most grateful task to lay before you the particular part taken by Irishmen in this country, in the great drama performed on freedom's stage in those days in which every man who had a soul worth saving was an actor. The part taken by

any of the members of this society is not a matter of record on our books; nor indeed should we expect that it would be. True merit is never its own trumpeter, and as they fought for the common cause, and received the reward of their valor in common with native citizens, they would not be disposed to make any particular note of how much they contributed to the promotion of liberty.

"Some things, however, we do know, which are worth noticing. We do know that the leading spirits of those days, who were deputed to set the machinery of the new government in motion, knew of their own knowledge, and saw with their own eyes, that Irishmen were entitled to be constitutionally adopted as free citizens. They were so adopted; and thus their merits and services were honorably acknowledged and rewarded. We know also that the prayer of President Mackay's address, 'May our friends, countrymen in Ireland, behave like the brave Americans, till they recover their liberties,' was not unheard. The spark elicited from the first flint and steel that came in collision on Bunker Hill, kindled a fire that beamed across the Atlantic. It gleamed on Ireland, and by its light her patriots saw clearly that their tyrant rulers were not invincible; that which at first was but a light, became a warmth—a heat—and found fuel of the right kind so abundant in the breasts of Irishmen that ignition was the natural consequence. The fire became a flame, which for a time threatened the destruction of English rule in that country as well as this; but by the explosion of 1798, hopes that had been raised high, were for a time prostrated.

"My friends, I have somewhat accidentally carried myself and your attention across the Atlantic; let us remain there for a moment. Let us invoke the aid of memory to waft us over the dim path of bygone years, to the home of our forefathers and the scenes in which we ourselves first inhaled the breath of heaven. Let her bring up the time when stories of the American war were told around by the seniors; or tear-stirring songs, founded on incidents in the rebellion of 1798, were sung by the juniors of the family. Let us there remain and refresh ourselves with recollections of the days of our youth.

"With the mind filled with such recollections, we can easily realize that the prayer of President Mackay, in 1784, was not uttered in vain. What—can you tell me—tended more to prompt the organization of the Society of the United Irishmen than the success which attended the struggle in America? That success, and the rational use which was made of it, kindled hopes in the bosoms of Irishmen, which to have realized they were willing to do as Americans had done—risk their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor on the cast. They did so. To some of us, mem-

ory can show the very conflict, and the field made gory by the blood of some of the noblest sons of Ireland. To others of us, then too young to take a part, she can depict the approach of the victor, with a torch in one hand and a rope in the other. We can even see the patriot's dwelling in flames, and reduced to ashes, and his wife and little ones, if spared, sent adrift on the world—the patriot himself, if haply escaped from the field of battle, suspended like a dog, at the corner of the street; and, as if that was not enough, the next hour his head stuck upon a halberd and lashed up for exhibition on a lamp-post. All this we can see, and much more; much to weep over, and much that, as Irishmen, we might exult in; but, alas! too much over which we will permit the veil of time to remain undisturbed.

"Let us follow the noble example of President Mackay and utter a prayer for our native land. May our countrymen in Ireland behave like the wise citizens of our adopted city and commonwealth, and thus make sure of obtaining the liberties which Americans have secured."

Before closing the records of the Boston Irish Charitable Society we must make one more extract from them. Although it refers to a period long after the Revolution, the visit of President Andrew Jackson to Boston in June, 1833, it has a bearing on the days of the Revolution, and will not be out of place in this history. It shows the kind of an Irishman Andrew Jackson was, and how deeply he sympathized with the land of his fathers. He knew the atrocious story of England in Ireland and America. From his earliest years he was an eyewitness of her inhuman conduct in this country, and he gloried in the fact that God enabled him to be the means of her humiliation and defeat. This is how he was received by the Irishmen of Boston on June 22, 1833:

Pursuant to previous appointment, the society to the number of about one hundred proceeded in a body to the Tremont House, where they were received by President Jackson in that kind-hearted, free and affectionate manner so characteristic of himself, and so congenial to the feelings of Irishmen. After having been introduced to him, first collectively, and then individually, by Colonel Prescott, the President of the Society, Mr. James Boyd, the same gentleman who delivered the centennial address before alluded to, addressed the President as follows:

"Sir: The members of the Charitable Irish Society of this city have with much anxiety sought this interview, and now feel very proud in having an opportunity afforded of paying their respects to you personally. Your name, sir, has so long been familiar to them, a subject of the highest admiration to many, and of kind respect to all, that they thought they would be guilty of inhospiti-

tality (a crime which Irishmen do not wish to be chargeable with) did they allow this occasion to pass without visiting you in a body. This society, sir, is comprised exclusively of Irishmen and their direct descendants, a class of citizens in this community not opulent, but I may be allowed to say industrious. We are all, sir, working bees in the hive. We fill the place now that was once occupied by men who have done the State some service in times of peril and danger, men who did not withdraw themselves from the ranks fighting the battles of liberty, nor ever withheld the most zealous support to the Constitution and laws and magistrates of this our adopted country. We hope, sir, the present generation has not fallen off from the standing maintained by their fathers, and that if occasion required, the motto on our banner would be a promise which would be willingly performed at any time. As I have already remarked, Irishmen have never been backward in giving support to the institutions of this country, nor in showing due respect to the Chief Magistrate thereof, but when the highest office is held by the son of an Irishman, we must be allowed to indulge in some feelings of pride as well as patriotism. As this is your first visit to the northern portion of the Union, permit us to hope, sir, that you may find much here to please you, that you will return with a knowledge that this community is an industrious, a prosperous, and a happy one, and as we hope the welfare of Irishmen is a subject not uninteresting to you, we may be allowed to say that here we are generally contented. We do our part toward the support of all public institutions and receive a full share of their benefits.

"Allow me, sir, to hope that you may have a safe and pleasant journey till you again reach the center of the nation, and that the remainder of your life may be as long and happy as the past has been brilliant and successful."

The President replied in the following words:

"I feel much gratified, sir, at this testimony of respect shown me by the Charitable Irish Society of this city. It is with great pleasure that I see so many of the countrymen of my father assembled on this occasion. I have always been proud of my ancestry and of being descended from that noble race, and rejoice that I am so nearly allied to a country which has so much to recommend it to the good wishes of the world. Would to God, sir, that Irishmen on the other side of the great water enjoyed the comforts, happiness, contentment and liberty that they enjoy here. I am well aware, sir, that Irishmen have never been backward in giving their support to the cause of liberty. They have fought, sir, for this country valiantly, and I have no doubt would fight again were it necessary, but I hope it will be long before

the institutions of our country need support of that kind. Accept my best wishes for the happiness of you all."

The members of the society were here about to withdraw when the President again took Mr. Boyd by the hand, and in the most affectionate manner held it whilst he expressed himself as follows:

"I am somewhat fatigued, sir, as you may notice, but I cannot allow you to part with me till I again shake hands with you, which I do for yourself and the whole society. I assure you, sir, there are few circumstances that have given me more heart-felt satisfaction than this visit. I shall remember it with pleasure, and I hope, sir, you and all your society will long enjoy health and happiness."

It will be seen from the foregoing extracts that the Boston Irish Charitable Society was in those trying days composed of men who were a credit to their race, and who were prepared on all occasions to do their full duty to their adopted country. In their early days and down to a not very remote period they had to fight against the same enemy as they did at home. As in Ireland, it mattered not whether they were Catholics or Protestants, they were hated by their English enemies for being Irish.

Even liberal Englishmen have been persecuted and done to death because they merely sympathized with Ireland. We could fill pages with examples of this kind, but we will cite only one case as an illustration—that of Sir Edward Crosbie, of Carlow. The accusation that he had contributed toward the defense of his own tenants, who were entirely innocent of crime and wrongfully charged with treasonable practices, weighed down every proof of his own innocence—for every other charge carried with it its own self-evident refutation, and he was condemned to death on the gallows for the performance of a simple act of Christian charity.

In the civilization of England the order of Christianity has been reversed. As Dr. Madden says, the language of our English rulers in Ireland has been: Your brethren are poor and oppressed, but you shall not pity them; they are in prison, but it shall be treason for you to go to them; they are naked and open to their enemies, but you shall not succor them; they have been hungry and thirsty and we have not given them to eat or drink; and as we have not suffered them to murmur against us, neither shall you sympathize with them, unless you are willing to share in the punishment which is prepared for traitors and their accomplices.

This doctrine followed the English flag everywhere, and it was so firmly established in America that even the Revolution,

thorough as it was, was not sufficient to drive it out. Some of it remained and confronts us to this day, but the bigotry and opposition which Irishmen have encountered in the past or which now vainly tries to raise its venomous head is simply part and parcel of English, not American, civilization.

The second name on the list of original members of the Boston Irish Charitable Society is that of Andrew Knox, an Irishman born, the father of Henry Knox, who afterward so nobly distinguished himself in the War of the Revolution, who rose to the rank of Major-General in the Army, who became the Secretary of War and Navy in the Cabinet of the new nation, and whose entire career in peace and war rendered his name second only to that of Washington himself.

Like his father, and in common with many other noted Irish-Americans of the time, he, too, was a member of the Boston Irish Charitable Society, having joined its ranks on April 14, 1772, being then in his twenty-second year. We will not pause to give a sketch of his career here, but his name and fame will brighten many of our future pages.

For the records of the early Irish of New Hampshire we are mainly indebted to the labor and ability of Colonel John C. Linehan. In an article written nearly twenty years ago he tells us that among the descendants of the first settlers in the Old Granite State are a large proportion bearing distinctively Irish names. In all parts of the State the old Gaelic names may be found, many abbreviated, or changed, but all showing unmistakably their Celtic origin.

Some degenerate sons of Celtic sires, in these latter days, dearly love to call themselves Saxons, but blood is thicker than water, and the Macs sturdily maintain their origin.

That the Irish were among the first settlers is very evident from a perusal of many of the town histories. In the records of "The History of Concord," by the Rev. Dr. Bouton, can be found a petition from divers persons in Haverhill, Mass., to the "Great and General Court" for a tract of land in a place called Penacook, in June, 1725, in which will be found the following: "Ye petitioners would also suggest to ye honors that many applications have been made to the government of New Hampshire for a grant of the sd land, which, though it be the undoubted right and property of this Province, yet it is highly probable that a parcel of Irish people will obtain a grant from New Hampshire for it unless some speedy care be taken by this honorable court to prevent it." So the Irish, even in that early day, were in bad odor with their English "cousins," and for once got start on them, having already

built a fort on the east side of the Merrimac River, which was the first building erected in what is now known as the city of Concord.

Massachusetts and New Hampshire alike claimed jurisdiction over Penacook. The latter had made a grant of it to the Irish from Londonderry, who named their town Bow, from a bend in the river, while the former had also given a large portion of the same territory to English settlers from Haverhill, Mass., who named their town Penacook. The dispute as to jurisdiction between the two colonies was a fruitful source of trouble to the settlers of both towns, which was not settled for years, and which, when finally adjusted, brought about the name of Concord, to signify the restoration of peace.

To show that the prejudice against the Irish was nothing new, we find that an agreement was brought about that no lot should be sold without the consent of the community. This was for the special purpose of excluding the Irish, and Protestant Irish, too, which shows how deep-seated was the English prejudice.

It is interesting to follow the trail, as it were, of these Irish settlers, and the reader will, if he is of Celtic origin, be well satisfied to do so.

In the journal of the committee appointed to lay out the new townships we find that "about eleven or twelve of the clock we arrived at Nutfield, alias Londonderry, and refreshed ourselves and our horses with our own provisions at the house of one John Barr, an Irish tavernkeeper, as we are informed; but we had nothing of him but small beer." Shades of Hudibras, how neatly that was put in, "had nothing but small beer." As they proceeded on their journey they found, "At Amoskeag Falls, several Irish people catching fish." When they reach Penacook and proceeded to make their surveys, they were confronted by the New Hampshire authorities, attended by about half a score Irishmen, who kept some distance from the camp, and were informed that the appropriating of these lands to any private or particular persons might be attended with ill consequences to the settlers when it appeared they fell in New Hampshire government. On their way back the committee again saw the Irish catching fish at Amoskeag, and put up once more at John Barr's.

Although the settlers of Penacook were of English origin, and although measures were taken to keep out the Irish, nevertheless a few did settle in the township, among them Patrick Garvin, after whom is named Garvin's Falls, on the Merrimac, about two miles below Concord, and whose descendants are still residents of the city.

Patrick Gault was another whom we find located in Penacook in 1767. Captain John Roche, a native of County Cork, was for

years a well-known citizen of the town. There are many Roches and Gaults in the State now, probably their descendants.

Another who was, while a resident of the town, one of its foremost citizens, was Colonel Andrew McMillan, who came from Ireland to this country in 1754, and fought in the old French War with General Montgomery, holding a lieutenant's commission. At the close of the war he settled in Concord, where he engaged in the mercantile business and kept for years the leading store in the town. From 1771 to 1775 he held the position of Moderator, the highest office in the gift of the people of the town, and discharged all of the duties with fidelity and good judgment. In 1774 he was the Colonel of the Fifteenth Regiment, Colonial Militia, his Major being the afterward celebrated Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford. At the breaking out of the War of the Revolution he retired to the land given him by the British Government for service in the old French War, in what is now known as North Conway, and there his descendants now reside, respected citizens. The McMillan House, North Conway, is probably named for him.

In March, 1775, an Irish schoolmaster was teaching school in the English settlement of Penacook. One of the despised race in the eighteenth century, doing what, perhaps, his ancestors were doing in the eighth century, teaching the Anglo-Saxon the first rudiments of learning. Here is the entry, page 258: "Patrick Grimlon, for keeping school, 31 pounds 17 shillings and 6 halfpence."

Jacob Shute, one of the original settlers, was a native of Dublin. He was a stocking weaver by trade. When seventeen years old he ran away and hid in the hold of a vessel coming to America. He, with another stowaway, were found, and on their arrival at Newburyport, were sold by the captain to Ebenezer Eastman, of Haverhill, Mass., for the amount of their passage. He accompanied Captain Eastman to Concord, where his descendants still reside.

Matthew Thornton, a native of Ireland, was one of the two signers of the Declaration of Independence from New Hampshire. When quite young he came to this country and located at Worcester, Mass., whence he changed his residence to Merrimack, in the county of Hillsborough, N. H., where he made his home up to the time of his death. The railroad station on the Concord Railroad is called Thornton's, in his honor, and the house in which he resided can be seen from the depot. Of him one of the State historians writes: "The old town records show that Mr. Thornton presided over their town meetings and held various town offices."

He died in 1803, at the age of eighty-nine. The epitaph on

his headstone at Merrimack is short, but expressive, containing but three words: "The Honest Man." Captain James Thornton, Executive Officer of the Kearsarge in the celebrated combat with the Alabama, was one of his descendants; and many of them are residents of the State still, and proud of the honor paid to the memory of their respected ancestor. His portrait hangs in the Governor's Room in the State House.

Connor is a name that is often found in many New Hampshire towns. It is Irish of the Irish, and is borne by many whose ancestors have been here for generations. J. M. Connor, of Hopkinton, in recent years was one of the leading agriculturists and writers in the State.

Daniel Annis was the first settler in the town of Warner. He was a descendant of Charles Annis, who came to America in 1666, and settled in the town of Essex, Mass. According to Harriman's "History of Warner," Charles Annis was a native of Enniskillen, in Great Britain; but as Enniskillen is in Ireland, and not in Great Britain, the Emerald Isle must be credited with furnishing the stock from whence sprang Warner's first settler, who raised his roof-tree in the wilderness in 1762. The same historian states that from this source have sprung all the Annises in New England. The name of Annis must be an abbreviation of McGinnis or Ennis (MacAnnis), both of which are common in the North of Ireland. The race must have been prolific, as the name can be found all over New England.

Four other distinctive Irish names are found among the first settlers of Warner—Flood, Kelly, Collins, and Dowlin. In the expedition against Crown Point, during the Old French War, in 1755, it is recorded that Captain McGinnis, of New Hampshire, fell on the French at the head of two hundred men and completely routed them. After turning the fortunes of the day he fell mortally wounded.

The name of General John Sullivan is well known. His father was an emigrant from Limerick, of good family and well educated; his blood flows in the veins of some of the best New England stock of to-day, one of whom, Mr. T. C. Amery, his grandson, of Boston, has written a life of the General. His brother was Governor of Massachusetts and the descendants of both have been in every generation up to the present actively identified with the manufacturing, commercial and mercantile interests of New England. One of them was the proprietor of the Middlesex Canal, and its manager up to the building of the railroads.

James Sullivan represented Massachusetts in Congress in 1788. In 1790 he was made Attorney-General. In 1794 his His-

tory of the District of Maine was ordered to be published by the Legislature of Massachusetts. In 1807 he was elected Governor, and re-elected in 1808. In the latter year he died, after having assisted in the settlement of Maine and written its history, after governing Massachusetts and defining its boundaries, after having studied under the British officials and beaten them with their own weapons. The son of this eminent statesman was the Hon. William Sullivan, for many years a State Senator and United States Representative for Boston.

The military career of General Sullivan has partially covered up his civil services, but in that department his name received new lustre. He was one of the first Presidents of New Hampshire, and for many years after the Attorney-General of the State. His son, George Sullivan, was one of the most accomplished lawyers in New Hampshire, and it is said to hear him speak men would walk miles. He was also for many years Attorney-General, in turn to be followed by his son, the namesake of his grandfather, John Sullivan, who was holding that position at the outbreak of the Civil War in 1861.

The small town of Bedford, near Londonderry, supplied no less than thirteen Irishmen at Bunker Hill.

One of the first settlers of Newport, N. H., was Benjamin Giles, who was born in Ireland, and was fifty years old when he came to Newport. In a sketch of his life, in the *Granite Monthly*, in March, 1880, the writer said: "The name and character of Benjamin Giles deserves more than a passing notice. He was the Nestor of the new settlement. He was a delegate to the Provincial Congress before and during the War of the Revolution. He was a State Representative and Senator, a member of the Convention that formed the first Constitution of the State, a Commissioner to settle the boundary line between New Hampshire and Massachusetts, and when in March, 1781, Newport, with other towns along the Connecticut River, seceded from New Hampshire and sought the sovereignty of Vermont, he was elected to the General Assembly of Vermont, which was to meet at Windsor. He died December 9, 1787, aged seventy years, and his memory in Newport is held in as high esteem as that of his fellow-countryman, Matthew Thornton, at Merrimac.

Another prominent citizen of the town of Newport, Hon. Edmund Burke, was of Irish stock. He was editor of the *Newport Argus*, was elected to Congress at the age of twenty-nine, and served six years, was Commissioner of Patents under President Polk, and resumed the practice of law at Newport, where he died.

A prominent name in New Hampshire annals of Revolutionary days is McClary. At the battle of Bunker Hill Major Andrew

McClary, whose great size and desperate valor made him peculiarly conspicuous, fell while crossing the Neck. Captain McCleary, his relative, fell at Bennington. In 1784-5-6 the names of John McClary and Matthew Thornton are in the Senate, while from the latter year down to 1819, John McDuffe, James McGregor, MacMichael McCleary, Michael McClary, John Orr, John Duncan, Nathaniel Shannon, Newell Haly, and numerous members of the Stark family—all genuine sons of the Celt, were—many of them several terms—members of the Upper Branch of the Legislature. The connection was kept up in our day in the person of Timothy Haley, a well-known manufacturer of knitting cotton, and who was born in Dunmanway, County of Cork.

Two celebrated schoolmasters in Colonial days were Henry Parkinson and Edward Evans. Henry Parkinson was born in Ireland in 1741, and came to America with his parents when quite young. He was a graduate of Nassau College, New York; being a classmate of another Irishman, David Ramsey, historian of South Carolina. He was one of the first to volunteer from New Hampshire at the outbreak of the Revolution, and served until the close of the war as quartermaster under Stark. In 1820 he died. The following epitaph was written by himself, and is inscribed in Latin on his tombstone: "Ireland begot me, America nourished me, Nassau College taught me, I have taught, I have fought, and labored with my hands. Thus I have finished my course and now the earth possesses me. With quiet I sleep in the dust as it were in my mother's bosom. Approach here, my friend, behold and reflect that you all must certainly die; therefore, farewell, and take heed."

Edward Evans, for years leading schoolmaster in Saulsbury, a most accomplished man, was born and educated in Ireland.

The Moores have ever held a high position in New Hampshire annals. One of them has traced his ancestry to three brothers who came to Massachusetts from the County Carlow, in Ireland, from whom are largely descended the New Hampshire Moores.

The men of Irish origin in Portsmouth celebrated St. Patrick's Day, 1780, by instituting a Masonic Lodge. Though they were Protestants, the selection of the day dearest to Catholics, showed their Irish patriotism and tolerance.

The following New Hampshire men of Irish lineage served in Congress: S. B. Connor, represented Massachusetts in the Fourteenth Congress; R. S. Moloney, of Northfield, Illinois, in the Thirty-second, and Dr. Benjamin Orr, Massachusetts, in the Fifteenth.

Colonel Linchan disproves the Scotch-Irish claim in New

Hampshire as thoroughly as John H. Campbell does for Pennsylvania. The former thus sets the assumption aside:

"Our modern town historians in New Hampshire claim that Scotch-Irish so-called were different from the Irish 'in language, blood, morals, and religion.' In view of statements of this kind it would be well to record here the fact that in 1737, eighteen years after the Celtic settlement of New Hampshire, forty gentlemen of the Irish nation residing in Boston formed themselves into a charitable society for the relief of their poor indigent countrymen. Last St. Patrick's Day (1884) this same society celebrated its one hundred and forty-seventh anniversary, and its present members, like its founders, pledge themselves anew to the land of their fathers.

"It is very strange that those people who first settled in New Hampshire, and who are called Scotch-Irish or Scotch, as their descendants now begin to call them, should call the places in which they settled after towns in Ireland, instead of naming them after Scottish towns.

"Dumbarton is the only town in the State, perhaps, bearing a Scotch name, while we have Derry, Londonderry, Derryfield, Antrim, Dublin, and Kilkenny.

"McGee, in his 'Irish Settlers in America,' touches on this question, and his words will bear repetition. Speaking of the Londonderry settlement he said: 'It began with sixteen families, who gave the name of their native place to their new abode. They were all Presbyterians in religion, and of that Celtic stock first planted in Scotland from Ireland, then renaturalized in the parent land previous to its deportment to the sterner, but more independent soil of New England.'

"He adds: 'It may be out of place to append here what I have been obliged to establish in detail elsewhere—the inaccuracy of certain New Hampshire orators and others in inventing a mixed race, whom they call the Scotch-Irish. To each of them we say, when you assert that the McClellands, Campbells, McDonalds, McGills, Fergusons, McGregors, etc., of Ulster, Scotland, and New Hampshire, are a race entirely distinct from the O'Flinns, Murphys, and Sullivans of the same or adjoining settlements, you are, I repeat, in error. We are the same people, our original language is the same. Our fathers, speaking a common Gaelic tongue, fought, intermarried and prayed together. The Mac is our joint inheritance, as the Norman prefix "De" or the Saxon affix "son." Time and ignorance have obscured the early connection of the two Scottish Kingdoms.'

"In an address delivered by the Marquis of Lorne at Ottawa, on his arrival as ruler of the Dominion of Canada, he very pleas-

antly alluded to the ancient relationship between the Irish and the Scots, and, unlike our New Hampshire Anglomaniacs, not only acknowledged the Irish origin of his countrymen, but expressed himself as being proud of it.

"With the recollection of the names of Sullivan, Fitzgerald, Fitzsimmons, Barry, O'Brien, Blakely, Moylan, Carroll, Thornton, McDonough, Gibbons, Shields, Sheridan, Mathew Carey, Charles O'Connor, Thomas Addis Emmet, Gilmore, Logan, Butlers of Pennsylvania, South Carolina, and Massachusetts; Calhoun, Fulton, Gorman, Geary, Cavanagh, Lynches, without number; Moores, innumerable, and tens of thousands of others, who had either in the army or navy, the civil service or the legal profession, helped to establish or assisted in the maintenance of this Republic, the American of Irish origin can afford to stand these attacks and strike boldly for what he believes to be true, and that is true, that the men who came to this country from Ireland and settled in New Hampshire in 1719 were of the same original stock as those whose names appear above.

"Benjamin F. Butler, who has made his mark in the war, in Congress, and who has stirred up old Massachusetts as she was never stirred before, is of the Celtic stock. His bright record will be appreciated in the years to come. The new Irish element, which has grown up since 1848, like that which preceded it in '76, responded promptly to the call of duty in 1861, and not a battlefield in which a New Hampshire regiment was engaged, but that the soil was reddened with the blood of both elements.

"Wolfe Tone, Emmet, McCracken, and their associates in '98 were of the same creed and race as those Londonderry settlers, yet they called themselves Irish, fought and died for their country, and left a legacy for her sons in a love of liberty that can never die, and their descendants, the Butts, Parnells, Nelsons, etc., are hand in hand with Healy, Dillon, O'Connor, and McCarthy, in upholding the honor of the Irish name to-day."

In an article in the Boston Pilot, of June 20, 1903, Colonel Linchan gives the history of more than one hundred Irishmen who took a prominent part in the American Revolution, many of whose names are now published for the first time, and all of whom will receive due credit in these chronicles.

Charles K. Bolton recently published an admirable book entitled the "Private Soldier Under Washington," the very last sentence in which is as follows:

"Whether France or Washington or the Patriot army contributed most to bring about the peace of Paris in 1783 is of little moment. France and Washington long ago had their due; but it has been the purpose of these pages to give the private soldier

under Washington whatever share in the victory was his by right of the danger, privation, and toil that he endured."

There is only one drawback to Mr. Bolton's book. He does not give any idea of who the private soldier was. But here and there a name unmistakably Irish shows the preponderance of that element among the rank and file. The last survivor of the Revolution, according to Mr. Bolton, was an Irish-American, Samuel Downing, a private in the New Hampshire Line, who died February 18, 1869, at the age of 107.

"The Life of Captain Jeremiah O'Brien, of Machias, Maine," by the Rev. Andrew M. Sherman, of Morristown, N. J., not only throws light on the Irish people who settled in the District of Maine in the colonial days, but it pays a just tribute to a brave and devoted patriot who worked with the greatest zeal in the cause of American independence. For the publication of this book the Rev. Mr. Sherman deserves the warmest thanks of the American public—especially that large portion of it which claims the pride of descent from the Irish race, of which Captain Jeremiah O'Brien was such a shining light.

As the reverend author says in his preface, "With the exception of casual references here and there upon the pages of United States History, very little is recorded concerning the stirring life of Captain Jeremiah O'Brien, beyond the story of his two brilliant naval victories in Machias Bay, in the summer of 1775." And even as to these victories, owing to the cause we have already stated, very little has been said in recent years. To such an extent had the memory of this brave man faded from public view that when a torpedo boat was recently named after him, through the thoughtfulness and patriotism of Ex-Secretary of the Navy Long, very few persons knew on whom the honor was bestowed.

At the time of the launching of the boat, as Mr. Sherman tells us, the American people were not a little startled by the announcement that a naval vessel was to be named the "O'Brien." Even United States naval officers began at once to inquire: "O'Brien, O'Brien? who is he? What did he do to entitle him to the honor of having one of our most formidable torpedo boats named after him?"

Not only was his memory thus forgotten, but attempts were made to deprive him of the credit and honor which justly belonged to him. Even Lossing, who is as fair as most authors in this respect, does gross injustice to O'Brien in reference to his capture of the *Margaretta*, a British armed schooner in the first naval engagement of the Revolution.

"The honor of this enterprise," writes Lossing, "belongs to Joseph Wheaton, a native of New York, then residing at Machias.

He was an energetic young man of twenty years. He proposed the expedition, but modestly named O'Brien as commander. He was active in the whole affair, and in person seized the colors of the *Margaretta*."

The exhaustive investigations made by the Rev. Mr. Sherman thoroughly disprove this assertion, and give full credit to O'Brien for the daring achievement. Even Lossing's own words betray the inaccuracy of his statement, as a mere youth of twenty would never be entrusted with the command of such a desperate enterprise.

According to Appleton's American Biography, Morris O'Brien, the father of Jeremiah, was born in Cork, Ireland. The Rev. Mr. Sherman, however, states he was born in Dublin in 1715, and came to this country in 1738. Mr. Sherman is no doubt correct in this matter, as he made a deep and special study of the whole subject.

The year after his arrival he married Mary Cain, supposed to be a widow, and the marriage was blessed with nine children, three of whom—Jeremiah, Mary, and Gideon—were born in Kittery, Me., and the remaining six—John, William, Denis, Joseph, Mary, and Joana, in Scarboro, in the same State. Maurice O'Brien was engaged in the tailoring business in those towns, but also spent some time as a soldier, and was present at the surrender of Louisburg on June 28, 1745.

In 1765 the entire family removed to Machias, where the elder O'Brien established a sawmill and engaged in the lumber trade. This mill was called the Dublin Mill, in commemoration of the fact that its founder was born and bred in the city of Dublin. For the same reason and because a great number of Irish families settled in it, the entire section of Machias lying on the southerly side of the river has for many years also borne the name of Dublin.

"During the few years preceding the War of the Revolution," the Rev. Mr. Sherman writes, "Maurice O'Brien was one of the most earnest protestants against the repeated encroachments of Great Britain upon the liberties of the American colonists, and into the hearts of his six stalwart sons he infused the spirit of freedom. When in the month of June, 1775, it was decided by the ardent patriots of Machias to attempt the capture of the British armed vessel *Margaretta*, Maurice O'Brien, then sixty-five years of age, was prevented from active participation in the hazardous undertaking only by the earnest remonstrance of his boys. After his eldest son, Captain Jeremiah O'Brien, had started down the Machias River in the Machias Liberty for the attack upon the British armed cruiser *Diligent* and her tender, the *Tapnaquish*, Maurice O'Brien, anticipating bloodshed, procured a surgeon, and

in a row boat was on his way to the scene of action when he met the captured British vessels as they were being brought in triumph by his gallant son up to Machias. That must have been a happy hour for the proud father!"

Maurice O'Brien died on June 4, 1799, in the eighty-fourth year of his age, his faithful wife surviving him six years.

Maurice O'Brien was a type of the Irish pioneer then numerous in the American colonies—men of large heart and active brain, who were ever foremost in popular works, and whose personal attributes and private worth rendered them dear to their neighbors and made them loved and respected at home and abroad—who bequeathed to their numerous sons and daughters the priceless legacy of strong intellects and unspotted names.

Even in then far distant Maine Maurice O'Brien had many of his countrymen for companions, one of whom, at least, deserves especial mention. He was no less a person than Owen Sullivan, the founder of a family in America, the members of which not only distinguished themselves in the early days of the republic, but continue to shed luster on their countrymen even to the present day.

Owen Sullivan was born in the city of Limerick, when the historic siege was going on, in 1691, while his father was nobly fighting the battles of Ireland. He was the lineal descendant of Dermot O'Sullivan, chief of Beare and Bantry, who was killed in his castle of Dunboy in 1549. Having such blood in his veins it is no wonder that Owen Sullivan raised a family of famous soldiers and statesmen.

At the centennial celebration of the Battle of Newton (Elmira, N. Y.), on August 29, 1879, the Hon. Judge Dana, of Concord, N. H., thus spoke of Owen Sullivan:

"The father of General John Sullivan, Owen Sullivan, belonged to an Irish family in the higher walks of life, and emigrated to this country early in the last century. On his passage he formed the acquaintance of a young woman who subsequently became his wife. Having received an excellent education, he became on his arrival in America a teacher of youth, and so remained during the entire period of his active life, at Somerworth, New Hampshire, and in the adjacent town of Berwick, Maine. He lived in these places to the great age of 105 years, retaining his faculties till his last sickness. He had five sons, of whom four participated in the Revolution, the eldest having died previous to its commencement."

Owen Sullivan came to America in 1723. From that time until his death in 1796, during the long period of seventy-three years, he conducted select schools in the places mentioned by

Judge Dana and educated many of the most distinguished men in America, all of whom loved him as a father and always spoke of him in the most reverent manner.

Is it not strange that the President of Harvard never heard of such a man, who must have prepared thousands of students for his college, and whose name during three-fourths of a century was a household word in New England?

Honorable men can not help looking with a suspicious eye on such a plea of ignorance.

CHAPTER VI.

VERMONT AND MATTHEW LYON.

What the Rev. Mr. Sherman did for Maine in his "Life of Captain O'Brien," the late lamented John Fairfax McLaughlin did for Connecticut and Vermont in his "Matthew Lyon, the Hampden of Congress."

McLaughlin found the memory of Lyon not only neglected, but misrepresented. Where he was remembered at all it was in the most uncharitable manner, the lies of his unscrupulous political adversaries being accepted as true pictures of his character.

Lyon was really a great man, and rose from the humblest beginning to a front rank in the affairs of the nation. A century ago he was known throughout the length and breadth of the land, but when Mr. McLaughlin had written his life he couldn't find a publisher in New York who remembered his name. "Who was Matthew Lyon?" they asked. They did not know anything about him; the public was not interested in him. From the commercial point of view they saw no money in such a book. Lyon was an Irishman, and that settled it in their prejudiced estimation.

In this McLaughlin's experience was somewhat like Dr. Emmet's. For reasons which we have before explained, through the efforts of the agents sent out here by England, there was no longer a place for Irish or Irish-American books in the literature of America. The old-time preference with which the intellectual efforts of Irishmen were received in America no doubt still existed in the hearts of real Americans, but the publishers in control of the literary output were led to think otherwise by the specious pleas of those who worked for England and by the false theories preached by Anglo-American newspapers.

McLaughlin was reluctantly compelled to put his work aside, and it would have never seen the light but for the devotion of a lineal descendant of the old Revolutionary hero, whose attention was called to the matter by the merest accident. "He chanced to read an article of mine," writes Mr. McLaughlin in his introduction, "on the late Hon. John Randolph Tucker, a few days after the death of that brilliant Virginian, and surmised that the writer per adventure might know something about his own great-grandfather, Matthew Lyon. This haphazard conjecture was brought to my notice by a letter from the gentleman in question, Colonel Edward Chittenden Machen, of New York City. Great was his surprise when he learned that I had written a Matthew Lyon

biography. He called upon me, I handed him the manuscript for perusal, negotiations were opened for its publication, and in this strange, almost romantic manner the book has been brought to light. Colonel Machen not only paid me for my work, but assumed all the expenses of the publication, and his pious reverence for his ancestor deserves a suitable recognition from every one, now or hereafter, who may become interested in the subject."

Apart from the labor of love of the devoted McLaughlin it will be seen from the above that the life of Matthew Lyon would never have been published and his memory would have remained at best a by-word in history, but for the generosity, patriotism, and filial love of a member of his own family in the fourth generation.

This is an illustration, in the worthy person of Colonel Machen (who, we are sorry to relate, has since followed McLaughlin to the grave), of the real man, the true American, and the genuine Irishman, faithful alike to home, country and race—the best product of our civilization. We need not despair of America when we have citizens like Colonel Machen, who, we firmly believe, are in the vast majority in this country, and who will yet assert their true Americanism. The vanities of the newly rich and shoddy may for a time run riot on the surface, but there is a deep stream beneath, and in the end, when all is said and done, the true principles of the fathers will arise and abide with us for all time.

Matthew Lyon, an Irishman, was one of the real fathers of this Republic, and helped to plant, not only in Connecticut and Vermont, where he first settled, but throughout the whole nation the undying principles of liberty on which the institutions of this country are founded.

He was born in the County of Wicklow, in 1750, and lived there and in the city of Dublin until his fifteenth year. His father was one of the victims of English rule in Ireland, having been put to death upon the gallows for endeavoring to assert the rights of his people. But the gallows failed in its work. Though it crushed the life of the elder Lyon, his spirit lived in his son, and still lives in his sons' sons, as exemplified in the person of Colonel Machen.

Owing to the loss of his father Matthew Lyon was taken from school in his thirteenth year and placed in a printing office in Dublin. Here he remained two years, learning the printer's art, when he made up his mind to come to the new world.

It has been widely stated that he came here as a Redemptioner, but such is not the case. He agreed with the captain of a ship to work his passage as a cabin boy, but the captain proved recreant to his agreement and sold him as a Redemptioner on his arrival in New York, even closing down on the only sovereign

which Lyon had and which he had given him for safekeeping. As the infamous law which allowed this traffic in white slavery until the victim reached his majority was all on the captain's side, young Lyon had to submit, and he was sold to Jabez Bacon, one of the richest merchants in America, for seventy pounds sterling. As Lyon was big and manly looking for his age the captain passed him off for eighteen years, though he was only fifteen, so he had only three years to remain in servitude.

Lyon landed in New York in 1765, and as he passed through the city on his way to his future home in Woodbury, Conn., the cheers of the Sons of Liberty fell upon his ears, as they were already assembling against the Stamp Act, which had just then been enacted by the British Government.

Lyon's life reads like a romance. It is filled with exciting scenes, dire persecutions, and crowning triumphs. He was sold once more by Jabez Bacon for two stag oxen, but by his industry and ability he achieved his freedom before his term of servitude expired. In his twenty-first year he was married to Miss Hosford, of Litchfield, Conn., a niece of Ethan Allen, and thus became a member of one of the most prominent and patriotic families in the East. He lived in Connecticut for ten years, and then set out for Vermont, and was one of the first settlers in that section. There he published newspapers, established mills and factories, and was the first man to make paper from wood. He lost his first wife soon after his arrival in Vermont, and was married, for the second time, to Beulah, the third daughter of Thomas Chittenden, the first Governor of the State. In this marriage, in addition to securing a cultivated and devoted wife, he was again fortunate in allying himself to a family noted for its worth and prominence. He became a member of the Council of State, of which his father-in-law was the President.

As a member of this Council Matthew Lyon is thus pictured by the Hon. D. P. Thompson in an address delivered in 1850 before the Vermont Historical Society:

"Next to them was seen the short, burly form of the uncompromising Matthew Lyon, the Irish refugee, who was willing to be sold, as he was, to pay his passage, for a pair of two-year-old bulls, by which he was wont to swear on all extra occasions—thus sold for the sake of getting out of the King-tainted atmosphere of the old world, into one where his broad chest could expand freely, and his bold, free spirit soar untrammelled by the clogs of legitimacy. In his eagle eye, and every lineament of his clear, ardent, and fearless countenance, might be read the promise of what he was to become—the stern Democrat and unflinching champion of the whole right and the largest liberty."

After the formation of this Council the outlook for the patriot cause in Vermont was most gloomy. The country was being outraged by the British soldiers and their Indian allies, there were no native troops to oppose them, and no money to raise them or pay their expenses—and worse than all, many prominent men were turning traitors to the patriot cause, even a member of the Council itself—a wretch named Spencer—having gone over to the enemy.

At a meeting of the Council held to devise ways and means to meet these emergencies, at which the defection of the traitor Spencer was reported, Thomas Chittenden, the President, thus spoke:

“’Tis all well. Instead of being disheartened by the conduct of the traitor Spencer, who has, perhaps providentially, left us before we had settled on any plan of operations which he could report to the enemy, let us show him and the world that the rest of us can be men! I have ten head of cattle which, by way of example, I will give for the emergency. But am I more patriotic than the rest of you here, and hundreds of others in the settlement? My wife has a valuable gold necklace; hint to her to-day that it is needed, and my word for it, to-morrow will find it in the treasury of freedom. But is my wife more spirited than yours or others? Gentlemen, I await your proposition.”

These words, uttered by a brave and determined patriot, yet a modest and unassuming man, set the Council on fire and thereafter action was the word and the raising of one company was proposed.

“And I,” said the mild Nathan Clark, “believing we may venture to go a little higher, propose to raise two companies of sixty each.”

“No, no,” cried several voices, “one company—means can be found for no more.”

“Yes, yes, the larger number—I go for two companies,” cried others. “And I go for neither,” said Ira Allen, brother of Ethan, the youngest member of the Council, dashing down his pen upon the table. “I have heard all the propositions—see the difficulties of all, and yet I see a way by which we can do something more worthy of the Green Mountain Boys, and that, too, without infringing on the constitution or distressing the people. I therefore move that this Council resolve to raise a whole regiment of men and take such prompt measures that within one week every glen in our mountains shall resound with the din of military preparations.”

This proposition was received with the greatest doubt, and

the words "chimerical," "impossible," were heard on all sides of the Council Chamber, when Clark arose and said:

"As the hour of adjournment has arrived, I move that our young colleague, who seems so confident in the matter of means, be a committee of one to devise those ways and means and that he make a report thereof by sunrise to-morrow morning."

"I second that motion," cried Lyon, in his usual full determined tone and Irish accent. "I go for Mr. Allen's proposition entirely, means or no means. But the means must and shall be found. We will put the brave gentleman's brains under the screw to-night," he added jocosely, "and if he appears empty handed in the morning, he ought to be expelled from the Council. Aye, and I'll move it, too."

"I accept the terms," said Allen. "Give me a room by myself, pen, ink, paper, and candles, and I will abide the conditions."

At sunrise the next morning the Council were in their seats to receive the promised report. Allen, with his papers in his hand, came in and calmly proceeded to unfold his plan, which was nothing more or less than the bold and undreamed of step of seizing, confiscating, and on the shortest legal notice, selling at the post the estate of every Tory in Vermont for the public service!

For many minutes after the details of this startling plan were disclosed not a sound was heard in the hushed assembly. At length low murmurs of disapproval were heard on all sides of the chamber, when the prompt and fearless Matthew Lyon, whose peculiar traits of intellect had made him the first to meet and master the proposition, and whose resolution to support it was only strengthened by the rising opposition, now sprang to his feet, and bringing his broad palms together with a loud slap, exultingly exclaimed:

"The child is born, Mr. President. My head has been in a continual fog ever since we met, till the present moment. But now, thank God, I can see at a glance how all we want can be readily, aye, and righteously, accomplished! I can already see a regiment of our brave mountaineers in arms before me as the certain fruits of this bold, bright thought of our young friend here.

"Unprecedented step, is it? It may be so with us timid Republicans; but it is so with our enemies, who are this moment threatening to crush us because we object to receive their law and precedent. How, in heaven's name, were they to obtain the lands of half of Vermont, which they offered the lion-hearted Ethan Allen if he would join them, but by confiscating our estates? What became of the estates of those in their country who,

like ourselves, rebelled against their government? Why, sir, they were confiscated! Can they complain, then, if we adopt a measure, which, in case we are vanquished, they will visit upon our estates, to say nothing of our necks? And can these recreant rascals themselves, who have left their property among us, and gone off to help fasten the very law and precedent on us, complain of our doing what they will be the first to recommend to be done to us, if their side prevails? Where, then, is the doubtful policy of our anticipating them in the measure, any more than seizing one of their loaded guns in battle and turning it against them?

"Injury to the cause, will it be? Will it injure our cause here, where men are daily deserting to the British in the belief that we shall not dare touch their property, to strike a blow that will deter all the wavering, and most others of any property, from leaving us hereafter? Will it injure our cause here, to have a regiment of regular troops who will draw into the field four times their number of volunteers? If that be an injury, Mr. President, I only wish we had more of them! With a half dozen such injuries we would rout Burgoyne's whole army in a fortnight. I go, then, for the proposition to the death, Mr. President."

Thus all doubt and timidity were brushed aside by Matthew Lyon, an Irishman. His bold dash of manly eloquence awoke responsive chords in the hearts of his hearers and turned the destinies of Vermont in the right direction. We are sorry we cannot follow all the exciting scenes in Lyon's life. In his case truth is stranger than fiction and his life-story is a romance in itself. He was engaged with Ethan Allen in the capture of Ticonderoga, became adjutant of Colonel Warner's Vermont Regiment, and fought at Bennington and throughout the campaign against Burgoyne, and had the pleasure of being present when that gentleman laid down his arms in utter defeat at Saratoga. "Besides attending to the duties of my station," he writes, "I, with my gun and bayonet, was in many battles and assisted at the taking of Burgoyne."

When General St. Clair and his army were retreating from Ticonderoga, with the enemy closely pressing in their rear, they found themselves struggling on through the Vermont wilderness, in mud and rain, uncertain of their route and liable to march into the lines of the enemy. It was at this perilous juncture, writes McLaughlin, "that Matthew Lyon rendered the most important military service of his life and enrolled his name among the heroes of the Revolution."

In the dead of night Lyon appeared at the outposts of the

army, declaring himself a woodman and thoroughly acquainted with the only road which the army could safely take to the Hudson. He was arrested and taken to headquarters, where General St. Clair immediately recognized him, accepted his services, and ordered the head of his army to follow his lead wherever he directed. Lyon promptly ordered a detour through the woods and thus saved the army from impending capture.

In 1778 Lyon's regiment, having lost two-thirds of its number in its many battles of the previous year, was ordered to the South. At the request of his friends Lyon resigned his station and was immediately appointed Paymaster-General of the troops of Vermont, Secretary to the Governor and Council, and assistant to the Treasurer.

After peace was proclaimed Lyon served two terms in Congress from Vermont. During his first term he was so outspoken against the monarchical tendencies of the Federalists that he was arrested on the order of President Adams under the Sedition Law, which was proclaimed tyrannical and unconstitutional by many of the States and which was wiped off the statute books after Thomas Jefferson became President. Lyon was sentenced to four months in jail, but his treatment was so harsh and so much at variance with the customs of the new Republic that it resulted in his overwhelming re-election to Congress and the defeat of John Adams and his party.

Lyon became the hero of the hour. When he was liberated from prison a procession twelve miles long accompanied him to the State line on his way to Congress, and his entire route to Philadelphia, where the National Legislature was then in session, was a triumphal march.

Just before the close of his last term as a Vermont Congressman, on February 17, 1801, on the thirty-sixth ballot Matthew Lyon decided the painful and protracted seven days' voting for President by casting his vote and that of Vermont for Thomas Jefferson, making him President in preference to Aaron Burr.

In the preceding thirty-five ballots the voting was a tie. The one vote of Vermont was divided between its two Congressmen, Lyon casting his half for Jefferson, of whose principles he was an ardent admirer, and his colleague, Morris, giving the other half to Aaron Burr.

During the bitter contest Lyon was approached in a thousand ways with offers of bribery. Thomas Jefferson himself states that Colonel John Brown, of Rhode Island, in urging Lyon to vote for Burr, used these words: "What is it you want, Col-

onel Lyon? Is it office—is it money? Only say what you want and you shall have it.”

But Lyon stood as firm as a rock, until at length his colleague, Representative Morris, withdrew from the House, and Lyon cast the whole vote of Vermont for Jefferson, giving him the ninth State, a majority, and electing him.

Well might McLaughlin write: “All honor to Matthew Lyon at this great crisis of American History. The Federalists, under the arrogant orders of John Adams, had thrown him into a dungeon to get him out of the way, but they could not keep him there, and were now confronted with a Democratic State in the hitherto solid phalanx of New England Federalism, the vote of which State was at last in the keeping and custody of this fearless Democrat, who, by the retirement of Morris, placed Vermont with Virginia on the side of the man who was the people’s choice for President.”

Soon after the election of Jefferson, Matthew Lyon, with his family, and many friends and their families, emigrated to Kentucky, where, with all his old vigor and ability, he founded the town of Eddyville, on the Cumberland River, and was soon surrounded by a most prosperous community. In 1802 he was elected to the Legislature of Kentucky, and in the following year he was sent to Congress, where he represented the people of his State for four successive terms.

Owing to business upheavals during the war of 1812 Matthew Lyon failed in business, but his son Chittenden assumed his liabilities to the amount of \$28,000, and, with his other brothers, who were all prosperous, came to a beloved father’s assistance.

But his proud old Irish spirit did not take kindly to dependence even on his own sons, who were only too happy to repay him for the fatherly help and affection he had lavished upon them, so for the first time in his life, in his sixty-ninth year, he applied for office by appointment.

In making application for this appointment Lyon wrote a short sketch of his life for the information of Senator A. C. Mason, son of his old friend, Stevens T. Mason, from which we feel called upon to extract the following paragraphs:

“In 1774, when British encroachments on our rights was raising the spirit of resistance, I laid before the younger men in my neighborhood, in the country now called Vermont, a plan for an armed association, which was adopted. We armed and clothed ourselves uniformly. We hired an old veteran to teach us discipline, and we each of us took the command in turn, so that every one should know the duty of every station. With a

part of this company of Minute Men, immediately after the Lexington battle, I joined Ethan Allen. Eighty-five of us took from one hundred and forty British veterans the Fort Ticonderoga, and captured the artillery and warlike stores, which drove the British from Boston, and aided in taking Burgoyne and Cornwallis. That fort contained more cannon, mortar pieces, and other military stores than could be found in all the revolted colonies. At the rate captors have been paid in the late war (1812), our capture, which we gave to the nation without even pay for our time, was worth more than a million of dollars. I persuaded many of the Royal Irish — Company taken there to join us, who afterward distinguished themselves in our cause. In the same month, April, 1775, for the purpose of taking an armed sloop in the Lake, it was necessary to mount two heavy pieces of ordnance at Crown Point. Our European artilleryists said it could not be effected without a ruinous delay. With the assistance of a few backwoodsmen, and some timber readily procured, I mounted them and put the match to the first cannon ever fired under the auspices of the American Eagle, whose renown has spread far and wide.

"You can but recollect our victory over Federalism by Mr. Jefferson's election, and the part I bore in that memorable transaction. Had I left the House, my colleague would have given the vote of Vermont. Dent would have left the House also, and Maryland's vote would have been for Burr, and Linn would have changed his vote; he had repeatedly signified to me that he would; in that case Burr would have been elected. Brown, of Rhode Island, was placed by my side for the purpose of corrupting me—he did his best. It was believed by your father and many others that I might have received \$30,000 merely to absent myself. I have no claim on this score, except the claim I have to having it remembered I did my duty under circumstances which might have been considered by some as temptations. I could not be tempted by all the wealth of the aristocracy to fail in the duty I owed the nation at that time."

Mark how the old patriot refers to the conversion of Irish soldiers in the British army to the cause of American independence. The arrival of Irish soldiers was hailed with delight by the Americans during the Revolution, because more than half of them discarded their British allegiance and fought on the side of liberty instead of against it. His words, too, on the efforts made to corrupt him in the election of Jefferson are enough to enshrine his memory in the hearts of all honest men.

President Monroe expressed much sympathy for Lyon in his reverses and appointed him as Factor to the Cherokee In-

dians in the New Territory of Arkansas in 1820. "The old statesman," writes McLaughlin, "set out for the frontier regions of the Union west of the Mississippi. The same indomitable spirit which blazed a path through the primeval forests of Vermont and Kentucky was not yet quenched, and soon Spadra Bluff, his new home on the Arkansas River, about one hundred and forty miles above Arkansas City, felt the impulse of that energy and enterprise which the founder of the towns of Fair Haven and Eddyville had displayed everywhere during his long and eventful life. The people of Arkansas elected him as their representative in Congress, a further proof of his magnetic character in every situation of life, but he did not live to take his seat."

Immediately before his death Colonel Lyon performed a journey which was talked of far and wide as a most wonderful achievement. He sailed one of his loaded boats from Spadra Bluff to New Orleans, disposed of his cargo, replaced it with a new one, and sailed back again up the Mississippi as far as White River, where he stored his goods and paid a visit to his old home at Eddyville. Within three months he returned, with his cargo, to Spadra Bluff, having, in his seventy-third year, accomplished a journey of over three thousand miles.

"This," writes the historian Wharton, "was the last time he was to drop down the current of the Mississippi, or visit, by way of an interlude, his second home in Kentucky, for, robust as he was, the chill of old age was at hand, and, like the night of northern climates, was destined to drop upon him without the notice of an intermediate twilight."

Matthew Lyon died on August 1, 1822, leaving behind him sons and daughters who distinguished themselves in their various walks of life, whose children's children are even to-day in the forefront of honorable society. In addition to Colonel Machen, of No. 227 Broadway, N. Y., who paid all the expenses of McLaughlin's brilliant book, who, as we have said, but recently died, there are two other great-grandsons of Matthew Lyon now prominent in American public life, namely, Frank Lyon, of the Navy, who as a lieutenant of the Oregon took part in the great sea fight off Santiago, and the Hon. Wm. P. Hepburn, of Iowa, one of the most prominent leaders in the Fifty-eighth Congress of the United States.

Matthew Lyon, the poor Irish emigrant boy, left an impression on this nation that will last as long as the Stars and Stripes. And we propose to show that there were thousands of other Irishmen equally as true to its best interests, whose footsteps left as deep a mark on its history and institutions.

Matthew Lyon retained his faculties almost to the end, dic-

tating even the farewell messages to the loved ones in the distant home in Kentucky, but in his last moments his mind did not dwell on his life in the new world, or on the many exciting scenes through which he had passed.

It wandered across the broad ocean and roamed once more through the beautiful hills and valleys of his beloved Wicklow, flitting again through the beautiful scenes of his boyhood home. "His soul passed through Ireland on its way to its God."

Ethan Allen, to whose niece Matthew Lyon was married, had an exalted idea of Irishmen long before the Revolutionary War, and his subsequent experience more than confirmed that high opinion. After his heroic victories at Ticonderoga and Skeenesborough, through which the patriot army received valuable stores of arms and ammunition, he was captured by the British in his unsuccessful expedition against Montreal, on September 25, 1775, and for nearly three years thereafter he was subjected to the most barbarous treatment at the hands of his brutal captors. In the narrative of his captivity which Allen wrote after his liberation he graphically recounts the cruelties to which he and his fellow-prisoners were subjected, and describes the conduct of his English jailors as bestial and inhuman. In contradistinction to this, he recites the kindness he received at the hands of Irishmen while his prison ship, on its way to England, stopped at Cork, where he and his fellow-prisoners were deeply touched by the generosity they experienced. Altogether, he gives such a true picture of Irish and English character and civilization that we make the following extracts from his narrative:

"I now come to the description of the irons which were put upon me. The leg irons weighed thirty pounds; the bar was eight feet long and very substantial and the shackles which encompassed my ankles were very tight. The irons were so close to my ankles that I could not lie down in any other manner than on my back. I was put into the lowest and most wretched part of the vessel, where I got the favor of a chest to sit on; the same answered for my bed at night. All the ship's crew behaved towards the prisoners with that spirit of bitterness which is the peculiar characteristic of Tories when they have the friends of America in their power, measuring their loyalty to the English king in the barbarity, fraud, and deceit which they exercise toward the Whigs.

"On our arrival at Quebec we were transferred to the *Solebay*, a vessel bound for England. A small space in the hold of the vessel, twenty by twenty-two feet, was assigned to myself and my thirty-six companions, and into this space we were put.

We were provided with two excrement tubs, and in this circumstance we were obliged to eat and perform the offices of nature during the voyage to England, and were insulted by every sailor and Tory on board in the cruelest manner. When I was first ordered to go into the filthy enclosure through a small sort of door, I endeavored to reason with the captain, all to no purpose. He further added that the place was good enough for a rebel; that anything short of a halter was too good for me, and that that would be my portion as soon as I landed in England, for which purpose only I was sent thither. When we asked for water we were insulted and derided, and, to add to all the horrors of the place, it was so dark that we could not see each other and were overspread with lice. About forty days we existed in this manner, when the Landsend of England was discovered from the masthead."

That is one side of the picture which Ethan Allen draws—the barbarous side of English character and civilization. Here is the other side—that of Irish character and civilization—where warm-hearted Christian men took the place of fiends, and decent and generous treatment that of wanton insult and infamous wrong:

"When the ship landed in the Cove of Cork it was soon rumored in the city that I was on board the *Solebay*, with a number of prisoners from America, upon which a number of benevolently disposed persons contributed largely to the relief and support of the prisoners, who were thirty-four in number and in very needy circumstances. A suit of clothes, from head to foot, including an overcoat and two shirts, were bestowed on each of them. My suit I received in superfine broadcloths, sufficient for two jackets, and two pairs of breeches, overplus a suit throughout; eight fine shirts and socks, with a number of pairs of silk and worsted hose, two pairs of shoes, two beaver hats, one of which was sent me richly laced with gold.

"The Irish gentlemen, furthermore, gave a large gratuity of wines of the best sort, loaf and brown sugar, tea, and chocolate, with a large round of pickled beef and a number of fat turkeys, with many other articles for my sea stores. To the privates they bestowed on each man two pounds of sugar. These articles were received on board at a time when the captain and first lieutenant were gone on shore. As this munificence was so unexpected and plentiful, I may add needful, it impressed on my mind the highest sense of gratitude toward my benefactors; for I was not only supplied with the necessities and conveniences of life, but with the *grandeurs* and superfluities of it. Mr. Hays, one of the donators, came on board and behaved in the most obliging

manner, telling me that he hoped my troubles were passed, and that the gentlemen of Cork determined to make my sea stores equal to the captain of the *Solebay*.

"He made an offer of live stock to me, and wherewith to support them, but I knew this would be denied; and, to crown all, did send me, by another person, fifty guineas; but I could not reconcile receiving the whole to my own feelings, as it might have the appearance of avarice, and therefore received but seven guineas only. I am confident, not only from the present well-timed generosity, but from a large acquaintance with gentlemen of this nation, that as a people they excel in liberality and bravery."

Here again the scene changes, and once more the so-called civilization of England asserts itself:


"Two days after the receipt of the aforesaid donations," continues Ethan Allen, "the captain came on board full of envy toward the prisoners, and swore by all that was good 'that the damned American rebels should not be feasted at this rate by the damned rebels of Ireland.' He therefore took away all liquors before mentioned, all the tea and sugar given to the prisoners, and confiscated them to the use of the ship's crew. Soon after this there came a boat to the ship's side, and the captain of the *Solebay* asked a gentleman in it, in my hearing, what his business was. He answered that he was sent to deliver some sea stores to Colonel Allen, which he said were sent from Dublin, but the captain damned him heartily, ordering him away from the ship, and would not suffer him to deliver the stores. I was furthermore informed that the gentlemen in Cork requested the captain that I might be allowed to come into the city, and that they would be responsible that I should return to the frigate at a given time, which was denied them."

We ask our readers to pause over these earnest words of Ethan Allen. He was an American of the Americans, and his opinion may be accepted as a national pronouncement. In the simple recital of his experience he portrays the real feelings of the Irish and English peoples with regard to America, the generous citizens of Cork representing the former and the brutal officers and sailors the latter. By their acts you shall know them.

The claim now being made that the people of England were generally in favor of the Americans, and that the prosecution of the war was only the work of the King, falls to pieces when confronted with the writings of such men as Allen. In the latter's experience the common English people were represented by the sailors, while the officers were a fair example of the middle classes. As they behaved toward Allen and his fellow-prisoners

so did the people of England as a whole behave, notwithstanding all their apologists have written.

Edmund Burke, the great defender of America, was called to task by the electors of Bristol, whom he represented in Parliament, for the noble position he assumed as the champion of American rights, and he finally lost his seat on that account. The truth is that the great body of Englishmen, high and low, rich and poor, were not only bitterly opposed to American independence, but they cordially hated the Americans for daring to challenge English power, and fully endorsed the infamous methods on which the war against them was carried on. Edmund Burke, an Irishman, was the greatest friend America had. The few leading Englishmen who voiced his noble sentiments, and the small bodies here and there who espoused the American cause, were only the exceptions which proved the rule.



CHAPTER VII.

THE IRISH RACE IN THE EARLY DAYS OF VIRGINIA.

In one of his articles on the early Irish in America, the late John Kelly, of New York, very truly says that anybody who reads American history under the impression that he can identify all Irish names in it through the prefix O or Mac is starting blind-fold on his quest.

This is particularly the case with Irishmen who settled in the South. In the Smiths, Carpenters, Whites, Blacks, and Browns the casual reader will rarely suspect that such names had an Irish origin. But as early as the Statute of Kilkenny the Irish people were forced to use such names in order to save their property, and very often their lives, from their English persecutors.

The majority of the Irish who settled in Virginia in the early days bore such names, but at the same time they left no doubt of their Irish ancestry. Even Washington himself is not unjustly claimed by Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet in his recent work on "Ireland Under British Rule." He states that there was an Irish Catholic gentleman named Washington who was an intimate friend of Lord Baltimore and William Penn, and suggests that the son of this Washington, who disappeared a few years later, "may have gone to Virginia and been the ancestor of General Washington, as it has been claimed that the last member of the English Washington family died almost ten years before the settlement of Jamestown."

This may or may not have been the case, but we do not take it into account in writing the history of our countrymen in Virginia. We base our claims of the prominence of our countrymen in that province on actual facts, and cannot indulge in uncertain statements. The men for whom we claim credit, and to whose memory we seek to have justice done, were real Irishmen or Irish-Americans, with no mystery whatever as to their origin. Mr. Charles A. Hanna, in his work on the Scotch-Irish in America, states that there were 75,000 Scotch-Irishmen in Virginia at the time of the Revolution. This statement would be true if the word Scotch were left out, for Mr. Hanna himself admits that all his Scotch-Irishmen came from Ireland, where they and their ancestors for many generations were born. His only reasons for applying the word Scotch to them are, first, that they did

not have Irish names, and, second, that the majority of them were not Catholics.

For the same reason it could be held that the Emmets and Wolfe Tone were not Irishmen, although they gave up their lives for Ireland in a heroic effort to wrest their country from English rule.

We need not argue this question with Mr. Hanna because he admits that all those he claims as Scotch-Irish were Presbyterian emigrants from Ireland—the same race of men who fought so valiantly under Monroe and McCracken in the Irish Revolution of 1798. Moreover, the writings of Colonel Linehan, of New Hampshire, and Thomas D'Arcy Magee, which we have already quoted, have thoroughly disposed of the Scotch-Irish myth.

They were Irishmen pure and simple, and though many of them may have differed in religion from the majority of their countrymen, their families were planted in Ireland for generations, and they possessed all the generous ways and manners of Irishmen—especially that love of liberty and fair play which was one of the most potent factors in driving England from the shores of this Republic. In this and many other regards, like the Fitzgeralds and other English families who emigrated to Ireland, they had become more Irish than the Irish themselves.

Of this class were General Andrew Lewis and his five brothers, three of whom were born in Donegal, Ireland, who distinguished themselves in the early days of Virginia both before and during the Revolution. Their father, John Lewis, was a Donegal farmer and a man of the most just and independent character. For many years he patiently bore the persecutions of an unscrupulous landlord, but finally, when the latter came to forcibly eject him from his home and possessions, he killed him on the spot as the robber of his hard-earned wealth and despoiler of his family. For this deed of stern justice he was forced to fly from Ireland with his family, which then consisted of his wife and three sons, and came to this country in 1732, settling in Bellefonte, Augusta County, Va., where he was the first white inhabitant. Here three more sons were born to him, making six in all, who, even before they grew to manhood, distinguished themselves in public affairs, not only in civil life, but as brave and fearless soldiers.

Andrew, who was born in Donegal in 1720, volunteered in the expedition to take possession of the Ohio region in 1754. He was a major in Washington's Virginia Regiment, and was highly esteemed by the latter for his great courage and skill. He was with Washington at the surrender of Fort Necessity—and com-

manded the Sandy Creek expedition in 1756. In 1768 he was a commissioner from Virginia to conclude a treaty with the Six Nations at Fort Stanwix, N. Y. In 1774, when hostilities had begun again on the western frontier of Virginia, he received the appointment of brigadier-general, and as commander-in-chief at the battle of Point Pleasant, at the mouth of the Great Kanawha River, gained the greatest victory over the Indians which had ever been achieved up to that time.

General Lewis had only the left wing of the Virginian forces present at this battle, the right wing, under the English Governor Dunmore, not arriving in time to take part in the engagement. Dunmore was openly accused of purposely delaying his arrival and of making a secret arrangement with the Indians against the white settlers whom he was sworn to protect. This was English treachery with a vengeance.

General Lewis, with only half the army, had the Indians at his mercy when Dunmore arrived, but the latter insisted on making a treaty of peace with them. From the suspicions of Dunmore's treachery which were rife in the camp General Lewis was disposed to disobey his orders and continue the fighting. Had he done so he would have wiped out an enemy which was afterward used against the patriots with terrible effect. He was greatly irritated because Dunmore would not allow him to follow up his victory and crush the Indians within his grasp, and the Virginians under him almost mutinied against Dunmore.

Dunmore's readiness to sign a treaty with the Indians, instead of allowing General Lewis to utterly defeat them, is adduced as conclusive evidence of his ulterior designs to use the savages in enslaving Virginia. The fact that he carried them out a little later, when war against England was proclaimed, and openly urged the Indians to slaughter the white settlers, is ample proof of his treachery to the people. Nor was he alone in such infamous proceedings. He but carried out the methods of English civilization pursued by the vast majority of the Royal Governors, amongst whom Tryon and Johnson of New York were the most notorious.

When Washington was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the patriot army he recommended General Lewis for major general, but his recommendation was somehow overlooked, and Lewis was only made a brigadier. In this position he had the satisfaction of driving the treacherous Dunmore from Virginia, but he died on September 26, 1781, while on the way to his home on the Roanoke River. He was over six feet in height, possessed a strong physique and commanding presence, and was described as making the earth "tremble as he walked!" His

statue occupies one of the pedestals around the Washington Monument in Richmond, Va. His younger brother, Colonel Charles Lewis, who was born in Virginia, with his chief aid, Hugh Allen, another Irish-American, was killed at the battle of Point Pleasant on October 10, 1774, where with three hundred men he received the first and fiercest assault of the savages. His nephew, Joshua, was one of the first settlers in Kentucky, where he was the political adviser of Henry Clay, and his grandson became a judge in Pennsylvania.

Another brother of General Lewis, Thomas, who was born in Donegal in 1718, became a distinguished jurist in Virginia, was a member of the House of Burgesses, and advocated the resolutions of Patrick Henry in the session of 1765. He was a member of the Virginia Convention which ratified the Federal Constitution.

Still another brother of this prolific family, Colonel William Lewis, was born in Donegal in 1724. He served under his brother Andrew, was a leader in affairs on the Western frontier, and fought through the Revolution with the rank of colonel. It may be truly said that the Lewis family, with its numerous and influential connections, formed a small army in itself which was always found fighting on the side of truth and justice. Even to this day the numerous descendants of old John Lewis, of Donegal, occupy positions of honor and trust in all sections of the country.

The Gibsons were another Irish family who distinguished themselves in the Indian wars on the Western frontier of Virginia and Pennsylvania. General John Gibson, who commanded the Western Military Department from 1781 to the close of the war, was one of them. He was born in Lancaster, Pa., on May 23, 1740. He distinguished himself all through the Revolution and was appointed by Jefferson Secretary of the Territory of Indiana, and held that position until its admission to statehood, and was acting Governor from 1811 to 1813. His brother, George, was also engaged in all the principal battles of the Revolution, being one of the first to organize a company of one hundred men. His soldiers were so distinguished for good conduct and bravery that they were called "Gibson's Lambs." His son, John Bamister Gibson, became Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, and was one of the most distinguished members of the Hibernian Society of Philadelphia.

General William Campbell was the son of an Irishman who settled in Augusta County, Va., where the General was born in 1740. He was one of the bravest men in the Revolution. Foote relates that at the battle of King's Mountain he rode down two

horses, and was then seen on foot with his coat off and his shirt collar open, fighting at the head of his men. Lafayette asserted that his services at King's Mountain and Guilford would "do his memory everlasting honor and insure him a high rank among the defenders of liberty in the American cause," and Jefferson feelingly declared that "General Campbell's friends might quietly rest their heads on the pillow of his renown." His wife was a sister of Patrick Henry. His nephew, John B. Campbell, was a colonel in the war of 1812, and was mortally wounded at the battle of Chippewa on April 9, 1814. Campbell County, Va., is named after General Campbell.

Colonel William Preston, who was mortally wounded at the head of his regiment at the battle of Guilford Court House, South Carolina, was born in Donegal in 1729. His father, John, emigrated to this country in 1735, and settled in Augusta County, Va. To show the influence which his family wielded in American affairs we will here cite a little genealogical history in reference to it.

Colonel William Preston, the Donegal man, had two sons, Francis and James Patton. Francis was born in Greenfield, Botetourt County, Va., on August 2, 1765. He was a lawyer, Congressman, and major general in the war of 1812, and the intimate friend of Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe. He married Sarah, the daughter of General William Campbell, the hero of King's Mountain. They had three sons, William Campbell, called after the general, whom he greatly resembled; John Smith and Thomas Lewis, called after Colonel Thomas Lewis. William Campbell Preston became Senator from South Carolina, and was the colleague of John C. Calhoun. As an orator he was the peer of his maternal granduncle, Patrick Henry, and it was universally admitted that he was the most finished public speaker the South ever produced. He was the life-long friend and companion of Washington Irving, and his death was brought about by grief at the secession of the South in 1860.

The second son of Francis Preston, John Smith Preston, was married to a daughter of General Wade Hampton. He became a brigadier general in the Southern army and was widely known as an orator. He was more than six feet in height and of powerful and symmetrical frame. The third son of Francis, Thomas Lewis Preston, was twice a member of the Virginia Legislature and twice rector of the University of Virginia.

James Patton Preston, the second son of Colonel William Preston, of Revolutionary fame, was Governor of Virginia from 1816 to 1819, and was married to the daughter of General Robert Taylor, of Norfolk, Va. He was a Congressman, Secretary

of War and Navy under President Taylor, and Minister to Spain under President Buchanan. He was the inveterate enemy of Know-Nothingism in the South.

We have only glanced at the history of these statesmen and orators, but we have said enough to show the importance of the family founded by John Preston, of Donegal.

And the record of John Preston is the history of thousands of other Irishmen who have equally distinguished themselves in the foundation, establishment, and preservation of this Republic.

James Sheehy came to Virginia from Tipperary, Ireland, shortly after the murder of his father and his uncle by the British government. He was the son of Edmund Sheehy and nephew of the Rev. Nicholas Sheehy, both of whom, in 1766, were hung, drawn, and quartered for the murder of a man who was yet alive. Their real crime in the eyes of the government was the deep interest they took in the tortured people of their district. The faithful priest went to his death avowing his innocence to the last and praying even for his persecutors. His brother Edmund was offered a free pardon provided he would swear that the priest died with a lie on his lips, but he was prepared to die a thousand deaths rather than dream of such a dastardly act.

It was of this stock that the founder of the Virginia Sheehys, James Sheehy, came. He settled in Alexandria, Va., and became a wealthy importing merchant. He became a great friend of Matthew Lyon, of Vermont, whose father was also legally murdered by the British government at the same time as the Sheehys. He was the great-grandfather of the late John Fairfax McLaughlin, who died recently in New York, where he achieved distinction as an author. The lamented McLaughlin settled many years ago in the little village of Fordham so that his seven sons could secure the blessings of a sound Catholic education, and continue the noble work for which the Sheehys, their ancestors, suffered death in Ireland 150 years ago. At the requiem mass over McLaughlin in the little church outside the college grounds in Fordham, was a cosmopolitan gathering of priests, Christians of all creeds, and Jews, rich and poor, assembled to show their regard for one who had no enemy.

In the light of these and many other incidents of a like nature it is no wonder that Commissioner McAdoo, of New York, should say, as he did in his recent speech before the American-Irish Historical Society, that there are no citizens more truly moral or more quick to respond to the call of patriotic duty than the Irish and their descendants.

Before the Revolution more than one-fourth the entire pop-

ulation of Virginia were of the Irish race, and were heartily devoted to the principles for which the colonists were fighting. Moreover, they were eager to repay England for the treatment they received at her hands in their own country. It is therefore safe to say that more than half the patriot army of Virginia was composed of Irish exiles and their American sons. Whole families, like General Lewis and his five brothers, and Matthew Mul-lens and his three sons, volunteered together in the good cause and sacrificed for its sake everything dear to them in this life.

The Irish people began to flow towards Virginia in great numbers as early as 1710, and settled chiefly along the Blue Ridge Mountains, where the names of places, towns, and rivers give ample evidence of their origin.

Here are a few of the honored family names which figured in Virginia history both before and during the Revolution:

Breckenridge, Doherty, Coleman, Ryan, McHugh, Haley, Shay, Joyce, Haggerty, Shannon, McCline, Kenny, O'Neill, McDuffie, Lawlor, Connelly, Curly, McElhenny, O'Neil, Kelly, Wright, Walsh, O'Hara, Ragan, Mullins, Manning, McDowell, McCarthy, Madden, McEagan, McLaughlin, Conway, Daily, McGee, McIvory, McGowan, O'Brien, McGunell, and McGruder.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE IRISH IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE CAROLINAS.

Dr. David Ramsey, the most noted historian of the Revolutionary era, himself the son of Irish parents, tells us that of all countries none has furnished the Province of South Carolina with as many inhabitants as Ireland. Scarce a ship sailed from any of its ports for Charleston that was not crowded with men, women, and children. The Moores, Rutledges, Jacksons, Lynches, Polks, Calhouns, and many other Irish families whom we might name, not only distinguished themselves in the Carolinas, but became leaders of the very highest reputation in national affairs, at least two of them becoming Presidents of the United States, and many of them Governors, Senators, and chiefs of the army and navy.

James Moore, the founder of the Moore family in the Carolinas, was born in Ireland in 1640 and emigrated to this country in 1665. He settled in Charleston, S. C., and the year after his arrival married the daughter of Sir John Yeamans, a former Governor of the Province; the result of their union being ten children. He became Governor of South Carolina in 1700, and lived to the great age of eighty-nine years.

His son, James Moore, who was born in Charleston in 1667, and died in Cape Fear, N. C., in 1740, was a leader in military affairs. He was commander of the forces of the colony in 1713 and was elected Governor of South Carolina in 1719, in place of Robert Johnston, the English Governor, who was deposed by the people. James Moore subsequently became Attorney General and Judge of the Admiralty Court, and was Speaker of the South Carolina Assembly from 1721 to 1725. He removed to Cape Fear, N. C., in 1736, and died there in 1740.

Maurice, another son of James Moore, the founder, was also a soldier. He was three years younger than his brother, James, and accompanied him in his expedition against the Cape Fear Indians. He was one of the first settlers in that region. Maurice had two sons, Maurice and James.

The second Maurice was born in Brunswick County, N. C., in 1735, and died in Wilmington, N. C., in 1777. He early won reputation at the bar, and was one of the three colonial judges of North Carolina at the opening of the Revolution. He joined the patriot cause at the beginning of the struggle and denounced

the high-handed measures of the English Governor, Tryon. So great was his popularity that during the Hillsborough riots of 1770, he alone among all the colonial officers remained unmolested. His death and that of his brother James occurred at the same hour in adjoining rooms.

This brother James was colonel of the first regiment of North Carolina troops that was raised for the defense of the new State. In February, 1776, he was in command of the forces which won the first victory of the Revolution at Moore's Creek Bridge, near Wilmington, where he defeated 1,500 Scotch Tories. He was promoted to brigadier general for this achievement, made Commander-in-Chief of the Southern Department, and received the thanks of Congress. He died of a fever on his way to join Washington under the circumstances above related.

The second Maurice's son, Alfred, was admitted to the bar when only twenty years of age, but temporarily relinquished his profession to become a captain in the regiment of his Uncle James, and fought all through the war. While the British occupied Wilmington they destroyed all his property, and at the end of the Revolution he was without means to support his family. The people, however, came to his rescue and he speedily rose to a high rank in his profession. In 1792 he was elected State Attorney General, and was called to the bench in 1798. In 1799 he was appointed by the President as an associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States and occupied that position until 1805, when he was compelled to resign through ill health. His son, Alfred, possessed brilliant oratorical gifts, became an eminent lawyer, and was several times Speaker of the North Carolina Legislature.

The above is only a mere glance at the history of the Moore family in the Carolinas. It would take volumes to do full justice to their achievements, but from the little we have said it can readily be perceived that they wielded a mighty influence for the right in this country from its earliest days down to the present moment.

One would imagine that the American historian of the present day would find in the many stirring and important events, in which the Moores took a leading part, a rich field for research and comment, and that he would be only too anxious to do justice to their memory. Yet such does not seem to be the case. The disposition is only too plainly apparent to pass over in silence the noble deeds and costly sacrifices which they made for their adopted country.

In evidence of this we will cite an extract from John R. Musick's "Independence," an historical novel of the Revolution,

in which he devotes a chapter to the glorification of Flora McDonald and the Scotch Tories of North Carolina, who took up arms against their adopted country, where they found a home, which was denied them in their own country, and only honors the man who defeated them, James Moore, with the mere mention of his name, although he was promoted and specially thanked by Congress for the bravery and devotion which cost him his life.

"Soon after the rebellion in England," Mr. Musick writes, "many Scotch Highlanders, having favored the young pretender, as Charles Stuart was called, were forced to fly from their native country, and they settled in North Carolina.

"Strange as it may seem, notwithstanding all the persecutions which the Scotch suffered at the hands of the English, they were generally loyal to the home government when the war for American independence broke out. Among them was Flora McDonald, who, with her husband and children, had settled at Cross Creek, and had great influence among her countrymen.

"Late in 1775 Governor Martin was acting in concert with Dunmore in Southwestern Virginia and was expecting a British force on the coast of North Carolina. He therefore resolved to strike an effective blow against the republicans of the province. He commissioned Donald McDonald, an influential Scotchman at Cross Creek, as brigadier general, and Flora's husband took a captaincy under him. He was ordered to embody the Highlanders and other loyalists into a military corps and raise the royal standard at Cross Creek. It was formally unfurled at a large gathering of the clan, by Flora herself. While Colonel Howe was absent with his regiment assisting the Virginians against Dunmore, fifteen hundred armed Tories gathered under the banner of Flora McDonald.

"On hearing of this gathering, Colonel Moore marched with his regulars and some Hanover militia, eleven hundred strong, to disperse them. McDonald was alarmed and fled towards Cape Fear, hotly pursued by Moore. At a bridge over Moore's Creek he was met by armed patriots of the Newse region under Colonels Casewell and Livingston, on the evening of February 26, 1776. At daylight the next morning a terrible conflict ensued. The Tories, unable to withstand the fierce onslaught of the patriots, were scattered in every direction, leaving many of their dead and wounded on the ground."

Although Colonel James Moore, who defeated these Scotch Tories, was the grandson of an Irishman, and in spite of the fact that more than half the soldiers of his command were Irishmen or Irish-Americans, Mr. Musick does not mention the name of

Ireland in his account, while the word Scotch is repeated again and again, even though it stands only for treachery to the American cause and slavish subserviency to the King and people who deprived them of their rights and persecuted them at home.

Mr. Hanna, too, in his history of his so-called Scotch-Irish in America, has the hardihood to claim the Moores of South Carolina as Scotch-Irish. They were nothing of the kind. James Moore, the founder of the family, was the son of Sir Roger O'Moore, the leader of the Catholic Confederation in 1641. He made war on the English Government to prevent the granting to British colonists of the estates robbed from the native Irish owners and to make the people of Ireland as free as those of England. He headed a movement which in one night wiped out English rule in three provinces and which would have done the same in the fourth but for the unhappy accident of imparting important information to the wrong man.

It was of this period that Gavan Duffy wrote his great poem, "The Muster of the North," the first stanza of which is as follows:

"Joy, joy, the day is come at last, the day of hope and pride,
And see, over crackling bonfires' light old Bann's rejoicing tide!
And gladsome bell and bugle horn, from Newry's captured towers—
Hark, how they tell the Saxon swine this land is ours—is ours!"

Oh, no. There is no Scotch about the O'Moores, of Leix, from whom James Moore, the founder of the North Carolina Moores, was descended.

The same can be said about the Rutledges, another Irish family who shed luster not only on the Carolinas, but on the entire nation. Dr. John Rutledge, the founder of the family, came to South Carolina from Ireland in 1735, practiced medicine in Charleston, and married a lady of great wealth. He was a man of progressive mind and sterling character, but he died while still young, leaving his widow with seven children in her twenty-seventh year.

Their eldest son, John, was born in Charleston, in 1739. Like the Carrolls, of Maryland, he was sent abroad for his education. He returned to Charleston in 1761, and from that time forth boldly advocated colonial union and resistance to oppression. He was sent to the Congress at New York in 1765 and to the first Continental Congress at Philadelphia nine years later, and was pronounced by Patrick Henry as by far the greatest orator in the latter body.

On March 27, 1776, he was elected president of South Carolina and Commander-in-Chief of her forces. When the

British fleet arrived in Cape Fear River he fortified Charleston and insisted on retaining the post on Sullivan's Island when General Charles Lee weakly proposed its evacuation. During the battle he sent five hundred pounds of powder to Colonel Moultrie and directed him not to retreat without an order from him, adding that he would "sooner cut off his right arm than write one." He infused his own energy and enthusiasm into every one, and the British were compelled to retire, crestfallen and defeated. Three years later when the British again advanced upon Charleston, Governor Rutledge, at the head of the militia, took the field against the invaders, and when at length the city fell into the hands of the enemy, he, with his forces, joined the army of General Greene and participated in all its operations until the close of hostilities.

After independence was established he filled the positions, one after the other, of Governor, Congressman, Chancellor, and Chief Justice of South Carolina, and was a member of the Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States. On July 1, 1795, he was appointed Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, but owing to ill health he was only able to preside at one term.

Cyrus Townsend Brady, in a recent review of General McCrady's History of South Carolina, refers to Governor Rutledge as "that high-souled, high-principled—I might almost say, for his time and day, peerless statesman." He died in Charleston on July 23, 1800, in his sixty-first year, his death being looked upon as a great national bereavement.

His brother, Hugh Rutledge, was also an able jurist. When Charleston was captured he was sent, with his brother Edward and other patriots, to the British prison at St. Augustine, where he was subjected to the vilest treatment, in common with all his fellow-prisoners. From 1782 to 1785 he was Speaker of the South Carolina House of Representatives, and in 1791 he was appointed Judge of the Court of Equity, which position he held until his death in 1811.

Edward Rutledge, the youngest member of the family of Dr. Rutledge, was sent to the Continental Congress in 1774. He took an active part in the discussions which preceded the Declaration of Independence, of which he was one of the signers, and remained a member of the national body until 1777. As Lieutenant-Colonel of the Charleston Artillery he assisted in routing the British regulars from the island of Port Royal in 1779. During the siege of Charleston in 1780 he fell into the hands of the enemy and was confined in the prison of St. Augustine for a year. After independence was established, as

a member of the State Legislature, he effectually resisted the efforts that were made to revive the slave trade as long as he had a voice in the business of the State, and was the author of the law abolishing the rights of primogeniture. He declined the office of Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court. In 1798 he was elected Governor of South Carolina, but did not live to complete his term of office.

The Calhouns were another Irish family that achieved distinction in the Carolinas previous to and during the Revolution. James Calhoun, the founder of the family, emigrated from Donegal, Ireland, in 1733, bringing with him a family of children, amongst whom was Patrick Calhoun, then a boy of six years. James Calhoun at first settled in Pennsylvania, but soon removed to Western Virginia, and finally made his home in South Carolina. In 1756 he established the Calhoun Settlement in the upper part of that State, near the frontier of the Cherokee Indians. Conflicts between them and the white settlers were frequent and bloody and the Calhoun family suffered severe losses. Patrick Calhoun was distinguished for his undaunted courage and able generalship in these struggles and was placed in command of the provincial rangers raised for the defense of the frontier. His resolute will and trustworthy character called him to important service during the Revolution, and well did he support the cause of American Independence.

By profession he was a surveyor. He was a man of studious and thoughtful habits, accurate, skillful, and successful in his business, and was well versed in English literature. His father was a Presbyterian and he adhered to the same faith. In 1770 he married Martha Caldwell, the daughter of an Irishman who settled in Virginia. The members of her family were all devoted to the American cause and suffered severely for their patriotism at the hands of the Tories.

The Rev. David Caldwell, the patriotic Presbyterian pastor, of Alamance, N. C., was one of her kinsmen. His house was plundered by the British, his library burned, even to the family Bible, and everything on his plantation destroyed. All was made a desolation in accordance with the laws of English civilization, and Cornwallis offered one thousand dollars reward for any one who should bring him into camp. All efforts to capture him were unsuccessful, and he lived to be one hundred years of age.

Patrick Calhoun had three brothers who also fought bravely for independence during the Revolution. They were all born in Ireland, as was also their sister, Rebecca Calhoun, one of the most beautiful young ladies of the South. In 1765 she was

married to Colonel Andrew Pickens. Her marriage was the occasion of a great assemblage, her relatives and friends being very numerous. "Rebecca Calhoun's wedding" was such a great event in South Carolina that old people used it as a point from which to reckon time. Mrs. Ellet, in her "Women of the Revolution," gives some interesting sketches of this lady and her life during the Revolution. Her husband, Colonel Pickens, was himself the son of an Irish father and mother, who settled in Paxton township, Pa., where the Colonel was born, on September 19, 1739. In 1752 the family removed to Waxhaw, S. C. At the beginning of the Revolution Andrew Pickens was made a Captain of militia and rose rapidly to the rank of Brigadier General. He kept the field after South Carolina was overrun by the British, and at Kettle Creek, in February, 1779, with four hundred men, defeated a party of seven hundred English under Colonel Boyd. On June 20 of the same year his horse was killed under him at the battle of Stano, soon after which he inflicted a severe defeat on the Cherokee Indian allies of England at Tomassee. Congress gave him a sword for bravery at the battle of Cowpens, on January 17, 1771, where he brought the militia a second time into action after their ranks had been broken and compelled to retreat. He reduced the British force at Augusta, Ga., after a two weeks' siege and led a brigade of South Carolina militia at the battle of Eutaw Springs, where he was struck by a bullet, which would have inflicted a mortal wound but for the buckle of his sword belt. After the war he was for ten consecutive years a member of the South Carolina Legislature, a member of Congress, a member of the State Constitutional Convention, Major General of Militia, and again served in the Legislature in 1801 and 1812.

John Caldwell Calhoun, one of the greatest statesmen America ever produced, was the son of Patrick Calhoun. He was Secretary of War under President Monroe, Secretary of State under President Tyler, and Senator and Vice President of the United States. He was proud of the fact that he was the son of an Irishman, as will be seen from the following letter, which he wrote on becoming a member of the Irish Emigrant Society of New York:

"Senate Chamber, Washington, September 13, 1841.

"To the Secretary Irish Emigrant Society.

"Dear Sir—I have been so much engaged in the discharge of my public duties that I have been compelled to neglect almost everything else for the past few weeks, which I hope will be a

sufficient apology for not answering at an earlier date your letter of August 13th.

"I have ever taken pride in my Irish descent. My father, Patrick Calhoun, was a native of Donegal County. His father emigrated when he was a child. As a son of an emigrant I cheerfully join your society. Its object does honor to its founders. I enclose five dollars, which the society will please regard as my annual subscription for the next five years. With great respect, yours, etc.,

JOHN C. CALHOUN."

When such men as President Jackson and Vice President Calhoun write about themselves or their ancestors they use no uncertain or compound words to describe their nationality, and have no apologies to make for being Irishmen. When General Jackson was President of the United States all his personal attendants were natives of Ireland and he treated them as members of his own family. In the speech which he delivered to the Boston Irishmen in 1833, we have seen how he gloried in the fact that he was Irish, and here in this letter Vice President Calhoun asserts his nationality in the same direct and manly manner.

THERE IS NO SUCH WORD AS SCOTCH IN THEIR GENEALOGICAL VOCABULARIES. THERE IS NOTHING MIXED ABOUT THEM. THEY WERE PURE, UNADULTERATED IRISHMEN WHO LOVED THE COUNTRY OF THEIR FATHERS AND TOOK A PRIDE IN ITS ANCIENT GLORY AND ACHIEVEMENT. THE INVENTION OF THE TERM "SCOTCH-IRISH" WAS LEFT FOR A LATER AND MORE DEGENERATE DAY, AND WAS COINED EXPRESSLY BY OUR ENEMIES TO ROB US OF THE NOBLE HERITAGE OF OUR RACE.

The Polk family of North Carolina is one of the most important in the United States, and gave to the nation a President, several Governors, Senators, Congressmen, and many others conspicuous in politics, literature, and religion. It was founded by Robert Pollock and Magdalen, his wife, who came from Ireland in 1660, with their six sons and two daughters, all of whom were born in Ireland, where their ancestors had dwelt for generations.

Robert and Magdalen Pollock settled in Maryland, where, for the sake of shortness, their name was abbreviated to Polk. Their grandson, William Polk, removed from Maryland to Pennsylvania, and his son, Thomas, the great-grandson of the founder, made his home in Mecklenburg County, N. C., in 1753, where he speedily became a leader among the Irishmen already settled there. He was chosen a member of the Provincial Assembly

and through his influence in it he established a college in the town of Charlotte. At the Mecklenburg Convention in 1775, after the resolutions had been adopted, he read them from the steps of the courthouse to the people. He became a Colonel during the Revolution, fought in many battles, and otherwise rendered valuable aid to the patriot cause.

His son, William Polk, while he was yet a student in Charlotte College, was appointed a Lieutenant in the Third South Carolina Regiment and served with distinction throughout the war, being severely wounded on two occasions. After the war he became President of the Bank of North Carolina, and on March 25, 1812, he was appointed by President Madison, with the consent of the Senate, a Brigadier General in the regular army. When Lafayette revisited the United States in 1824, he represented his native State on the commission appointed to receive him. He wielded great influence on the rising fortunes of the State of Tennessee, and as the personal friend and associate of Andrew Jackson, he enabled that hero to secure valuable lands, furnishing him with information from his field notes as a surveyor. He made Samuel Polk, his first cousin and father of James Knox Polk, the eleventh President of the United States, the agent of his estates in Tennessee, and as first President of the Bank of North Carolina he appointed Jacob Johnson, the father of President Andrew Johnson, the first porter of the institution.

Thus the three Carolinians, two of whom were Irish-Americans, who entered the White House through Tennessee, were all deeply indebted to General William Polk. He died in his seventy-sixth year, on January 4, 1834, and was the last surviving officer of the North Carolina line.

James Knox Polk, the eleventh President of the United States, was a direct descendant of Robert Pollock, the Donegal founder of the family. His mother, too, was of Irish descent, being the daughter of Colonel James Knox, of Iredell County, N. C., who was a son of one of the Irish emigrants to that region and a Colonel in the Revolutionary War.

The family of Andrew Jackson was settled in South Carolina ten years before the Revolution and two years previous to the birth of the hero of New Orleans. General Jackson's grandfather, Hugh Jackson, was a linen-draper and resided in the town of Carrickfergus, on Belfast Lough, Ireland. Hugh Jackson had four sons, who were plain, respectable farmers, liberal, hospitable, and of strict integrity. They belonged to that patriotic body of Northern Presbyterians who made such a gallant stand for Ireland in 1798. Andrew, the youngest of these

sons, married Elizabeth Hutchinson, also a native of Carrickfergus, by whom he had two sons, Hugh and Robert, born in Ireland.

Tired of the persecution, turmoil, and confusion attendant upon British rule in Ireland, and despairing of the success of any attempt to relieve the Irish people from the grievances under which they suffered, Andrew Jackson sold his farm and determined to emigrate to America. Accompanied by three of his neighbors, James, Robert, and Joseph Crawford, the former of whom had married a sister of his wife, he embarked for America with his family and landed safely at Charleston, S. C., in 1765.

Dissatisfied with the flat country bordering on the coast, the immigrants pushed into the interior of the colony. Lands were purchased and they all settled near each other on Waxhaw Creek, one of the branches of the Catawba River, about forty-five miles from Camden and close to the boundary line of North Carolina. Here, in this fine and healthy region, agreeably diversified with hills and dales, Andrew Jackson, the seventh President of the United States, was born on March 15, 1767.

This account of his birth is accepted as truth by the majority of historians, and Jackson himself—in a letter of December 24, 1830; in the proclamation addressed to the nullifiers in 1832, and again in his will—speaks of himself as a native of South Carolina. The evidence of Parton, however, seems to show that Jackson was born in North Carolina, and Lossing says he was informed by David L. Swain that Jackson was born in Mecklenburg County, N. C.

We need not go into the details of Jackson's career here, but we will recite a few incidents of his earlier life as given by his biographer, Alexander Walker.

Not long after the birth of his third son the elder Jackson died, leaving to his wife and children a limited property, yet with an honest and unsullied name. A double duty now devolved on the surviving parent. Faithfully and nobly was it discharged. To the resolute firmness and unflinching fortitude of the Spartan mother she united the piety and resignation, the trustful faith and confidence of the devoted Christian. Naturally gifted with a strong mind, and strengthened by Him who is ever the stay and helper of the widow and orphan, no difficulties deterred her from the accomplishment of her high and holy task. In order to supplement the slender resources left her by her husband, soon after his death she took charge of Mr. Crawford's family—her sister, Mrs. Crawford, being in feeble health. Her two younger sons, Robert and Andrew, remained with her and the oldest went to reside with a neighbor. She intended Andrew for the Church,

and therefore sent him to the Waxhaw Academy, where he was making considerable progress in classic subjects when the ravages of the Revolutionary War put an end to his studies.

Boys though they were, the young Jacksons became deeply imbued with the prevailing spirit. This was especially the case with Andrew, who longed for the hour to arrive when he would be able to shoulder a musket and perform some doughty enterprise in defense of the liberties of his country.

Hugh Jackson, the oldest of the three brothers, belonged to the company commanded by Captain, afterwards Colonel Davie, and was killed at the battle of Stono, on June 20, 1780, after displaying the same heroic bravery which distinguished his youngest brother in after life.

After the departure of Lord Cornwallis from South Carolina, Lord Rawdon, properly surnamed "the bloody Rawdon," was left in command. Hearing that the Irish Waxhaw settlers were still defiant he dispatched Major Coffin with dragoons and infantry to subdue them. The settlers resolved to give them battle and assembled in the Waxhaw meeting-house for that purpose, Robert and Andrew Jackson being amongst the number, the latter being only in his thirteenth year. They were waiting for a friendly company under Captain Nesbit, an Irish-American officer, when they saw what they supposed to be his friendly forces advancing. Instead, however, they proved to be the detachment of Major Coffin, with the Tories, who wore the usual dress of the country, in front. The deception was not discovered till the British dashed in among them, cleaving down all who stood in their way. Eleven of the party were taken prisoners; the remainder sprang upon their horses and most of them made their escape.

Andrew Jackson was accompanied in this flight by his cousin, Lieutenant Thomas Crawford, but in passing over a piece of marshy ground the horse of the latter mired and fell and he was wounded and taken prisoner. Young Jackson shortly afterwards encountered his brother Robert, who had also eluded pursuit. They remained together during the night, and at dawn on the following morning concealed themselves in a dense thicket, on the bank of Cain Creek, near the house of Lieutenant Crawford. During the day they became very hungry, and deeming themselves secure, ventured out to the house. A boy was directed to watch the road; but while they were satisfying their hunger, a band of Tories and dragoons, who had discovered their retreat, and captured their horses and guns, which were left behind them, suddenly made their appearance and surrounded the house. Resistance could be of no avail, and escape was impossible. They

therefore surrendered themselves prisoners of war. Not content with the capture of the two young men, the dragoons and Tories commenced abusing and maltreating Mrs. Crawford and her children. The crockery and furniture in the house were broken in pieces; and the beds and bedding, and all the clothing of the family, including that of an infant at breast, was torn into shreds. While the work of destruction was going on, the British officer, in command of the party, directed Andrew Jackson to clean the mud from his boots. As might be supposed, he indignantly refused to do the menial office. Enraged at this reply, the officer drew his sword, and aimed a dastardly blow at the head of his unarmed prisoner. The latter parried it with his left hand, but, in doing so received a cut, the scar of which he carried to his grave. Disappointed in the spirit of the intrepid youth, the officer turned to his brother, and requested him to perform the task. Robert likewise refused; a furious blow from the infuriated Briton was the consequence, and a wound was inflicted, from the effect of which his victim never recovered.

After this, the two Jacksons, with about twenty other prisoners, were mounted on captured horses, and the party set out on their return to Camden. Not a mouthful of food, not a drop of water, was given them on the road; and when they reached Camden they were thrust into a redoubt surrounding the jail, in which some two hundred and fifty prisoners, besides those taken at Waxhaw, were confined. Here they were stripped of part of their clothing—Andrew losing his jacket and shoes; their wounds were undressed; no attention was paid to their wants, and when the relationship between the two Jacksons and Lieutenant Crawford was discovered, they were instantly separated, and kept in ignorance of each other's fate. The Provost was a Tory from New York, who, it was afterwards said, took the provisions intended for the prisoners, to feed a number of negroes whom he had collected from different Whig plantations, with the intention of disposing of them for his own benefit. Be that as it may, the prisoners were but sparingly supplied with bad bread; and to add to their wretchedness, the smallpox appeared among them, and made frightful ravages.

Amid the accumulated horrors of his prison-house, with sickness and starvation staring him in the face, the groans of the dying constantly ringing in his ears, and hourly exposed to the ill-treatment of his captors, Andrew Jackson never lost the fearlessness of spirit which ever distinguished him. Availing himself of a favorable opportunity he boldly remonstrated with the officer of the guard, in behalf of himself and his suffering companions. His remonstrances had the desired effect; meat

was added to the rations, and in other respects the condition of the prisoners was decidedly improved.

Matters were in this situation, when General Green returned from North Carolina, in April, 1781, and encamped, with his army, on Hobkirk's Hill, a little over a mile north of Camden, waiting only the arrival of his cannon, before making his dispositions to assault the post.

On the morning of the 24th of April, Andrew Jackson discovered indications of a design to attack General Green. The jail and redoubt stood on the eminence upon which Camden is situated, and a fine view would have been afforded of the encampment on Hobkirk's Hill, had not the British taken the precaution to construct a high and tight plank fence on the redoubt, immediately after the arrival of the American army in the neighborhood. He was determined, nevertheless, to obtain a view of the anticipated conflict; and by working nearly all night with an old razor blade furnished the prisoners to cut their rations, he succeeded in digging out a knot in one of the planks. When Lord Rawdon led out his men on the morning of the 25th, for a bold stroke at the American leader, Andrew mounted the breast-work, and placed himself at the lookout, while his fellow-prisoners gathered in groups below him, listening attentively, as he detailed the varied incidents of the day.

His voice was tremulous with apprehensions, as he informed his companions that the Americans had been taken unawares, and their pickets were driven in; it was pitched to a louder key, when the cannon of Green opened their brazen throats, and vomited forth torrents of flame and iron, tearing and rending through the British columns; again it sank, as the enemy rallied and pushed boldly forward; it rose once more when the regiments of Ford and Campbell pressed gallantly upon their flank—when Washington and his brave dragoons came thundering down in their rear—and he caught sight of the glistening bayonets of the First Maryland and the Virginians, as they prepared to charge home upon their assailants; it fell again as the veteran regiment of Gunby recoiled before the British fire, and died away into a whisper, when all hope of deliverance vanished, as the beaten but not routed Green, retired slowly over the hill, and the pursuit was only checked by the timely charge of Washington's cavalry.

The Jacksons were not deserted by one friend, in their confinement—the mother who had reared them to serve their country, and who knew no prouder joy than to see them do their duty well. She followed them to Camden to aid and succor them, and, soon after the battle of Hobkirk's Hill, procured their exchange, with five of their neighbors, for thirteen British soldiers,

captured by a Whig partisan captain by the name of Walker. Pale, emaciated, barefooted, almost naked, and infected with the smallpox, they presented themselves before their surviving parent. The wound in Robert's head had never been dressed; and this, in connection with hunger, and the disease that had fastened itself upon him, had reduced him so low that he was unable to ride, except as he was held on a horse.

There were but two horses for the whole party, consisting of Mrs. Jackson and her sons, and the other released prisoners, who accompanied them home. Mrs. Jackson rode one, and Robert was supported on the other by his companions. Thus wearily and sadly did they perform their melancholy journey of more than forty miles, through a country blighted by the ravages of war, as if the lightnings of heaven had scathed it. Within two hours' ride of the Waxhaws they were overtaken by a shower of rain, by which the company were completely drenched. The smallpox was driven in on both the boys; Robert died in two days, and Andrew at once became delirious. The fever raged violently for several days and his case was regarded as nearly hopeless. The kind nursing of his patient and devoted mother, and the attentions of his physician at length triumphed over the disease and restored him to health.

He had scarcely recovered his strength when his mother, with characteristic energy and fortitude, in company with five other ladies, set out to visit a number of the Waxhaw settlers, including some of the Crawfords, who had been taken by the English and were confined on board the Charleston prison-ship—whose history, like that of the Old Jersey at New York, is but a tale of unmitigated horror and suffering. Mrs. Jackson never returned from this errand of love and mercy. Enfeebled by constant care and privation, worn down by the numerous hardships and fatigues which she had endured, she was seized with the fever prevailing among the prisoners, which soon terminated her existence. She was buried near the enemy's lines, in the vicinity of Charleston, in an unknown grave, but her memory in after times was doubly honored as that of the noble, self-sacrificing Irish-born mother of Andrew Jackson.

Solitary and alone, her orphan son, at the time when he most needed the care and advice of a parent, was cast upon the world, to buffet as he might the billows of adverse fortune. His home was indeed desolate. Mother and brothers—all had perished, the victims of English cruelty. Is it to be wondered, then, that he cherished such a feeling of animosity towards the British name, or that he hated everything akin to oppression with a hatred so deep and fervent?

Andrew Jackson remained for some time subsequent to the death of his mother at the home of his kinsman, Major Thomas Crawford, and afterwards entered the family of Mr. Joseph White, another of the Irish settlers and an uncle of Mrs. Crawford. Mr. White's son was a saddler, and young Jackson, though still suffering from fever, entered his shop and assisted him as far as he was able, thus giving evidence of that sturdy spirit of independence which always characterized him.

Subsequently he collected together the remains of his small property and removed to Salisbury, N. C., where he entered on the study of law. He was admitted to the bar in 1786, and in 1788, at the age of twenty-one, without solicitation on his part, was appointed Solicitor for the Western District of North Carolina, which afterwards became the State of Tennessee. This was his first entry into public life, and on that glorious career which has reflected such high credit on Ireland and America—a credit so ennobling that even the following words of Historian Bancroft, all fervent and glowing as they are, do not more than do justice to his character:

"No man in private life so possessed the hearts of all around him; no public man of this country ever returned to private life with such an abiding mastery over the affections of the people. No man with truer instincts received American ideas; no man expressed them so completely, or so boldly, or so sincerely. Up to the last he dared to do anything that was right to do. He united personal courage and moral courage beyond any man of whom history keeps record. Not danger, not an army in battle array, not age, not the anguish of disease, could impair in the least degree the vigor of his steadfast mind. The heroes of antiquity would have contemplated with awe the unmatched hardihood of his character, and Napoleon, had he possessed his disinterested will, could never have been vanquished.

"Jackson never was vanquished. He was always fortunate. He conquered the wilderness; he conquered the savage; he conquered the bravest veterans trained on the battlefields of Europe; he conquered everywhere in statesmanship, and when death came to get the mastery over him he turned the last enemy aside as tranquilly as he had done the feeblest of his adversaries, and passed from earth in the triumphant consciousness of immortality."

Woodrow Wilson, in his *History of the American People*, also writes the following eulogy of Andrew Jackson, even placing him above the father of Democracy himself, Thomas Jefferson:

"General Jackson professed to be of the school of Mr. Jefferson himself, and what he professed he believed. There was no touch of the charlatan or the demagogue about him. The

action of his mind was as direct, as sincere, as unsophisticated as the action of the mind of an ingenuous child, though it exhibited also the sustained intensity and the range of the mature man. The difference between Mr. Jefferson and General Jackson was not a difference of moral quality so much as a difference in social stock and breeding. Mr. Jefferson, an aristocrat and yet a philosophical radical, deliberately practiced the arts of the politician and exhibited oftentimes the sort of insincerity which subtle natures yield to without loss of essential integrity. General Jackson was incapable of arts or deceptions of any kind. He was, in fact, what his partisans loved to call him, a man of the people, of the common people."

Any reference to the early days of the Carolinas would be incomplete without special mention of the Crawfords, who accompanied General Jackson's father from Carrickfergus. They fought nobly and well for the patriot cause and left families behind them that still shed luster on the nation. One of them, Colonel Crawford, during the Revolution, was cruelly tortured by the Indians. They were incited to their bloody work by a Tory named Simon Girty, an unmitigated scoundrel, who was far more cruel than the savages themselves and who witnessed the agonies of the patriot with demon-like glee.

The Grahams were another family of Irish-Americans who reflected honor on North Carolina and wrote their names high on its roll of fame. Their mother was left a widow with six children and slender means. Her son George was born in Chester County, Pa., in 1758. He emigrated to North Carolina, whither all the family followed him. He fought throughout the Revolutionary War, and after its close served several terms in the legislature, and was appointed major general of the militia.

His brother Joseph was also one of the bravest soldiers in the War of Independence and rose to a high rank. He took part in nineteen different engagements before he was nineteen years of age. In 1780, while covering the retreat of Major Davie, he was struck down by a British dragoon and received six saber thrusts and three bullet wounds. When he recovered he was again on the fighting line and on one occasion defeated six hundred Tories with a force of only one hundred and thirty-six patriots. He was appointed major general of the North Carolina forces in 1814. His son James was a noted lawyer and served his State in Congress, with the exception of a single term, from 1833 to 1847.

Another son of General Joseph Graham, William A. Graham was United States Senator, twice Governor of North Carolina, and Secretary of the Navy under President Fillmore. These are only

some of the records of the descendants of the Irish widow and her six children.

Thomas Lynch, the founder of the South Carolina family of that name, came to America from Galway early in the eighteenth century. Having some relatives in Austria, who had risen to distinction in that country, he paid them a visit before leaving Europe, and then sailed direct to America from Austria. Because of this fact many so-called historians have stated that the Lynches were of Austrian descent. This is only another instance of the reckless statements resorted to in order to leave the name of Ireland out of the record. But the very stupidity of such assertions brand them as false, and no one but a prejudiced fool would undertake to make them.

Thomas Lynch, the founder, was the first to cultivate rice on the alluvial lands periodically overflowed by the tides. His son, Thomas Lynch, the second, who was born in South Carolina in 1720 and died there in 1776, inherited vast estates on the North and South Santee Rivers and became a man of great influence among the colonists. He took a prominent part in the provincial assembly and was an early and zealous advocate of resistance to the injustice of England. He was a delegate to the Colonial Congress of 1765, and, with his colleagues, John Rutledge and Christopher Gadsden, was the first to arrive at the place of meeting, though having the longest distance to travel. In the proceedings of the Congress Lynch denied the power of England over the colonies and opposed the sending of all begging petitions. He was also a delegate to the first Continental Congress of Philadelphia and was appointed one of a committee of six to confer with Washington at the siege of Boston in September, 1775. One of the first six warships launched by Massachusetts in October, 1775, was named after him. Failing health compelled him to resign his seat in Congress and he returned to Charleston, where he died of paralysis. Thomas Lynch, third, son of the former, was born in Prince George Parish, S. C., on August 5, 1749. He was sent to Europe for his education, but returned home before completing his course. In 1775 he was commissioned as captain of the First South Carolina Regiment, but while raising his company he contracted swamp fever, from which he never fully recovered. When his father was stricken with paralysis Colonel Gadsden refused to allow him leave of absence, but his connection with the regiment was soon after severed by his unanimous election as his father's successor in Congress. He was an earnest and eloquent man and deeply impressed that body with his lofty character and devotion to the patriotic cause. One of his last public acts was to sign the

Declaration of Independence. Thereafter his health failed rapidly. As a last resort he took passage with his wife for the South of France. The ship in which they sailed was seen when a few days out at sea, but was never heard of afterwards.

There are many other illustrious Irishmen and Irish-Americans who did noble service for the American cause in the early days of the Carolinas, whose records will appear later in these chronicles, when due credit will be given to such men as Judge Justin and his nine sons; General Thomas Hart, who served in the Provincial Congress of North Carolina; James Connors, who fought all through the Revolution; Major Thomas Butler, one of the most intrepid native Irish fighters; Major John James, known as the "Swamp Fox" of Marion's Brigade, who was one of its principal organizers and who on one occasion knocked down a British officer with a chair; Lieutenant Patrick Rogers, who gave up his life for the cause and numerous other heroes and martyrs whose lives and fortunes were freely sacrificed on the altar of liberty. For the present we will close our reference to their patriotic efforts with a brief history of the humblest and yet bravest of them all—that valiant and devoted Irish hero, Sergeant William Jasper.

When the brave Captain Francis Marion was organizing his company for the Second Regiment of South Carolina Foot, which was commanded by Colonel William Moultrie, he selected as one of his first men an Irishman named William Jasper, who was destined, though only an humble soldier in the ranks, to win fame as bright and honorable as the highest and bravest generals. His life has been made the theme of many stirring orations by leading citizens in the past, but to-day his name is rarely mentioned in our schools, and the rising generation will know little of him if matters are allowed to take their present course, which we hope they will not, and which we pledge ourselves to do our utmost to prevent.

On January 3, 1876, Charles C. Jones, Jr., delivered an eloquent address on Jasper before the Georgia Historical Society, in Savannah, but while due credit is given to the heroism of Jasper, the name of Ireland is not mentioned in any of the brilliant periods of the orator. In all else Mr. Jones's tribute is a noble one. He pictures Jasper as a man of humble origin and slender means, yet full of energy and daring, imbued with an earnest and lofty patriotism and destined to afford brilliant illustration of his supreme devotion to the cause of freedom.

General Moultrie describes Jasper as a brave, active, stout, strong, enterprising man and a very great partisan. He was hardy, patient, self-reliant, accustomed to the woods and quick

of eye and bold of heart. Appreciating these high qualities, Marion at once advanced him to the rank of sergeant, and soon, with his assistance, had the required number of men.

Jasper's life in the Revolutionary Army was a continued series of deeds of heroism, and we are sorry we cannot recount them at full length. During the bombardment of Fort Sullivan, Charleston Harbor, by the British Navy, on June 28, 1776, the flag-staff of the fort was shot away and fell, with the American colors, beyond the ramparts. Sergeant Jasper, perceiving the misfortune, sprang from one of the embrasures and, deliberately walking the entire length of the front of the fort, until he reached the fallen colors on the extreme left, detached them from the mast, called to Captain Horry for a sponge-staff, and having with a thick cord lashed the colors to it, returned within the fort, and amid a shower of bullets planted the staff on the summit of the merlon. This done, waving his hat, he gave three cheers, and then shouting: "God save liberty and my country forever," retired unhurt to his gun, where he continued to fight throughout the engagement.

During the same battle, as Sergeant McDaniel, another Irish-American, lay dying at his gun, he exclaimed: "Fight on, my brave boys, don't let liberty expire with me to-day." When Jasper was removing the body of this hero from the blood-stained platform he cried out to his comrades, "Revenge this brave man's death."

Owing to the bravery of such men and their unerring marksmanship, the British ships were compelled to retire, leaving victory in the hands of the Americans.

Six days later, on July 4, 1776, the United Colonies were declared free and independent. On the same day Governor Rutledge, an Irish-American, visited Fort Sullivan and in the name of the young Commonwealth tendered sincerest thanks and congratulations. Publicly commending the heroic bravery of Jasper, he removed from his side his own sword, and presented it to him as a reward for his bravery and an incitement to further deeds of valor. The Governor also tendered him a commission as lieutenant, which he modestly declined. "Were I made an officer," said he, "my comrades would be constantly blushing for my ignorance, and I should be unhappy feeling my own inferiority. I have no ambition for higher rank than that of sergeant."

Jasper's heroic conduct at Fort Sullivan and the modesty with which he invariably carried himself made his name renowned throughout the entire country. Shortly after the battle two flags were presented to his regiment by the wife of Major Barnard Elliot. They were gratefully accepted in appropriate words by

Colonel Moultrie, who there and then handed one of them to Jasper. Smilingly the sergeant received the precious emblem, vowing that he would never give it up but with his life. And nobly afterward did he redeem that vow.

Ever ready to encounter danger and always meeting it with entire self-possession, thoroughly reliable, of unquestioned loyalty to the cause of the Revolutionists, and abounding withal in sagacity, moderation and humanity, Jasper was eminently fitted for the duties of a scout. Recognizing his uncommon worth, his commanding officers did not attempt to confine him within the limited sphere of an ordinary subaltern of his rank. "Through every subsequent period of the war," writes Garden in his *Anecdotes of the Revolutionary War*, "his conduct was exemplary; but in the details which I have seen, carries too much the air of romance to be dwelt upon. He was a perfect Proteus in his ability to alter his appearance; perpetually entering the camp of the enemy without detection and invariably returning to his own with British soldiers he had converted or prisoners he had captured."

General Moultrie's testimony with regard to Jasper is even more emphatic than the foregoing. "I had such confidence in him," he writes, "that when I was in the field I gave him a roving commission and liberty to pick out his men from my brigade. He seldom would take more than six; he often went out and returned with prisoners before I knew he was gone. I have known of his catching a party that was looking for him. He went into the British lines at Savannah and delivered himself up as a deserter. He was gladly received and caressed by them. He stayed eight days, and, after informing himself well of their strength, situation and intentions, he returned to us again."

After the British occupation of Savannah, in December, 1776, when Jasper was with his regiment at Purysburg, the headquarters of General Lincoln, he made one of those visits to the English camp at Ebenezer, accompanied by a fellow-sergeant named Newton. While there some American prisoners were brought in, charged with having broken faith with the English. They were pinioned, under guard, and on their way to Savannah for trial and punishment, where sure and sudden death awaited them. The wife of one of the prisoners, with her child, accompanied them. Moved by their sad fate, Jasper resolved upon their deliverance, and in this resolution he was heartily joined by his comrade Newton. The captives were in charge of a sergeant, a corporal, and eight privates, all armed with loaded muskets, while the two American sergeants were entirely unarmed. The adventure was certainly desperate in the extreme and its conception could only have originated with one of Jasper's admitted daring.

Conjecturing that the guard would stop to refresh themselves at a spring near the Augusta Road, about two miles from Savannah, and selecting this as the most favorable spot for the contemplated rescue, Jasper and Newton rapidly traversed the woods and reached the spring in advance of the prisoners and their guard.

Carefully concealing themselves in the dense foliage, they there, with brave but palpitating hearts, awaited an auspicious moment for the execution of their hazardous plan. They had correctly surmised, for in a little while, upon the arrival of the party, the guard was halted in the road just opposite the spring. Attended by a corporal and four men the prisoners were conducted near the water, while the sergeant in command, having caused the rest of the detail to stack arms in the road, brought up the rear. Over the muskets two men were posted to keep watch. Tired and dejected, the prisoners threw themselves upon the ground. The weary child fell asleep in the lap of its weeping mother. Hope had fled from the hearts of the captives, and their guards, confident in the early accomplishment of their duty, cherished no apprehension of impending danger. Approaching the spring and leaning their weapons against a tree, two of the soldiers stooped to fill their canteens. The coveted moment had come. Springing like tigers from their ambush, in the twinkling of an eye and before the astonished enemy could realize the situation, Jasper and Newton seized these muskets and shot down the two men on duty. Then clubbing their weapons, they rushed upon the amazed soldiers, and felling the first who opposed them, succeeded in obtaining possession of the loaded muskets. Before the presented weapons the rest of the guard yielded instantaneous surrender. It was the marvelous achievement of cool calculation, prompt valor, and vigorous action in the teeth of overwhelming odds. It brought freedom to the enchained and joy to the sorrowing. Under the sure guidance of Jasper and Newton, both the rescued and the captured were quickly conducted to the American camp at Purysburg, to the inexpressible astonishment and delight of all.

Jasper continued in his roving commission, accomplishing one feat more wonderful than another, until the disastrous defeat of the Americans before Savannah, on October 8, 1779, where he received his death-wound and where the English cannon were loaded with chain-shot, scraps of iron, and knife-blades. During the assault the colors which had been presented by Mrs. Elliott were carried by Lieutenants Bush and Gray, supported by Sergeants Jasper and McDonald. Bush and Gray were killed in the terrible slaughter and the custody of the flags fell

to the sergeants. McDonald succeeded in retiring with his in safety, but Jasper, already badly wounded, while endeavoring to secure his, received a second and a mortal hurt. Remembering, even in his last agony, his sacred promise to Mrs. Elliott, and summoning all his energies, he snatched the sacred emblems from the grasp of the triumphant enemy and bore them from the bloody field.

"I have got my furlough," said Jasper to Major Horry, who hastened to his side after the battle, and pointing to his sword, continued: "That sword was presented to me by Governor Rutledge for my service in the defense of Fort Moultrie. Give it to my father and tell him I have worn it with honor. If he should weep say to him that his son died in the hope of a better life. Tell Mrs. Elliott that I lost my life supporting the colors which she presented to our regiment."

Towards the last moments his mind reverted to his battle at the spring, and he mentioned the names of those he had rescued from death at the hands of the British. "Should you ever see them," he said to Major Horry, "tell them that Jasper is gone, but that the remembrance of the battle he fought for them brought a secret joy to his heart when it was about to stop its motion forever."

Thus did the noble Jasper pass away, true alike to his country and his God.

The remissness of Mr. Jones, from whom we have quoted many of the foregoing facts, in leaving out the name of Ireland in his otherwise brilliant effort, is more than made up for in the grand oration of the late Governor John B. Gordon, of Georgia, at the laying of the corner-stone of the Jasper Monument in Savannah, in the fall of 1879. That Gordon represented the true feelings of the South, not only in his references to Ireland but on all other matters, and that he was deeply loved by his entire people, is attested by the fact that on his recent death more than fifty thousand persons viewed his body as it lay in state, while twenty thousand others lined the streets of Atlanta as his remains were being carried to their last resting place in Oakland Cemetery.

In the course of his masterly speech on the above occasion Governor Gordon paid the following glowing tribute to Ireland and Irishmen:

"Jasper was a private soldier, and one of the most illustrious representatives the world ever saw of those self-sacrificing men who in all armies fill the ranks, suffer the bitterest privations, and bear the brunt of war. The heart of universal humanity will respond to this day's work as an act of justice, not

only to Jasper himself, but to all private soldiers, whom he so conspicuously represents, and as this column rises on the spot where Jasper fell, it will proclaim to future ages your appreciation of the self-abnegation, the daring courage, and the unbought patriotism of that vast army of untitled soldiery, who, with no hope of reward save the approval of conscience, their country and their God, have gone down in the crash and carnage of war, to fill unlettered graves.

"I rejoice that Georgia is to build such a monument, and I thank you, my countrymen, that you have thought me worthy to represent you in such a cause. Another source of the peculiar interest which invests the name of Jasper is to be found in the fact that he was an Irishman; that he did not permit the mournful state inflicted by Great Britain upon his own country and its people to deter him from enlisting in the cause of the feeble colonies against the same domineering and apparently invincible power.

"As the chosen organ of the Jasper Monumental Association, I invite the Irish-Americans and the patriots of Ireland everywhere to regard the column which shall be erected to Jasper as a monument also to the spirit of resistance to tyrants, which though baffled in Ireland and victorious in America, is still older and as enduring in Ireland as in American hearts. Ireland and Irishmen in every quarter of the globe, wherever they breathe the vital air, will rise up with one accord to do honor to the principles of freedom for which that people battled through centuries of defeat; for which Jasper fell and for which this monument is to be raised. Few nations that have lived in history deserve more richly than Ireland the tribute which you are about to pay to one of her sons. Her history running back to the regions of fable and descending with an unbroken current through ten centuries, Ireland, prior to her conquest by a foreign power, can boast of a civilization and national independence of greater duration than any nation of any age. Even the tides of foreign conquest which have rolled in successive waves over Ireland have not sufficed to obliterate the record of her learning, to obscure the manifestations of her wonderful genius, to crush the spirit of her inextinguishable nationality, nor to quench the fires of freedom that glow in the breasts of her people. Even Alfred, the idol of British history, was educated in Irish halls of learning and drew from Irish polity his maxims and institutions of political wisdom.

"Edmund Burke and Curran and Sheridan were Irishmen. What country, what age, can boast of such a trio? Burke, the fearless friend of American freedom, who was unrivalled in the

profusion of his gifts, whose colossal form rises in imperial height above his fellow-men; who, from the platform of politics, swept with his intellectual vision the vast field of philosophy, of science, of literature, of laws, and of eloquence. Curran, who even in his old age, when the frosts had blighted many of those flowers of fancy which had bloomed with perennial beauty, drew from Madame de Stael the declaration that he was the most gifted man she had ever known, who was the Shakespeare of the bar, the true son of genius, the heir of its highest inspiration. Sheridan, whose eloquence Bryon declared—

“Was the thunder—the avenging rod—
The wrath—the delegated voice of God—
Which shook the nations through his lips and blazed
Till vanquished Senates trembled as they praised.

“What does England not owe to Ireland for the gift of such men as these? What does France not owe to Ireland for Cavaignac, who was called in our day to the head of the French Republic? What does America not owe to Ireland for the monuments of Irish industry and for Irish contributions to bar and bench and battlefield; for Jasper and Montgomery, martyrs to American independence; for Shields and the Irish-born soldiers who in every war followed the flag of this Republic? What does the South not owe to Ireland for enriching her soil with the blood of Cleburne, and her literature with the genius of Ryan, that gifted Irishman who is at once the thunderbolt of oratory and rainbow of poesy; whose thoughts breathe with the very life of truth, and whose words like sparks from holy altars burn in our bosoms with immortal fire? What does liberty not owe to Ireland for Fitzgerald, for Wolfe Tone, for John Mitchell, for Thomas Francis Meagher, for O'Brien, O'Connell, and Robert Emmet? Though heroes of a lost cause, the names of these patriots are forever associated with the names of Hampden, of Sydney, of Brutus, and of Washington. It is fitting that Americans should build a monument to a son of Ireland. It is especially appropriate that it should be built by Georgians to Jasper, and that it should stand here among the people for whose liberty and independence he so freely gave up his life.”

CHAPTER IX.

IRISHMEN IN THE EARLY DAYS OF GEORGIA AND THE SOUTH.

Georgia was the latest colony founded by the English in America. It was not until June, 1732, that a charter for its foundation was issued to General James E. Oglethorpe by King George II, after whom the colony was named. General Oglethorpe was born in London, England, in 1696, but was a man of liberal ideas and believed that other people had rights as well as the English, which was a rare quality among his countrymen at that or any other time.

In January, 1733, Oglethorpe arrived at Charleston, S. C., at the head of a company of one hundred and fifty persons, most of whom were English, but few, if any, being natives of Ireland. After laying out Savannah and making other arrangements for the comfort of his people, Oglethorpe returned to England in 1734. He brought with him the chief of the Yamacraw Indians and presented him to the King. While in England he sent out one hundred and fifty Scotch Highlanders to Georgia and on his return in 1735, he was accompanied by three hundred emigrants, amongst whom were John and Charles Wesley, the founders of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The religion of the new colony was placed in John Wesley's hands, but he only remained for three years, when he returned to England, leaving the religion to take care of itself. Though but a short time in Georgia Wesley left the mark of his bigotry behind him. He prohibited Catholics from entering the colony and this rule was carried out by his successor, Whitfield, who arrived in Savannah in 1740 and took charge of the spiritual welfare of the people. The latter, however, did not take kindly to such rigorous methods, and Wesleyan institutions soon waned and died.

In regard to the foundation of Methodism in this country we might here mention the fact, which is not very widely known by the members of that church, that it was first permanently established in America by three persons of Irish birth and education, namely Barbara Heck, Philip Embury, and Robert Strawbridge. Barbara Heck and Philip Embury were born in Ballingarry, near the borders of Limerick and Tipperary. They belonged to the German Palatines who settled in that section in 1708, and were converted to Methodism by Wesley himself. Embury was a carpenter by trade, but he had received a good education in his

youth and became a preacher in the new church. He came to New York in 1760, but he fell away from the faith, devoting all his attention to his business as a carpenter.

In 1766, at his residence in Barrack street, now Park Place, New York, he was enjoying himself one Sabbath afternoon with several of his countrymen over a game of cards, when Barbara Heck appeared among them, seized the cards from the hands of the players and flung them into the fire. She charged Embury that he should preach to them or God would require their blood at his hands. Soon after regular services were held at Embury's residence, and the first Methodist congregation in America was there formed.

In 1768 Embury built the first Methodist Church on the site of the present structure in John street, New York, and worked on the building himself as a carpenter. In 1769, he moved to Camden, N. J., where he founded another church, and died there in 1832. In 1873 a monument was erected to his memory in Cambridge, N. Y.

Robert Strawbridge, who was born in Drummer's Nave, near Carrick-on-Shannon, County Leitrim, Ireland, came to this country about the same time as Embury and settled in Maryland, where he formed the first Methodist society. It is a matter of dispute whether he or Embury founded the first Methodist society and built its first church in America, but most authorities give Embury priority. In any case the honor, such as it is, belongs to an Irishman.

General Oglethorpe remained in Georgia until 1745. His course here was marked by such liberality that he incurred the hostility of the English authorities and was twice court-martialed, but acquitted each time, during his career. When, in 1775, General Gage returned to England, the command of the British forces in America was tendered to General Oglethorpe, but he refused to accept unless he was furnished with powers of concession and conciliation. Needless to say, these powers were not granted, as they were not regarded as component parts of English civilization. After the war of Independence was over and John Adams arrived as American Ambassador in England, Oglethorpe was one of the first to call upon him and assure him of his regard for the United States and of his satisfaction and gratitude at the ending of the war.

He was a man of fine feeling, of excellent taste, and of culture far beyond the men of his class. The Irish people were slow to settle in Georgia, but as the war of Independence approached they migrated in some numbers from the neighboring colonies of North and South Carolina.

The first Irishman of note who distinguished himself in Georgia was William Knox. He accompanied Governor Henry Ellis to that colony as provost-marshal in 1757, and remained there until 1761. On his return to England he was appointed agent for Georgia and East Florida, but his commission was withdrawn in 1765 on account of his advocacy of the Stamp Act. He defended his position in American affairs in many pamphlets, but his views were controverted by Edmund Burke. Although opposed to American independence, he exhibited many liberal tendencies. He advocated American representation in the British Parliament, and defended the Quebec Act which granted many rights to Catholics. He died in England in 1810.

Although Georgia was not represented in the first Continental Congress, yet the spirit of liberty already prevailed there and made itself manifest in many ways. Lossing tells us the American Association was early established there and the lines between Whigs and Tories were distinctly drawn.

In Augusta, in the summer of 1775, a Tory named Thomas Brown having openly reviled the cause of the Republicans and having given at a dinner party a toast in which that cause was ridiculed, his arrest was ordered by the Parish Committee. Brown attempted to escape, but was captured and brought back. He was tried and sentenced to be tarred and feathered, and publicly exposed in a cart, to be drawn three miles, or until he was willing to confess his error and take oath that he would espouse the cause of the Americans. He took the latter course, but he speedily became a traitor and joined the British army. He was made a lieutenant colonel, and afterward, while commandant at Augusta and in other places, so fiercely retaliated upon his countrymen that he became notorious as one of the most cruel and blood-thirsty monsters of the war. Brown was appointed commandant of Augusta early in 1779. His forces consisted of 550 men, three hundred of whom were Indians. He sent out detachments to burn the dwellings of the patriots in the vicinity and incited the Indians to murder the inhabitants on the frontier.

Brown's authority for such diabolical action was a letter which Cornwallis had sent to the commanders of all the British outposts ordering that all those who had taken part in the revolt should be punished with the utmost vigor, and that those who would not turn out with the British should be imprisoned and their whole property taken from them or destroyed. Every militiaman who had borne arms in the King's service and afterward joined the Americans was to be immediately hanged. "Officers, soldiers, and citizens," says McCall, in his History of Georgia, "were brought up to the place of execution without

being informed why they had been taken out of prison. The next morning after the sanguinary order of Cornwallis reached Augusta five victims were taken from the jail by order of Colonel Brown, who all expired on the gibbet."

The Americans, under Colonel McCall, one of the Irish-Americans of South Carolina, and Colonel Elijah Clark, came near driving Brown out of Augusta on September 16, 1780. He sought refuge in a place called the White House, which he succeeded in holding until reinforcements reached him and the Americans were compelled to retreat.

On this occasion Captain Ashby and twenty-eight Americans were taken prisoners. Upon these Brown and his Indian allies glutted their thirst for revenge. Captain Ashby and twelve of the wounded were hanged upon the stairway of the White House, so that Brown might have the satisfaction of seeing their sufferings. Others were given up to the Indians to torture, scalp, and slay. "Terrible," writes Lossing, "were the demoniac acts at Augusta on that beautiful autumnal day, when the white and red savages contended for the meed of cruelty."

Colonel McCall soon after died of the smallpox and Colonel Clarke suffered from the same disease. Soon after his recovery he once more encountered Brown in an engagement near Coosawatchie, in Beaufort District, South Carolina, and had the misfortune to be again defeated. Several who were taken prisoners were hanged and their bodies given to the Indians to scalp and otherwise mutilate. This was Brown's common practice, and he was invariably encouraged in it by the highest authorities of the British army. Among the prisoners taken on this occasion was a young man named McCoy, the son of an Irish widow, who, with her family, had fled from Darien, in Georgia, into South Carolina. She went to Brown and implored the life of her son, who was only seventeen years of age. The miscreant's heart was unmoved, and the lad was not only hanged but his body was delivered to the Indians to mutilate by scalping and otherwise. All this occurred in the presence of the mother.

When Brown was finally captured by General Pickens, he and 334 of his fellow-prisoners who laid down their arms at the fall of Augusta, were allowed to go to Savannah on parole, and were marched down the river on the Carolina side under a strong guard. The Americans would have been justified in hanging him on the spot, but they showed their Christianity and civilization by extending to the wretch that mercy which he always denied them. They even saved him from instant death at the hands of a brother of young McCoy, whom he had so cruelly murdered, who, thirsting for revenge, endeavored to kill Brown, but

was prevented by the guard. While on the march to Savannah as a prisoner Brown was compelled to pass the residence of Mrs. McCoy. The Irish widow again confronted him and called to his remembrance his cruelty to her son. "As you are now a prisoner to the leaders of my country," she said, "for the present I lay aside all thoughts of revenge, but if you resume your sword I will go five hundred miles to demand satisfaction at the point of it for the murder of my son."

The British Colonel Grierson, Brown's fellow-commander at Augusta, and a monster equally as cruel and bloodthirsty, did not experience that mercy extended to the latter. When he was captured he was instantly killed by a Georgia rifleman, who, on account of cruelties inflicted upon his family by Grierson, could not be restrained from dealing a blow of vengeance. This rifleman was Captain Samuel Alexander, whose aged father had been a prisoner in Fort Cornwallis for some time, and was cruelly treated by both Brown and Grierson. The son was the deliverer of his father after he had justly killed Grierson.

Another woman of Irish lineage who distinguished herself in Georgia during the Revolutionary War, was Nancy Hart, who was born in Elbert County, Ga., in 1755, and died there in 1840. Although she did not possess the advantages of education, she was one of nature's noblewomen and a brave and zealous patriot. She supported the cause of Independence with many deeds of heroism and her name was a terror to the enemies of her country. On the occasion of a marauding expedition of the British from their camp at Augusta into the interior, a party of five of the enemy came to her cabin to pillage. While they were eating and drinking at her table she contrived to conceal their arms, and when they sprang to their feet at the sound of approaching neighbors, she ordered them to surrender or pay the forfeit with their lives. One man stirred and was shot dead. Terror of capture induced another to attempt escape, but he met with the same fate. When the neighbors arrived they found the woman posted in the doorway, two men dead on the floor and the others kept at bay. Hart County, Georgia, is named in honor of this heroine.

Colonel John Dooly, an Irishman, distinguished himself in Georgia during the Revolution. He entered the Continental Army in 1776 as captain, and rising to the rank of colonel, was very active in the neighborhood of Savannah until 1780, when a party of Tories sent out from Augusta by Brown, entered his house in Wilkes County at midnight and barbarously murdered him in the presence of his wife and children.

John Mitchell Dooly, the distinguished Georgia lawyer, must have been a son or a near relative of Colonel Dooly. Al-

though little is known of the early life of John Mitchell Dooly, or even the time he was admitted to the bar, his birthplace is given in Appleton's American Biography as Lincoln County, Georgia, the next county to Wilkes, where Colonel Dooly resided at the time of his murder. The date of his birth, too, 1772, corroborates the assumption that he was a near relative, if not a son, of the brave Revolutionary colonel.

But whether he was or not, John Mitchell Dooly reflected honor on his Irish name as a distinguished citizen of Georgia. He was appointed Solicitor-General of the Western Circuit of Georgia on September 2, 1802, and for many years served his State as judge and as a member of the Legislature. But it is chiefly as a great wit that Judge Dooly is still remembered. He was quick and brilliant in repartee, and, when provoked, would launch at his adversary the most biting sarcasm. Notwithstanding this powerful weapon with which nature had furnished him, he was a genial companion and utterly unselfish. The reports of his wise and witty sayings, handed down by tradition, have kept the bench and bar of Georgia supplied with anecdotes for half a century. He died on May 26, 1827.

Hugh McCall, the historian of Georgia, was one of the Irish-Americans who migrated into that State from South Carolina, where he was born in 1767. He joined the army as a sub-lieutenant in 1794 and rose to the rank of major. He served in the War of 1812 and was mustered out in 1815. He was made military storekeeper at Savannah, Ga., in 1818, and appointed to the same position at Charleston, S. C., in 1821. Of his history of Georgia Jared Sparks said that the work had its merits, but the author labored under disadvantages and his materials were scanty. He died in Savannah on June 10, 1824.

One of the most remarkable and talented men who ever left Ireland and settled in America was Oliver Pollock. He was a practical business man and achieved an immense fortune through native ability and honorable dealing. He rendered the most efficient aid to the struggling colonies in the hour of their direst distress, but he got into financial difficulties owing to the inability of the young Republic to repay him the advances he had made. His personal character and standing was of the highest and he was so filled with patriotic ardor that his whole life and fortune were freely devoted to the cause of his adopted country. He was a prominent member of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick and Hibernian Society of Philadelphia, and his life is made the subject of a lengthy notice in John H. Campbell's valuable history of those historic organizations.

Pollock was born in Ireland in 1737 and came to this coun-

try with his parents, who settled in Carlisle, Pa., in 1760. He removed to Havana, Cuba, in 1762, and engaged in mercantile pursuits. Soon after his arrival he became acquainted with Father Butler, a fellow-countryman and president of the Jesuit College, and through his influence was brought into intimate relations with Count Alexander O'Reilly, then Governor-General of Cuba, whose warm friendship he retained through life. Count O'Reilly was himself an Irishman, having been born in the old land in 1730. He entered the service of Spain, became a sublieutenant in the Hibernian Regiment, and rose rapidly to the rank of major-general.

In 1768 Pollock removed to New Orleans, then a small town of three thousand inhabitants, and settled there permanently. He traded with the cities on the American coast and also with Spain and France. In 1769 he went to Baltimore, Md., bought and fitted out a brig, loaded her with flour, and sailed for New Orleans. Meantime Count O'Reilly had been appointed Captain General and Governor of the Province of Louisiana, then in insurrection. Provisions ordered by O'Reilly not arriving, food got very scarce, and famine was imminent. Pollock's flour just then arrived at New Orleans, where it was selling at \$30 a barrel. He placed his cargo at the disposal of O'Reilly, requesting him to fix the price. This the Governor refused to do, but finally agreed to take the flour at \$15 a barrel. Pollock was given free trade there in consequence, which laid the foundation of the large fortune he afterward placed at the disposal of the American colonies. He espoused the cause of the Revolution and his services were rendered secretly and effectively. On July 10, 1776, Don Bernardo de Galvez was appointed Provisional Governor of Louisiana. Pollock was introduced to him by General Urizaga with the assurance that if Spain was going to assist Great Britain Pollock would not remain twenty-four hours, but if they took the part of France he was the only American or English merchant in whom the new Governor could confide.

Pollock accompanied Galvez as aide-de-camp against the British possessions. In 1779 he fitted out the West Florida as a vessel of war under the American colors. For the previous two years he prosecuted the cause of the colonies with great energy. On June 12, 1777, the Secret Committee of the United States (Franklin, Morris, Lee, and others), appointed him Commercial Agent of the United States at New Orleans. They directed him to send \$50,000 worth of goods, blankets, etc., to Philadelphia for the army. In 1778, when General George Rogers Clarke was sent by Governor Jefferson, of Virginia, to reduce the English posts at Vincennes, Pollock had already forwarded to Fort Pitt, now

Pittsburg, a large quantity of gunpowder from the stores of the King of Spain. In January, 1778, after Don Galvez had publicly recognized Pollock's official character, the Governor of Virginia ordered him to draw bills on France for \$65,000, to aid General Clarke. Virginia had deposited tobacco to meet these drafts, but the traitor, Benedict Arnold, destroyed it. Consequently the State was unable to pay, the bills were protested, and Pollock's property was seized by his creditors. He had also borrowed \$70,000 in specie, through Galvez, from the royal treasury, to aid General Clarke in defending the frontiers of Pennsylvania and Virginia, and gave his individual bond for the amount. From 1777 to 1783 he made advances to Virginia and to the United States, on the basis of his own credit, to the amount of \$300,000 in specie.

The Secret Committee of the United States embarrassed him very seriously by not responding to his drafts. In response to his appeal for remittances, under date of January 19, 1779, they recognized his claims and sacrifices, but lamented their inability to fulfill their pledges. Virginia was largely in the same situation. She sent him a draft on France for \$304,000 for his advances on May 4, 1780, but owing to the scarcity of specie he could not negotiate it. This worried him very much and prevented him from sending needful supplies to General Clarke and others. Securing a respectable American citizen named Patterson as a hostage, he left his family in 1781, and went to Richmond and Philadelphia. He appealed to Congress and to Virginia, but was met with irritating delays. On May 20, 1783, Congress appointed him as United States Agent at Havana. Leaving his claims before Congress represented by an attorney, he left for Havana. The Virginia bills of credit had been sent to that city for collection. On his arrival there all his property, his house, etc., with \$10,000 which was due him in Havana, were seized, himself arrested, and correspondence with the United States prohibited. He sent his family from Havana to Philadelphia, borrowing \$3,000 from a United States merchant, an Irishman named Thomas Plunkett, for that purpose. He was kept in custody for eighteen months, until Galvez arrived. Through his influence he was released, after executing a bond to the Spanish Minister to the United States for the sum due the Spanish treasury, \$151,696. Galvez also furnished him with a most flattering testimonial in regard to his former transactions with him.

On arriving in Philadelphia he at once visited Congress, then in session. General Clarke assisted him, and on December 18, 1785, he was awarded \$90,000. This award was not paid until 1791. He fitted out a vessel with flour in Philadelphia, sailed to Martinique, sold his cargo, and laid in another; then he sailed to

New Orleans and remained there eighteen months. In 1790 he was enabled to pay all claims against him, and returned to Philadelphia, April 3, 1792. Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, sent him \$108,605. This was not in full, however, and the United States still owes his heirs over \$100,000, with simple interest.

In 1791 or 1792 Pollock returned to Carlisle, Pa., where his son James was killed and his wife died, the latter sad event occurring on January 10, 1799. At this time he had become so poor that on May 30, 1800, he dates one letter from the debtor's prison, Philadelphia. Pollock was twice married, first about 1765 to Margaret O'Brien, born in Ireland in 1746, and descended through both parents from O'Brien of Clare and Kennedy of Ormond. She was the mother of all his children, eight in number. He was married the second time on November 2, 1805, by the Right Rev. John Carroll, D. D., at Baltimore, Md., to Mrs. Winifred Deady, widow of Daniel Deady, of Baltimore. He moved to Baltimore in 1806, and she died there on November 17, 1814, aged sixty, and was buried in the old Catholic Cemetery, Baltimore. At her death Pollock removed to the residence of his son-in-law, Dr. Samuel Robinson, at Pinckneyville, Miss., where he died at a great age on December 17, 1823.

The sums of money which Pollock advanced to the young Republic were fabulous for the time in which they were given, but they were donated with a free heart, and excelled in munificence the financial sacrifices of any other man, native or foreign-born, in the cause of American independence. Pollock's name may be forgotten now by present-day historians, but his deeds live in the growing glory of this Republic. And it must be remembered, too, that his wealth was bestowed when the American cause was at its lowest ebb, when its notes were not worth the paper on which they were written, when its brave defenders in the field, barefoot and naked, were famishing from cold and hunger, and when even the great heart of Washington himself was filled with the most gloomy forebodings. All honor to the man who rendered aid in such a hopeless and despairing hour. It will be an evil day for this Republic when such sacrifices are forgotten!

Many Irish-Americans became connected with the enterprises of Pollock in the wild regions of the South and West—that portion of the nation which was subsequently acquired by Jefferson through the Louisiana Purchase, the centennial anniversary of which was celebrated in 1904 with such éclat at the St. Louis Exposition. This purchase was brought about through the instrumentality of Pollock, and almost entirely by him alone. Even

at that early date this far-seeing and patriotic Irishman saw the great value of the vast territory and realized what a grand acquisition it would be for the nation. He traveled over it from end to end, he knew its lakes, its rivers, its glens and mountains, its charming scenery and mineral wealth, and to him Jefferson was especially indebted for his knowledge of the territory.

Foremost among the Irish-Americans who penetrated the virgin forests of this region was Simon Butler. He was born in Fauquier County, Va., April 3, 1755, his father being a native of Ireland. Lossing relates that he fled to the wilderness at the age of sixteen on account of an affray with a young man who had married his affianced. Believing he had killed his rival in a fight he went over the Alleghanies and became a noble pioneer in the march of western civilization, changing his name to Kenton, by which he was afterward more generally known. At Fort Pitt he formed an intimacy with Simon Girty, the desperate renegade of after years, and his daily companions were trappers and hunters. He had many encounters with the sons of the forest in their native wilds, and became a companion of Boone, and with him wrested Kain-tuck-ee from the red men. He joined Major Clarke at the Falls of the Ohio in 1778, and after the surprise of Kaskaskia he returned to Boonesborough. Toward the end of that year he was captured by the Indians and finally became a prison laborer in the hands of the British at Detroit. Aided by a trader's wife, he escaped in company with two fellow-prisoners, the renowned Captain Bullitt and Lieutenant Coffee, and arrived at the Falls, where the city of Louisville now stands, in July, 1779. Butler subsequently joined General George Rogers Clarke in his expeditions. In 1782, when he heard that he had not killed his rival in love and that his old father still lived, he went to Virginia, and after spending some time among the friends of his early youth, he returned to Kentucky, taking his father and family with him. On the way the old man died; the remainder of the family reached Butler's settlement in safety. From that period, until Wayne's expedition in 1793, he was much engaged in Indian warfare, and had many hair-breadth escapes and exciting adventures.

Poor Simon Butler experienced the bitter effects of wrong, ingratitude, and neglect. On account of some legal matters concerning his lands in Kentucky he was imprisoned for twelve months upon the very spot where he had built his cabin in 1775. In 1802, beggared by lawsuits and losses, he became landless. Yet he never murmured at the ingratitude which pressed him down, and in 1813 the veteran joined the Kentucky troops under Shelby and was in the battle of the Thames. In 1824, then seventy years old, he journeyed to Frankfort, in tattered garments and upon a

miserable horse, to ask the Legislature of Kentucky to release the claims of the State upon some of his mountain lands. He was stared at by the boys and shunned by the citizens, for none knew him. At length General Thomas Fletcher recognized him, gave him a new suit of clothes, and entertained him kindly. When it was known that Simon Butler was in town scores flocked to see the old hero. He was taken to the Capitol and seated in the Speaker's chair, his lands were released, and afterward Congress gave him a pension of \$240 a year. He died at the age of eighty-one years, in 1836, at his residence at the head of Mad River, Logan County, Ohio, in sight of the place where, fifty-eight years before, the Indians were about to put him to death.

The following account of Simon Butler's experience among the Indians is taken from the early history of Kentucky: "Soon after his capture the Indians painted him black and informed him that he would be burned at the stake when they reached Chillicothe. While on the way there they mounted him on an unbroken and unbridled horse, with his hands tied behind his body and his feet under the animal, which was then sent adrift through the bushes. The prancing of the wild horse through the dense thickets tore the clothes from Butler's back and the flesh from his bones, and he was more dead than alive when he arrived at Chillicothe.

"There they kept him tied to the stake for nearly twenty-four hours, but then decided that he should run the gauntlet between two rows of six hundred Indians, armed with every kind of hand-weapon known to savages. Butler was now told that he was to run between those files to the council-house, nearly a mile away, and that if he could get there he should be cleared. In a little while he broke through one of the files, but before he reached the council-house he was knocked down by a warrior with a club, severely beaten, and again taken into custody.

"In this distressed and miserable condition, when death would have been a relief, he was marched from town to town, often threatened to be burned at the stake, and frequently compelled to run the gauntlet.

"At the Upper Sandusky resided Simon Girty. Hearing that a white prisoner was in town he sought him out and fell upon him, threw him to the ground, and, to color his violence, accused him of horse-stealing. Butler, recognizing Girty, made himself known. They had been comrades and friends. Girty was astonished to find him in such a situation and offered him his hand and promised to save him from further injury and to obtain his release from captivity.

"A council was called, the case stated, and Girty's influence

obtained a decree of liberation in his favor. Girty now took Butler to his house, washed his wounds, and dressed him in a new suit of clothes. For five days he was at liberty and felt himself recovering both strength and spirits. Then the Indians compelled Girty to give him up, and he was marched away to Lower Sandusky to be burned.

"There he met Peter Drewyear, Indian Agent from Detroit, who obtained permission from the Indians to take Butler with him on his return home. At Detroit he was given partial freedom, and was rejoiced to meet some old friends from Kentucky who had been taken prisoners by the Indians. In a short time Butler and his friends found means of escape and returned to Kentucky in 1779, after a march of thirty days through the woods."

The settlement of Kentucky was commenced under the intrepid Daniel Boone, by whose side were many Irishmen. The historian of Kentucky observes, "For enterprise and daring courage none transcended Major Hugh McGrady. A Harland, a McBride, and a Chaplain deserve also to be mentioned." The second Kentucky settlement was formed in 1773 by James and Robert McAfee, and the third, in 1775, by Benjamin Logan, an Irish Pennsylvanian. Simon Butler, McLellan, and Hogan, all Irishmen, were not only pioneers of Kentucky, but were among the first to explore the country beyond the Ohio. The same hardy race of backwoodsmen also sent out the first successful pioneers on the greater current of the Mississippi, to mark along its banks the sites of future settlements.

With reference to Major Hugh McGrady, mentioned above, McGee states that there was a famous family of that name in Mayo, Ireland, whose decay an Irish bard of the Jacobite era thus pathetically laments:

"Tis my grief that Patrick Loughlin is not
 Earl in Erris still;
 That Brian Duff no longer rules as
 Lord upon the Hill;
 That Colonel Hugh McGrady should
 Be lying stark and low—
 And I sailing, sailing swiftly
 From the County of Mayo."

Another of those sturdy Irish pioneers who helped to open up the Southern wilderness was Colonel David Crockett, who was born in Green County, Tenn., on August 17, 1786, and who died in Texas on March 6, 1836, having given up his life for the freedom of that State. His father, a Revolutionary hero of Irish birth, moved to Eastern Tennessee after the war and established a tavern on the road from Knoxville to Abingdon. Young Crock-

ett was wild in his youth, paid little heed to schools, and roamed at will from one place to another. He became a famous hunter and was such an expert with his gun that the story is told of him that, having treed a coon, the latter, recognizing him, called out: "Don't shoot, Colonel; I'll come down, as I know I'm a gone coon."

Though he was only six months at school altogether he was possessed of great native ability and was renowned for his wise and witty sayings, one of which was "Be sure you're right, then go ahead." A rich vein of Irish wit and humor, mixed with wisdom and generosity, was a notable feature of his composition.

He served through the Creek war with distinction and soon afterward was made a magistrate of the wild and desolate region in which he lived. He was twice elected to the Legislature, winning his way there by telling amusing stories and his great skill with the rifle. He served three terms in Congress, and was one of the most popular men in Washington, where he became noted not only for his eccentric manner, but for his strong common sense and shrewdness. He prided himself on his independence, and thus set forth his position: "I am at liberty to vote as my conscience and judgment dictate to be right, without the yoke of any party on me, or the driver at my heels, with his whip in hand, commanding me to gee-whoa-haw at his pleasure."

He joined the Texans in their struggle for independence, and having performed many brave exploits in their behalf, ended his adventurous life in the famous defense of the Alamo Fort at San Antonio, where, as one of the six survivors of a gallant band of 140 Texans, he surrendered to Santa Anna, only to be foully massacred by that tyrants' orders.

These sketches necessarily represent only a few of the leading characters of our race who achieved honor and renown in the early days of Georgia and the vast section lying westward and southward of her borders. During the Revolution large numbers of our countrymen crossed over into Georgia from North and South Carolina, and not only helped her to drive out the British invaders, but remained to establish her institutions and build up her trade and commerce. They founded families who have since distinguished themselves in all the walks of life and shed lustre alike on Ireland and America.

CHAPTER X.

IRISH EFFORT IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF DELAWARE.

Though Delaware is the second smallest State which originally formed the American Union, its voice was one of the strongest in favor of freedom and independence. From its earliest days Irishmen took a leading part in its affairs, its two signers of the Declaration of Independence, Thomas McKean and George Read, being Irish-Americans, while its first Governor, John McKinly, and its leading educator, the Rev. Francis Allison, were native-born Irishmen, the latter having been born in the County of Donegal and was one of the greatest classical scholars of his time.

One of the most distinguished settlers in the early part of the eighteenth century was John Read, who was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1688, and died at his seat in Delaware on June 17, 1756. Having received a severe shock by the death of a young lady to whom he was attached, he came to the American colonies with a view of diverting his mind, and, being possessed of great wealth, entered into extensive enterprises in Delaware and Maryland. He purchased soon after his arrival a large landed estate in Cecil County, Maryland, and founded, with six associates, the city of Charlestown on the headwaters of Chesapeake Bay, twelve years after Baltimore was begun, with the intention of creating a rival mart for the Northern trade, and thus developing Northern Maryland and Delaware, sections in which the older generations of the Washington family, and, at a later period, the General himself, were also largely interested. As an original proprietor of the town he was appointed by the colonial legislature of Maryland commissioner to lay out and govern it. He held various military offices and other positions of honor during his life, and in his later years resided on his plantation in Newcastle, Delaware.

His eldest son, George Read, signer of the Declaration of Independence, was born on September 17, 1733, and died in Newcastle, Delaware, September 21, 1798. He was one of the two statesmen, and the only Southern one, that signed the great State papers that underlie the foundations of our government, viz., the original petition to the King of the First Continental Congress, the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States. He received a classical education and at nineteen was admitted to the Philadelphia bar. He removed in 1754

to Newcastle, Del., where the family had large landed estates. He was for twelve years Attorney-General of the colony, and while holding that office repeatedly pointed out to the British government the danger of taxing the colonies without representation in Parliament, and in 1765 he prophesied that a continuance of such a policy would ultimately lead not only to independence, but to the colonies surpassing England in her staple manufactures. He was a member of the Colonial Assembly of Delaware for twelve years, and wrote an address to the King which Lord Shelburne said so impressed George III that the lazy monarch read it twice.

Realizing that England would not do justice to America he resigned his office under the government and was elected to the first American Congress, which met in Philadelphia, in 1774. Although he voted against independence he finally signed the Declaration, and was thenceforth one of the most zealous supporters of the American cause. He was president of the first naval committee in 1775; of the Constitutional Convention in 1776; author of the first constitution of Delaware, and the first edition of her laws; vice president of Delaware, and president of that State after the capture of John McKinly by the British.

As a delegate to the Constitutional Convention in 1787 he ably advocated the rights of the smaller States to an equal representation in the United States Senate. He served in the latter body from 1789 to 1793, when he resigned to assume the office of Chief Justice of Delaware, which position he filled until his death. In person George Read was tall, slightly and gracefully formed, with pleasing features and lustrous brown eyes. His manners were dignified, courteous, and at times captivating. He commanded entire confidence, not only from his profound legal knowledge, sound judgment, and impartial decisions, but from his severe integrity and the purity of his private character.

Thomas and James Read, brothers of George, distinguished themselves both in the army and navy, and had many positions of honor and trust. In his obituary of Thomas Read, Robert Morris said: "While integrity, benevolence, patriotism, and courage, united with the most gentle manners, are respected and admired among men, the name of this valuable citizen and soldier will be revered and loved by all who knew him."

A glance at only one branch of the family tree planted by John Read will serve as an illustration of hundreds of Irish families who served this country with equal distinction:

John Read, the founder, born in Dublin, Ireland—1688-1756.

George Read, his eldest son, signer of the Declaration of Independence, etc., etc.—1733-1798.

John Read, George's son, agent-general under President Adams, member of the Supreme and Common Councils of Philadelphia and President of the Philadelphia Bank—1769-1854.

John Meridith Read, John's son, one of the ablest lawyers of his time, Solicitor-General of the United States and Chief Justice of Pennsylvania from 1860 until his death—1797-1874.

John Meridith Read, John Meridith's son, diplomatist, United States Consul-General to France and Minister to Greece under President Grant—1837-1896.

It will thus be seen that the influence of the family founded by John Read, of Dublin, extended from the earliest colonial times down to our own day and was always exercised for the best interests of the nation.

Is it not passing strange that the great services of such men seem unknown to many so-called historians and college professors? To our mind such ignorance can only be accounted for by downright prejudice or the baleful influence of the secret service fund of England.

Small as Delaware is, it produced some of the greatest men of the Revolution, and foremost among them was Thomas McKean, who rendered services to the nation of paramount importance and was unsurpassed in his ability and devotion even by Washington himself. He stood boldly out among the great men of his time, the superior of many of them, and the equal of the very highest in loftiness of character, scope of action, untiring energy, and the most daring and zealous patriotism.

And McKean was as true to the old land of his fathers as he was to the new land of his own birth. Though born in America, he was a genuine Irishman, and his opinions in this regard were so strong and so well known that, as Historian Campbell informs us, he was chosen unanimously as the first president of the Hibernian Society when it was founded in 1790.

Thomas McKean was born in New London, Chester County, Pa., on March 19, 1734. He was the son of William McKean and Laetitia Finney, both natives of Ireland, and was educated by the Irish scholar, the Rev. Francis Allison, in his renowned school at Newcastle, Del. He studied law in the same town in the office of his kinsman, Mr. David Finney, and was admitted to the bar and occupied several positions of trust before he was of age. In 1756 he was appointed Deputy Attorney-General of Delaware; in 1758-9 he was clerk of the Assembly, and in 1762 he was appointed to codify the laws of the State passed previous to 1752.

In the October election of 1762 he was chosen a Representative to the Delaware Assembly, and was re-elected for seventeen

successive years, during the last six of which he resided in Philadelphia. In 1764 he was appointed a trustee of the Newcastle Loan Office, and held the position for twelve years. In 1765 he was sent as Delaware's representative to the Stamp-Act Congress, where he succeeded in establishing the principle that each State be given an equal voice. He was one of the most influential members of this Congress, was on the committee that drew up the memorial to the Lords and Commons, and revised the whole proceedings of the session with John Rutledge and Philip Livingstone. On the last day, when business was concluded, after Timothy Ruggles, the president of the body, and a few other timid members had refused to sign the memorial of the rights and grievances, McKean arose, and addressing the chair, insisted that the president give his reasons for his refusal. After a pause Ruggles remarked that it was against his conscience, whereupon McKean rung the changes on the word conscience so loudly and so long that a challenge was given and accepted between himself and Ruggles in the presence of the Congress, but Ruggles left the next morning at daybreak, and the duel did not take place.

This was ten years before the Revolution, and few men were then as bold and fearless as McKean in advocating the principles of liberty and independence. The nerve and ability displayed by him in the Congress of 1765 procured for him the warm approval of his constituents and a unanimous vote of thanks from the Assembly. It insured also his rapid rise in the confidence of the people. In November, 1765, after he had been appointed judge of the Common Pleas and Orphans' Court, of Newcastle, he ordered that all proceedings be recorded on unstamped paper. This was a virtual defiance of English law in America, and to McKean belongs the honor of being the first judge to issue such an order.

McKean was collector of the port of Newcastle in 1771, Speaker of the House of Representatives in 1772, and from 1774 till 1783 was a member of the Continental Congress. He was the only member that served in Congress from its opening till independence was established. At the time of his first election he was a resident of Pennsylvania, but his old constituents still claimed him as their own, and throughout the whole period of the Revolution, a space of eight and a half years, he continued to represent Delaware in Congress. During this period he devoted himself entirely to the American cause and distinguished himself in procuring arms and ammunition from abroad and in conducting the financial business of the young Republic. He was of the committee which drew up the Articles of Confederation. The

Declaration of Independence found no more active advocate or firm supporter than McKean, and he was among the signers of that immortal document. When the preliminary vote was taken on July 2, 1776, all the States declared in favor of it except Pennsylvania and Delaware. The latter State had three members. Mr. McKean voted for it, Mr. Read voted against it, and Mr. Rodney was absent. Seeing that the vote of his State was likely to be lost, McKean sent a messenger at his own expense to summon the absent member, who arrived in time to vote for the measure, thus carrying the State in its favor.

On July 5, 1776, it was ordered that the associated militia who could be furnished with arms should proceed without delay to New Jersey, there to remain until a flying column of ten thousand men could be formed to relieve them. McKean was colonel of one of these regiments, and promptly marched at its head to Perth Amboy to the support of Washington. As soon as the flying column was recruited, it took the place of the militia and they returned home, McKean resuming his seat in Congress and affixing his name to the parchment copy of the Declaration of Independence, which had been generally signed on August 2, during his absence in camp. Having been elected during his absence a member of the Constitutional Convention of Delaware, he departed for Newcastle on the second day after returning home. Immediately upon his arrival, after a fatiguing ride, he was waited upon by a committee who requested him to prepare a Constitution. To this he consented. He retired to his room in the tavern, sat up all night, and having prepared it without a book or any assistance whatever, presented it at 10 o'clock the next morning to the Convention, when it was unanimously adopted. This manifestation of ability to perform herculean labors brought him an endless variety of public employments.

On July 28, 1777, he was prevailed upon to accept the office of Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, and continued to fill its onerous duties for the long period of twenty-two years. During 1777 he acted as President of Delaware, so that in addition to being a member of Congress and Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, he was at the same time the Chief Magistrate of Delaware. The British army was then occupying Philadelphia, and McKean describes himself, in a letter to his intimate friend, John Adams, as "hunted like a fox by the enemy, compelled to remove my family five times in three months, and at last fixed them in a little log hut on the banks of the Susquehanna, but they were soon obliged to move again on account of the incursions of the Indians."

On December 25, 1780, he wrote to the Legislature of Delaware asking to be excused from further attendance upon Con-

gress on account of his inability to perform so many duties to his satisfaction, but they refused to accede to his request, and upon July 10, 1781, he was elected President of Congress. While acting in that capacity he had the honor of receiving General Washington's dispatches announcing the surrender of Cornwallis and the virtual ending of the war.

The period during which McKean was Chief Justice of Pennsylvania was one of the most important in the history of the State. The country was in the midst of revolution when he came to the bench, laws were unsettled, and new interpretations of them had to be made. Among other important matters he had to consider the forfeiture of the proprietary possessions. Mr. McKean was noted for the great prudence and wisdom of his rulings, and as being fully equal to the great task. In 1787 he was a member of the Pennsylvania Convention which ratified the Constitution of the United States. Two years later he was a leading member of the Convention which framed the new Constitution of Pennsylvania, where he introduced and advocated the clause providing for the establishment of common schools. In 1799 he was elected Governor of Pennsylvania, and held that exalted office until the expiration of his third term, December 20, 1808, when he retired altogether from public life.

In politics McKean belonged to the Republican-Democratic party, and his policy as a leader paved the way for the accession of Thomas Jefferson to the Presidency. All through his long and varied public life Mr. McKean was deeply appreciated and held in the highest esteem by his colleagues. Thomas Jefferson says "he was among the soundest and most zealous of the Republicans with whom it has been my fortune to act through life." And John Adams, in writing to McKean's son, said: "Your father and Caesar Rodney were among the Patrick Henrys, the Christopher Gadsdens, the Thomas Jeffersons, the Samuel Adamses, the Roger Shermans—the best tried and firmest pillars of the Revolution."

During the course of his long life Mr. McKean took a leading part in many learned societies, and no less than three colleges bestowed upon him the degree of doctor of laws. He was married twice, the first time, in July, 1763, to Mary, daughter of Joseph Borden, of Bordentown, N. J., who died ten years later, leaving two sons and four daughters. He married Sarah Armistage, of Newcastle, Del., on September 3, 1774, and five children were the result of the union, making him the father of eleven children in all. He died on June 24, 1817, aged eighty-three years, and was buried in the grounds of the Presbyterian Church in Market street, Philadelphia.

Two of his sons, Joseph Borden McKean and Thomas McKean, Jr., occupied prominent positions in public life, and were active members of the Philadelphia Hibernian Society. William Winster McKean, son of Joseph Borden, became a commodore in the United States Navy. Many other members of the family founded by William McKean and Laetitia Finney, both born and brought up in Ireland, distinguished themselves in the history of this republic, and even to this day occupy leading positions in public and private life.

Many Irish families settled in Delaware before the Revolution and Irish names are frequently met with in the public records of the time. Colonel Thomas Plunkett, whose name we have already mentioned in connection with Oliver Pollock, in Cuba, was one of the leading merchants in the colony, and Thomas Neill was another distinguished citizen.

John McKinly, the first governor of Delaware after independence was proclaimed, was an Irishman. He was born in Ireland on February 24, 1724. He studied medicine before leaving his native land, emigrated to this country and settled in Wilmington, Del. Soon after his arrival he began the practice of medicine and attained the highest rank in his profession while still a very young man.

Though devoted to his duties as a physician he found time to take an active part in the public affairs of his adopted country and became a warm advocate of independence. Thomas McKean and George Read, the signers of the Declaration, imbibed their first principles of patriotism from his teachings, he being about ten years their senior, and he would have been honored with the highest representative positions but for the fact that the practice of his profession kept him at home. As it was, he was called to many local positions of trust, and in 1777 he was elected the first governor of the new State.

The English, however, did not permit him to enjoy his distinguished position in peace very long. On September 12, 1777, the night after the battle of the Brandywine, a party of British soldiers were sent to Wilmington to seize the person of the governor and secure all the plunder they could carry away. They broke into his house in the dead of night, destroyed everything they could not remove, and took him from his bed, subjecting him to many indignities. He was hurried on board a boat which the robbers had seized and loaded with their plunder, together with the public records of the State and county, plate, jewels, etc., and conveyed to the English camp.

The British invaders were then marching on Philadelphia and all lower Pennsylvania and Delaware were made to feel the

heavy hand of English civilization. The women and children were the greatest sufferers, being without the strong arms of their husbands and fathers, who were away with the patriot army, to protect them from the brutal soldiers. For many miles on each side of the track of the British army the country was laid waste, all dwelling houses were robbed and burned, and the people themselves subjected to the cruelest torture.

Governor McKinly was kept in prison until August, 1778, when he was allowed to return to Wilmington on parole. He died there on August 31, 1796, after a long, honorable, and useful life.

In our references to the efforts of Irishmen and Irish-Americans in the Colonial days of this country we have been most careful in all our statements and have claimed nothing in behalf of our people which cannot be substantiated by the official records. But it has proved a most difficult undertaking and one that requires the most painstaking research and patient study. As we have before remarked, a conspiracy seems to have existed for many years, especially since the close of the Civil War for the purpose of changing or destroying those portions of American history which refer to Irishmen. The prejudice which existed in the early days against our people on account of their religion cannot be held responsible for these crimes, because many of our countrymen who came hither in those times were not of the Catholic faith. The Protestants and Presbyterians have suffered equally with the Catholics in this regard.

In Ireland the Protestant Fanatics and Wolfe Tones were given to the torture and the gallows with the same vengeance as were the Catholics. It was a question into which religion did not enter. Those who raised their voices for justice to Ireland, whether they were Catholics or Protestants, were equally given over to persecution and death. When the vengeance of England followed Irishmen to this country the same rule was adopted and to this spirit can be traced the manner in which the claims of our people have been ignored.

In addition to this the English government, at the conclusion of the Civil War, when it found that it could not destroy this country by open hostility, resolved on a new method of pretended friendship, which, while it showed a fair face, was more deadly at heart than the old system to the principles and well-being of this Republic. It was then determined to distort and rewrite American history—to change it to a record of justification and glory as far as England was concerned—and from that time forth American patriots have suffered at the hands of so-called historians just as much as the Irish. The Revolution

is made out a mistake if not a penal offense, and the Declaration of Independence is derided as a lot of glittering generalities. This course has been followed with persistency for the past forty years in all lines of literature, nearly all reference to American patriotism has been expunged from our school books and histories abound which actually apologize for the establishment of this Republic.

These books are laughed at as silly by American adults, but they are doing well the work marked out for them among the children, and the generation now coming into active life fall far behind their fathers as genuine Americans. They do not take sufficient interest in the ideal of the fathers and permit public acts more becoming an empire than a republic to pass without protest or even comment. Unless this is changed serious consequences will result, and the United States government—the grandest political institution the world has ever seen—will gradually pass away.

It therefore behooves the American people to bestir themselves in this direction and restore the country to its former basis of true liberty and independence. Many of them, we are glad to see, already realize the threatened danger, and foremost among these are the Hon. Hugh Hastings, State Librarian of New York, who has already done much in the publication of true American records, and Counsellor James A. McCormick, of Syracuse, who takes a deep interest in all that pertains to the history of the Irish race in America.

In rescuing the names of Irishmen and Irish-Americans from the oblivion into which England seeks to cast them, we are only doing a simple duty. We believe their memories should be held as sacred as those of the native Americans by whose side they fought and in whose trials and hardships they so fully and so freely shared. They bore the brunt of battle and sacrificed their fortunes and their lives in the cause of American independence and their names must be restored to the roll of honor of this Republic.

We take a deep national pride in their achievements, but claim for them only justice and fair play. We have not overstated their sacrifices nor attached undue importance to their deeds. On the contrary, we have left many things unsaid in their behalf owing to difficulties in reaching sources of information and the inaccessible holes and corners in which they are hidden away.

The following letter from Counsellor McCormick, to whom we have just alluded, in addition to pointing out an important fact, contains testimony as to the modesty of our claims, and

more than bears out our assertions that Irishmen and their sons and daughters have played a highly important and leading part in the history of this nation:

"Dear Sir—Being interested in your story of the Irish in the American Revolution, I think that you may be pleased to have your attention called to a few facts, as to which you have so far said nothing in your history.

"The present State Historian of New York, the Hon. Hugh Hastings—by the way, himself the son of an Irishman, like myself, and born here—has published the Colonial Records. In the second volume you can find a roster of all the soldiers raised in New York during the war between England and France—1756-1763—which gives the birthplace of every man. If my memory serves me right—and I had occasion to go carefully through the list—fully one-third of the same gave Ireland as their place of birth, while of the remaining two-thirds a very large percentage of the names, though given as native born, were distinctively Irish. At any rate, a comparatively small percentage of the foreign-born were credited to England, and a very insignificant quota to Scotland and North Britain, a few to Germany and France respectively.

"When President Roosevelt was governor of New York, in 1899, he attended a dinner given by the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick at the Albany Club, at which I attended, being then a member of that club and of the association named. Governor Roosevelt, in the course of his address on that occasion, stated that he was one-third Irish blood, though his patronymic was derived from one who came from Holland some two hundred years ago; that he doubted if there was a family in the United States to-day that could trace its ancestry in this country for one hundred years or more that had not a mixture of Irish blood; that it was this strain of the fighting race that gave Americans the martial spirit from the French war in 1756, through the Revolution, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, and above all, the War of the Rebellion. Especially, he said, that the fighting qualities of the South, in the latter conflict, came from that race and its descendants.

"Perhaps the Governor had in mind some of the incidents related in his 'Winning of the West,' wherein he traces the Irish—not the Scotch-Irish, as he erroneously calls them—from Pennsylvania to the region of Kentucky and Tennessee, whence they and their offspring marched to the conquest of Ferguson at King's Mountain, and subsequently took part in the Texas and Mexican wars. Perhaps, too, he had in mind old Jack Barry, Perry, Stewart, and McDonough, and the famous Irish captains of the several wars."

CHAPTER XI.

THE DECADE BEFORE THE WAR.

The American Revolution may be said to have begun with the passage of the Stamp Act by the British Parliament in 1765, though no blood was shed for some years after. Owing to the storm which its passage created in America the act was repealed in 1766, but in the short year of its hated life it had enkindled a flame which spread with wonderful rapidity and was never quenched until the whole country was in a red blaze of revolution.

The Stamp Act was passed on March 22, 1765, but it did not become a law until the 1st of November following. It taxed all kinds of legal and public documents, newspapers, almanacs, playing cards, dice, and advertisements in public prints, and the tax ranged from one-half penny to six pounds sterling, according to the nature of the document on which the stamps were to be affixed.

Before the act went into effect a Colonial Congress was held in New York to protest against it and state the rights of the people. Nine of the colonies were represented at the Congress, and the remaining four expressed their willingness to be guided by its action. The Congress met October 7, 1765, and remained in session nineteen days. Its action consisted of an address to the King, petitions to Parliament, and a declaration of the rights and grievances of the people. It protested that the colonists could only be taxed by their own representatives in colonial assemblies, claimed the inherent right of trial by jury, and declared the Stamp Act to have a manifest tendency to subvert the rights and liberties of the colonies. The British King and Parliament spurned the declaration as the pronouncement of an unconstitutional gathering.

Among the delegates to this Congress were John Rutledge and Thomas Lynch, of South Carolina; Thomas McKean, of Delaware, and George Bryan, of Pennsylvania. The three former, whose careers we have already alluded to, were Irish-Americans, whose fathers were born in Ireland, and the latter was a native-born Irishman. We have seen how Thomas McKean called Timothy Ruggles to account for not signing the proceedings of the Congress, and how the latter ran away from the challenge which his cowardice called forth. As McKean intimated, Ruggles proved a traitor and subsequently fought against his countrymen at the head of a corps of loyalists.

These four delegates with Irish blood in their veins were among the ablest men in the Congress. From the history of the land of their fathers they were acquainted with England's policy and knew what to expect at her hands. Consequently they were bolder and more outspoken than the rest and inspired their colleagues with the spirit of independence which they themselves possessed.

George Bryan had already distinguished himself in Pennsylvania and had earned the confidence of its people as an able and trustworthy man. He was born in Dublin in 1731 and came to America in early life. He was the first Governor of Pennsylvania after independence was declared, and while in that position proposed a measure for the gradual abolition of slavery in the State. "In divesting the State of slaves," he said, "you will equally serve the cause of humanity and offer to God one of the most proper and best returns of gratitude for His great deliverance of us and our posterity from thralldom." These words of charity and wisdom inaugurated a movement which gradually wiped out the stain of slavery from the great State of Pennsylvania. In 1780 Bryan was appointed a judge of the Supreme Court and retained that position until his death, on January 27, 1791. George Bryan was in every way a most fit and proper person to send as delegate to what may be called the first National Congress which the Americans held to establish their freedom and independence.

Long before the Colonial Congress assembled to protest against the Stamp Act the people everywhere were loud in their denunciations of the new law, and in many places popular indignation found vent in disorder and violence.

The Virginia Assembly was in session when the all important news reached that colony. Patrick Henry, the youngest and newest member in the House, tore a fly-leaf from an old book and wrote five resolutions upon it condemning the act, which he presented in due form. These resolutions declared that "the General Assembly of this colony have the sole right and power to levy taxes and impositions upon the inhabitants, and that every attempt to vest such power in any other person or persons whatsoever had a manifest tendency to destroy British as well as American freedom."

Had the lightning from heaven fallen in the midst of that staid old aristocratic assembly its members could not have been more wildly astounded. Even the boldest among them were alarmed, while the timid grew pale with fear and the loyalists were almost choked with indignation. Many threats were used

against the young orator, and he was abused without stint by the willing slaves of England.

But Henry rose above them all—his wonderful genius was aroused in all its power and majesty, and in the violent debate which followed his eloquence, sometimes deeply pathetic, at other times filled with crushing denunciation, fell on the assembly with all the force of thunderbolts. At the height of his peroration, in ringing, bell-like tones, he exclaimed: "Caesar had his Brutus—Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third——"

"Treason," cried the excited Speaker, and "Treason, treason," was shouted from all parts of the excited assembly.

Henry did not falter for a moment. Rising to his full height and fixing his eyes, beaming with the fire of exalted genius, upon Robinson, the Speaker, he concluded his sentence with—"may profit by their example. If this be treason make the most of it."

When Henry sat down many of those who afterwards became ardent patriots rose to oppose him, but their efforts were in vain, and Henry's voice went forth as the voice of Virginia and gave the first great impulse to the storm of revolution which was fast sweeping over the land.

It is stated by many authorities that Patrick Henry was of Scotch origin, but Mr. J. M. Henry, of Brookneal, Va., his great-grandson, recently asserted that the distinguished patriot was the son of an Irish lieutenant in the English army.

This storm was allayed for a little while by the repeal of the Stamp Act, but as this action was soon followed by the enactment of the Revenue law, which was the old Stamp Act under a business name and equally repulsive to the American people, the spirit of resistance again appeared in all its old intensity.

The arrival in Boston of the Stamp Masters, which this new Revenue law created, and the exciting events which followed, made that city for a while the chief center of patriotic action. The Royal Governor endeavored to enforce the new laws in the most offensive manner, but he was met with the determined opposition of the people. John Hancock, Boston's leading merchant, refused to acknowledge the Revenue laws, and landed the cargo of his ship, *Liberty*, in defiance of the Stamp Masters. His ship was seized by the government, and in retaliation the people burned the vessel belonging to the Stamp Masters. Governor Bernard dissolved the Provincial Assembly, but its members immediately met as a convention, and the day after its adjournment, September 27, 1768, two British regiments, accompanied by an imposing fleet, arrived in Boston Harbor, sent expressly by General Page, commander of the British forces in North America, to "subdue the insolent town of Boston."

On a Sunday morning the fleet sailed up the harbor, invested the town, and under cover of its guns the troops were landed with charged muskets, fixed bayonets, colors flying, drums beating, and all the pomp and panoply of war, calculated to strike terror into the inhabitants. Cannons were placed around the town house, citizens were challenged in the streets and insulted by the soldiers, and for the first time the people of Boston got a real taste of British rule.

But the people were not cowed. They became greatly exasperated and were soon filled with a deep and abiding hatred of the soldiers. In the midst of all this military coercion, accompanied, as it was, by the brutal taunts and insults of the soldiers—who were encouraged to ride rough-shod over the most sacred feelings of the colonists—the people of Boston firmly resolved to import no taxable goods from England from January, 1769, to January, 1770. This nonimportation agreement was indorsed all over the country. Without the aid of any central agency it flew from colony to colony on the wings of the wind, and soon aroused an agitation against England as intense and deep as that engendered by the Stamp Act.

Matters grew rapidly worse all over the country, but in Boston, where the initiative was generally taken in all new methods of opposition to English law, and where the people were face to face with the outrages of the soldiers, events took on a more desperate hue than elsewhere, and finally resulted in a massacre of the people and the destruction of the tea in Boston Harbor.

In all the events which occurred in Boston between the passage of the Stamp Act and the opening of actual hostilities, when the gun was fired that was heard around the world, the Irish people took a most prominent part.

The Boston massacre, in which five men were killed and many wounded, occurred on March 5, 1770, and was the result, pure and simple, of the insolent and ruffianly conduct of the soldiers. The riot which followed was speedily quelled, but its spirit lived in the minds of the people. James Hamilton Murray, in his article on "Some Patricks in the Revolution," thus speaks of one of the victims of the Boston massacre, an Irishman named Patrick Carr:

"Patrick Carr was a victim of the Boston massacre in 1770. Although the Revolution was not formally inaugurated until later, still I include him for the reason that the great struggle had in reality begun. Daniel Webster, speaking of the massacre, said: 'From that moment we may date the severance of the British Empire;' and John Adams declared that 'on that night the foundation of American independence was laid.' A monument com-

memorating the victims of the British volley has been erected on Boston Common. High up on the column appears in letters of granite the name of Patrick Carr, together with those of the men who perished with him."

After this massacre the conflict thickened in Massachusetts and quarrels followed each other in quick succession. The action of the British government became more and more tyrannical as the years rolled on. Coercion became the order of the day and the people rose to meet it with wonderful determination. "During the years from 1769 to 1773," writes Michael Doheny, "the other colonies were rather sympathetic observers of, than sharers in, the struggle of Massachusetts, and that struggle was indicated in no fixed plan and no direct object. A sense of insecurity kept the public in a continual ferment, and it manifested itself in a thousand ways and through the most trifling incidents. In 1773 affairs took a new turn; the resolution of nonimportation remained unrelaxed, and was sustained by a resolution of nonconsumption. This was the crowning proof of determination and patriotism. Harder, far, to resist the decrees of fashion and the requirements of conventional taste than even popular prejudice. But in this instance all yielded to the strong will of the nation. Tea, the most delightful beverage, borrows its chief enhancement from the universal approval of the female world; and yet delicate women, ladies of fashion, proscribed it as though it were a filthy drug; its presence at any table was deemed a blight upon all the refinements of elegance and luxury.

"To overcome this feeling interest and ambition combined. The East India Company proposed to the English minsters to transfer large cargoes of the hated article to America and sell it at a low price. The plan was approved of and speedily executed. The vessels had not put to sea when America, from her inmost settlement to her shore, rang with denunciation. The obnoxious weed was regarded as an avenging sword and with its progress over the waters arose indications of resistance and of gloom. Such was the feeling that in most of the American seaports the captains of the East India merchantmen refused to enter the bays.

"In Boston it was different; the avarice or obstinacy of Governor Hutchinson secured the detention of the tea ships in the harbor. The people concerted in the utmost alarm. Resistance by nonconsumption was voted to be tedious and insecure; they feared the process and the temptation and boldly resolved to destroy the tea. Seventeen men in the guise of Indians boarded the vessels and emptied much of their cargo into the sea. Whatever may be said of the justice of this act it was decisive, and its justification is necessarily involved in the feeling on the minds

of the people that nothing remained to them but the hazard and the chances of the last resort."

The destruction of the tea in Boston Harbor occurred on the night of December 16, 1773. On the afternoon of that date the largest meeting ever held in Boston took place in the Old South Church and vicinity, and it was while that meeting was in session that the destruction of the tea was secretly and finally resolved upon. John Quincy, then in his twenty-ninth year, was the principal speaker at the meeting, and the earnest words which he solemnly uttered, not only nerved the men to destroy the tea, but were wonderfully prophetic of the great upheaval which was about to thrill the country from end to end.

"It is not," he said, "the spirit that vapors within these walls that will stand us in stead. The exertions of this day will make a very different spirit necessary for our salvation. Whoever supposes that shouts and hosannas will terminate the trials of the day entertains a childish fancy. We must be grossly ignorant of the importance and value of the prize for which we contend; we must be equally ignorant of the power of those who have combined against us; must be blind to that malice, inveteracy, and insatiable revenge which actuate our enemies in public and private, abroad and in our bosom, to hope that we shall end this controversy without the sharpest conflicts; to flatter ourselves that popular resolves, popular harangues, popular acclamations, and popular vapor will vanquish our foes."

At the conclusion of Mr. Quincy's speech the question was put: "Will you abide by your former resolution to prevent the tea being landed?" and the vast audience answered in the affirmative in a mighty and unanimous voice. Mr. Roch, the proprietor of one of the teaships, who had been sent to the Governor for a permit to move his vessel from the harbor, returned as darkness was closing in with the information that the Governor had refused the permit. At that moment, while the audience was greatly excited, a person disguised as a Mohawk Indian raised a warwhoop in the gallery, which was answered from without. Another voice in the gallery shouted, "Boston Harbor a teapot to-night. Hurrah for Griffin's Wharf!"

A motion was then made to adjourn, and the people in great confusion crowded into the streets. Several persons in disguise were seen crossing Fort Hill in the direction of Griffin's Wharf and were followed by the multitude. The proceedings at the wharf were conducted in an orderly and systematic manner. Lossing says about one hundred and forty men, fifteen or twenty of whom were disguised as Indians, went on board the ships, took the chests from the holds and threw them into the harbor,

thus destroying 342 chests of tea. No injury was done to the ships or other property, and the tea being disposed of the people marched back into the town, headed by a fife and drum, and quietly dispersed to their homes.

The arrangements for the destruction of the tea were made at Cole's Inn, a historic hotel of Boston, then owned by an Irishman named John Duggan. From this fact it is safe to assume that many Irishmen had a hand in the work. John Hancock, the first signer of the Declaration of Independence, of Irish descent, was the warm friend and patron of John Duggan. In 1780, when Hancock was elected as the first Governor of Massachusetts, Duggan changed the name of his house to the Hancock Tavern, and it retained that name until its recent destruction to make way for the so-called march of improvement.

Josiah Quincy, who delivered the great speech which led up to the destruction of the tea, was one of the most advanced men of his time. "I wish," he declared as early as 1770, "to see my countrymen break off—off forever—all social intercourse with those whose commerce contaminates, whose luxuries poison, whose avarice is insatiable, and whose oppressions are not to be borne." In 1771 he was obliged to go South for the benefit of his health, and in Charleston became acquainted with the Rutledges, Lynches, and other distinguished Irish-Americans of that city and formed the highest opinion of their ability and patriotism. In 1774, his health continuing poor, and being desirous of meeting Burke, Barre, and other statesmen favorable to the cause of America, he made a voyage to England. He asserts that, while there, Colonel Barre, who had traveled in America, assured him that such was the ignorance of the English people two-thirds of them thought the Americans were all negroes. Learning for himself the true feelings and intentions of the King and his ministers for the American people, and hopeless of justice at their hands, he determined to return and arouse his countrymen to action. He embarked for Boston, but died when the vessel was in sight of land on April 26, 1775, in the thirty-first year of his age. In his sad and early death the American cause lost an able and devoted friend, and posterity was deprived of the teachings of a patriot who even in his youth had clearly divined the blighting influence of so-called English civilization.

Blinded by fury at the destruction of the tea in Boston Harbor the English Parliament, in obedience to the wishes of the King, placed the town of Boston in a state of blockade, changed the constitution of the colony, and put arbitrary power in the hands of the Governor. In pursuance of these statutes it was resolved to transfer the legislature and commerce of Boston to

Salem, but the latter town, preferring to share in the suffering and patriotic resolution of Boston, scornfully refused the offer.

As Doheny writes, this was a time of horror and a time of trial. Impulse began to halt. Boston saw instant ruin in isolation. Safety was only to be hoped for from a wide and well organized confederacy. To establish such a confederacy was the first care of those who were now too deeply committed to retract. They calculated, and not in vain, on the courage of the other colonies; their resolutions, acts of assembly, patriotism, were all kindred with their own. But meaner passions found place in America. The hazardous situation in which they saw themselves placed awoke all the feeble and interested instincts in the land. Fear, policy, selfishness, and a horror of war which the boldest justly entertain, conduced to distract the intention and purpose of many Americans. Then was heard the jarring of disunion and dissension common to dangerous enterprises; and self-interest occasionally combined with fear to frustrate the aims of virtue and patriotism. Sternest trial of men and States when these elements are at work. But courage, impelled by genius, prevailed everywhere. History presents no nobler spectacle than the unselfish promptitude with which every State, from Maine to Georgia, prepared to risk its fate and fortune in the strife then gathering thickly round the imperiled capital of Massachusetts.

The naval and military operations of his majesty's forces in Massachusetts and its vicinity kept pace with the hostility of his Parliament and government in London, but the American people determined to resist to the last all onslaughts on their independence of action. We cannot here follow the many important events which took place all over the country, but we will give an illustration or two of the spirit of resistance which then prevailed.

The British ship *Gaspee* was sent from Boston to Narragansett Bay to carry out the Revenue laws. Her presence there irritated the people to such an extent that Governor Wanton sent a written message by his high sheriff to Lieutenant Duddington, the commander of the *Gaspee*, demanding that officer to produce his commission. Duddington treated the communication of the Governor, and a subsequent one which followed, with silent contempt. He sent Wanton's two letters to Admiral Montague at Boston and that functionary wrote a blustering letter to Governor Wanton. "I shall report," he said, "your two insolent letters to my officer to his majesty's secretaries and leave them to determine what right you have to demand a sight of all orders I shall give to officers of my squadron; and I would advise you not to send your sheriff on board the King's ship again on such ridiculous errands."

Governor Wanton, although he was afterwards (many believe unjustly) accused of loyalty to England, was equal to the occasion and wrote the following spirited reply: "I am greatly obliged for the promise of transmitting my letters to the secretaries. In return for this good office I shall also transmit your letter to the Secretary of State and leave the King and his ministers to determine on which side the charge of insolence lies. As to your advice not to send a sheriff on board any of your squadron, please to know that I will send the sheriff of this colony at any time and to any place within the body of it, as I shall think fit."

Before any reply could be received to these letters the *Gaspee* became a wreck. On June 9, 1772, in chasing the New York packet *Hannah*, the *Gaspee* was hopelessly grounded on Namquit Point. Captain Lindsey, of the *Hannah*, on his arrival at Providence reported the matter to Mr. John Brown, one of the leading merchants of the city, and that gentleman, eager to do away with the annoyance of the *Gaspee*, immediately organized an expedition for its destruction. Under his direction eight long boats, filled with sixty-four well-armed men, left Providence that night and reached the *Gaspee* between one and two in the morning. A sentinel on board hailed them, and no answer being returned, Duddington appeared in his shirt on the starboard gunwale. Waving the boats off, he fired a pistol at them. The shot was returned by a musket from one of the boats. Duddington was wounded in the groin and carried below. The entire company of the *Gaspee* was then ordered to leave the ship. After all had left she was set on fire and blown up. A reward of five thousand dollars was offered for information as to the participants in the expedition and a commission of inquiry sat on the matter for over two months, but no one came forward to satisfy the government or give evidence against the men who destroyed the *Gaspee*.

Connecticut kept well in line in her opposition to British encroachments. The situation was so critical there that the Stamp Officer handed in his resignation. He rode into Hartford on a white horse for that purpose, with a thousand farmers riding after him. They must have made it rather warm for him, for he said that "he felt like death on the pale horse with all hell following him."

Gradually but surely all the colonies were becoming more and more united for the common weal. Resolutions were adopted everywhere in sympathy with Massachusetts and bitter remonstrances were issued against the harsh treatment she was receiving. In the South the eloquence of Patrick Henry had a

wonderful effect in arousing the people to determined and united action. He scouted the idea of sectional distinctions or individual interests. "All America," said he in one of his matchless orations, "is thrown into one mass. Where are your landmarks—your boundaries of colonies? They are all thrown down. The distinction between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers, and New Englanders are no more. I am not a Virginian, but an American."

The British general, Gage, in Boston, by his determination to push imperial authority to the uttermost, was merely adding fuel to the flame. While the Massachusetts Assembly was making preparations to call a Continental Congress, its sessions were suddenly adjourned to Salem by the Governor, but the members had scarcely assembled at the time and place appointed—November 7, 1774, at Salem—when a counter proclamation to dissolve them was issued by the Governor. The arrival of his secretary was announced, and the doors were closed against him. He read the proclamation on the stairs, but the assembly proceeded with its business, heedless of the order, and voted a sum of money to five of their members to meet the delegates of the other colonies at a Congress to be held in Philadelphia.

In South Carolina a spirit of resistance to England was aroused long before the Stamp Act. The leading representatives of the people quarrelled with the Governor because he had dared to interfere with their elective franchise. The Assembly passed resolutions in favor of the Colonial Congress of 1765 and sent, as we have seen, two Irish-Americans as their delegates. Ramsay, the historian of South Carolina, recites a humorous story of a member of the Legislature who ridiculed the idea of a Colonial Congress. "If you agree to the proposition of composing a Congress from the different British colonies," said the member, "what sort of a dish will you make? New England will throw in fish and onions, the Middle States, flaxseed and flour, Maryland and Virginia will add tobacco, North Carolina pitch, tar, and turpentine; South Carolina, rice and indigo, and Georgia will sprinkle the whole composition with sawdust. Such an absurd jumble will you make if you attempt to form a union among such discordant materials as the thirteen British provinces." A country member, who must have been an Irishman, with ready wit, replied, "I would not choose the gentleman who made the objection for my cook, but, nevertheless, I would venture to assert that if the colonies proceed judiciously in the appointment of deputies to a Continental Congress, they would prepare a dish fit to be presented to any crowned head in Europe."

When the stamps under the Stamp Act arrived in Charles-

ton, no man could be found to act as distributor, and the ship captain who brought them over was forced to take them back by one hundred and fifty armed men, who had defied the Governor and took the stamps from the fortress where he had them placed for safety.

John Rutledge was a leading member of the South Carolina Convention of 1774, and argued in favor of making common cause with Massachusetts. He carried a resolution that South Carolina should take part in the Congress proposed by that State in 1774, and that her delegates should go unhampered by instructions.

In Western North Carolina, where the country was mainly inhabited by Irish settlers, armed opposition to the tyranny of Governor Tryon appeared as early as 1768.

William Tryon was born in Ireland in 1725, but belonged to the English garrison in that country. There was nothing really Irish about him but his birth. His parentage, training, and general surroundings were not only English, but anti-Irish, and he was taught to hate the native people among whom he lived. He was an officer in the British army and he married the daughter of Lord Hillsboro, secretary for the Colonies, and through his influence he was appointed Lieutenant Governor of North Carolina. He arrived there on June 27, 1764, and succeeded to the Governorship a year later. In 1771 he was appointed Governor of New York, and was the last royal Governor of that Province. He was detested by the patriots for his unjust and rigorous administration and for the inhumanity and cruelty which he generally displayed, especially in the wanton destruction of Danbury, Fairfield, and Norwalk, Conn., by expeditions which he personally conducted and which we shall describe later on.

The taxes and fees which Tryon imposed proved a heavy burden on the people of North Carolina and awakened general discontent. He was so cruel and bloodthirsty that the Indians justly gave him the name of "the Great Wolf of North Carolina."

An association called the Regulators was organized in 1766 for the purpose of correcting some of Tryon's abuses and spread into serious proportions. Many threatening meetings were held, but Tryon, by false promises and military displays, managed to temporarily stay the hand of insurrection. In 1770 riots occurred at Hillsboro, and the people took the law into their own hands. On May 13, 1771, the Regulators assembled in force on the Salisbury road, near the Allamance River, and in this neighborhood, three days after, occurred the first battle of the Revolution. The Regulators sent a message to Tryon demanding a settlement of their grievances and proposing terms of accommodation.

Tryon promised an answer by noon of the next day and he gave it with a vengeance.

At dawn on the following morning, May 16, 1771, with all the militia and Tories he could muster, he crossed the Allamance and marched silently and undiscovered until within half a mile of the camp of the Regulators, where he formed his line in battle order.

The Rev. David Caldwell, many of whose parishioners were among the Regulators, appealed to Tryon to avoid bloodshed, and the latter promised to do so, but his word proved false. Instead he demanded unconditional surrender. Both parties advanced within three hundred yards of each other, when Tryon ordered the Regulators to disperse within an hour. Robert Thompson, an Irish-American, and an amiable, though bold, outspoken man, who had gone to the English camp on the same peaceful mission as Dr. Caldwell, was made a prisoner. Indignant because of such perfidity, he told the Governor some plain truths, and was about to leave camp for the Regulators when Tryon snatched a gun from the hands of a militiaman and shot Thompson dead. Fearing the consequences of his bloody act, Tryon sent out a flag of truce, but the Regulators, who had seen Thompson murdered before their eyes, fired upon it. At this moment Dr. Caldwell rode along the lines of the Regulators and beseeched them to disperse. Before they could move Tryon gave the word "Fire!" The militia hesitated to fire on their neighbors and friends, but the Governor, maddened with rage, rose in his stirrups and shouted: "Fire! Fire on them or on me!" A volley followed and a battle then ensued in which the Regulators, having no acknowledged leader, were defeated. They were not subdued, however. A few years later, with most of the militia who opposed them at the Allamance, they rallied in force to the standard of independence. Tryon was the sole cause of this bloodshed. Common justice on his part would have appeased the Regulators and they would have returned to their homes. Among the victims on this occasion was James Few, a carpenter, of Hillsboro. He was the sole support of his widowed mother and suffered greatly at the hands of Edward Lanning, a corrupt office-holder under Tryon and a notorious libertine, who, Few alleged, not only made him feel the curse of his exactions, but had actually outraged a young girl to whom he was engaged. Driven to madness, Few joined the Regulators, was taken prisoner, and was hung without trial the night after the battle of the Allamance.

Captain Messer was also made prisoner by Tryon and was sentenced to be hanged. His wife, informed of his intended fate, hastened to him with her little son, ten years old. She pleaded

for her husband's life in vain. Messer was led to execution, while his wife lay weeping on the ground, her boy by her side. Just as Messer was about to be drawn up the boy went to Tryon and said: "Sir, hang me and let my father live." "Who told you to say that?" said the Governor. "Nobody," replied the lad. "And why," said Tryon, "do you ask that?" "Because," returned the lad, "if you hang my father my mother will die and the children will perish. The hard heart of the Governor was touched, but alas only temporary, and he said, "your father shall not be hanged to-day."

Tryon marched back to Hillsboro, carrying his prisoners with him and exhibiting them in chains in the villages through which he passed. With the implacable spirit of revenge he spent his wrath upon his victims, and some of his acts were worthy only of a barbarian. He concluded his merciless work at Hillsboro by hanging six of his prisoners, among whom was Captain Messer, whose life had been spared a few days before by the intercession of his little boy. On his march he burned the homes and destroyed the crops of innocent and unoffensive people. These were some of the methods of English civilization which brought about the American Revolution. The same principles were applied in South Africa in our own day and proved that England is still the same heartless tyrant that she always was—"The same yesterday, the same to-day, the same forever."

CHAPTER XII.

IRISHMEN IN PHILADELPHIA BEFORE AND DURING THE REVOLUTION.

Before describing the First Continental Congress in Philadelphia it is necessary to show the standing of the Irish element in that city and the great influence which it exercised on Congress and the nation at large. The facts for this task are ready to our hand, supplied by the genius and untiring labor of John H. Campbell, the historian of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick and the Hibernian Society of Philadelphia.

From the organization of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, on St. Patrick's Day, 1771, until Independence was won, its members wielded a mighty power in the formation of this nation. They devoted themselves heart and soul to the American cause and risked their fortunes and their lives in a manner that should win for them the gratitude of Americans for all time. Here is a list of their names which deserve to stand beside the immortal signers of the Declaration of Independence:

All, Capt. Isaac	Conyngham, David H.	Leamy, John
Barclay, John	Crawford, James	Lynch, Ulysses
Barclay, Thomas	Davis, George	McClenachan, Blair
Barclay, William	Delany, Sharp	Meade, George
Barry, Com. John	Donnaldson, John	Mease, James
Batt, Capt. Thos.	Dunlap, John	Mease, John
Blaine, Col. Ephraim	Erskine, William	Mease, Matthew
Bourke, William	Fitzsimmons, Thomas	Mitchell, John
Bleakly, John	Foster, Alexander	Mitchell, John, Jr.
Boyd, Dr. Robert	Francis, Tench	Mitchell, Randal
Boyle, Hugh	Francis, Col. T.	Mitchell, William
Boyle, John	Fuller, Benjamin	Moore, Hugh
Brown, John	Fullerton, George	Moore, Maj. James
Brown, William	Gamble, Archibald	Moore, Patrick
Butler, Gen. Richard	Glen, Robert	Moylan, James
Caldwell, Andrew	Gray, Robert	Moylan, Jasper
Caldwell, James	Green, Capt. John	Moylan, John
Caldwell, David	Hand, Gen. Edward	Moylan, Gen. Stephen
Caldwell, John	Hawthorne, James	Murray, John
Caldwell, Samuel	Heatly, Charles	Nesbitt, John Maxwell
Caldwell, William	Henry, George	Nesbitt, Alexander
Campbell, George	Holmes, Capt. Alex.	Nichols, Col. Francis
Campbell, James	Holmes, Hugh	Nixon, Col. John
Carson, Samuel	Hughes, George	O'Brien, Michael M.
Clark, Daniel	Irvine, Gen. William	Patterson, John
Cochran, Dr. John	Johnston, Col. F.	Patton, Col. John
Collins, James	Knox, Gen. Henry	Pollock, Oliver
Connor, John	Latimer, Lt.-Col. G.	Rainey, Robert
Constable, William	Lea, Thomas	Read, Capt. Thos.

Robinson, Col. Thos.	West, John	Dickinson, John
Shee, Gen. John	West, William	Hill, Col. Henry
Shiell, Dr. Hugh	West, William, Jr.	Hicks, William
Stewart, Col. Charles	White, John	Lardner, John
Stewart, Gen. Walter	Wilson, Joseph	Morris, Robert
Thompson, Gen. Wm.	HONORARY MEMBERS.	Meredith, Gen. Samuel
Washington, Gen. Geo.	Bache, Richard	Moore, Col. Thos. L.
(Adopted member)	Bingham, William	Peters, Richard
Wayne, Gen. Anthony	Cadwalader, Gen. J.	Penn, Hon. Richard
West, Francis, Jr.	Cadwalader, Col. L.	Searle, James

Thirty of these men were members of the organization at the time of its inception—twenty-four regular and six honorary members. Nearly all the regular members were prosperous merchants at the time, and were well known in Philadelphia. No physician seems to have been necessary to attend to them, but a lawyer, George Campbell, is on the roll. Colonel Turbutt Francis, who had served as an officer in the French and Indian wars, was the only soldier among a body which afterwards was distinguished for the number of military and naval heroes which it contributed to the American cause. As they were all Irishmen or the sons of Irish parents, we presume that the martial spirit which was naturally born in them only awaited an occasion to exhibit itself at the first call to arms in defense of their adopted country.

Of the honorary members Richard Bache and Robert Morris were also merchants and intimately associated with their Irish friends in business. John Dickinson and William Hamilton were public men, and John Cadwalader—who afterwards was described by Washington as a military genius, but who was then only a plain merchant—was a cousin of John Dickinson. The latter, although only an honorary member, was one of the most active in forwarding the interests of the organization.

The society met quarterly and every meeting was the occasion of friendly and convivial intercourse, at which many of the leading public men attended as guests and enjoyed the hospitality of their Irish friends. Each member was required to furnish himself with a gold medal of the value of three guineas, on the right of which was a figure of Hibernia, on the left America, and in the center Liberty joining their hands, while underneath the whole was the word "unite." On the reverse side was a representation of St. Patrick trampling on a snake, dressed in his pontifical robes, and a cross in his hand.

At the meeting of September 17, 1773, Captain Thomas Batt, an Irishman, but a half-pay British officer, was elected a member. On the breaking out of the Revolution, having more regard for

his bread and butter than the dictates of patriotism, Batt took sides against the colonies, whereupon he was promptly and unanimously expelled from the society for taking active part against the liberty of America.

What a glorious record, comments Historian Campbell. Only one black sheep in the whole flock. No Toryism found a resting place among the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. No wonder that Washington, towards the close of the war, described them as a "Society distinguished for the firm adherence of its members to the glorious cause in which we are embarked."

General Anthony Wayne first appeared among the Friendly Sons as a visitor on September 17, 1774. He was plain Mr. Wayne then, but afterwards became a shining light in the Revolutionary army. He must have been pleased with his experience at the meeting, for at the next gathering he was elected a member, with Dr. Robert Boyd. Dr. Boyd was the first member of the medical profession admitted to the society. He was a prominent physician in Philadelphia. He was born in Donegal and practiced medicine before leaving Ireland.

Toward the close of 1774 the spirit of revolt against the exactions of England was coming to a head and the Friendly Sons began to feel the fires of patriotism burn within their breasts. Philadelphia was then the largest city in the American colonies, with a population of nearly thirty thousand inhabitants. It was well built, paved, and lighted, and possessed many other advantages over the other towns. Moreover, according to Scharf and Westcott's history, "it was the central point of the colonies and it numbered among its citizens many men whose opinions were controlling forces. Benjamin Franklin and John Dickinson had as much to do as any other two men who can be named in uniting the colonies and preparing them for resistance; and after Washington, Benjamin Franklin and Robert Morris did more than any other two to make that resistance successful." Of the four distinguished men whose names are thus mentioned three of them—Washington, Dickinson, and Morris—attached their signatures as members of the roll of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, and the daughter of the fourth (Franklin) was the wife of Richard Bache, whose name is also found on that glorious roll. Thomas Jefferson, whose name should have been added to the others, while not a member, was many times among the most honored guests of the society.

When the famous Philadelphia Committee of Correspondence was appointed on May 20, 1774, the names of John Dickinson, John Nixon, John Maxwell Nesbitt, and Thomas Barclay

were among its nineteen members. Of the twenty-eight men who organized the First Troop of the Light Horse of Philadelphia, on November 17, 1774, ten of them—James Mease, John Mease, Henry Hill, John Boyle, John Mitchell, George Campbell, Samuel Caldwell, Andrew Caldwell, George Fullerton, and William West, jr., were members of the Friendly Sons, and two more—John Dunlap and Blair McClenachan—afterward became members. Of the eighty-eight men who served in the First Troop during the entire period of the Revolution thirty of them, or more than one-third, belonged to the Irish organization.

When news of the battle of Lexington arrived and it was agreed to form an army of defense, the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick at once came to the front. John Dickinson was Colonel of the First Battalion; John Cadwalader Colonel, John Nixon Lieutenant-Colonel, and Samuel Meredith one of the Majors of the Third Battalion. Richard Peters, Tench Francis, and John Shee were among the Captains.

In the midst of all the excitement the meetings of the society took place regularly and the members yet found time to cherish the memory of Old Ireland. In the interval between the June and September meetings of 1775 important events had taken place. The Committee of Safety, with John Dickinson, Anthony Wayne, John Cadwalader, Robert Morris, and Francis Johnson (afterward a Friendly Son of St. Patrick) among its members, had taken the place of the Committee of Correspondence. The work of organizing the citizens went bravely on and among the twelve citizens designated by the Committee to sign bills of credit were Sharp Delany, Lambert Cadwalader, James Mease, and John Mease. The defense of the river was provided by the creation of a navy, of which John Maxwell Nesbitt was selected as paymaster.

After the minutes of the meeting of June 17, 1776, appears the following significant note: "The State of Pennsylvania having been invaded and the city of Philadelphia taken by the British army under the command of General Sir William Howe, in September, 1777, the society had no meeting until September, 1778. The minutes of the meetings in September and December, 1776, and in March and June, 1777, are unfortunately lost."

Thus ends the first chapter in the history of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. Though the minutes are lost, we can yet picture to ourselves the constant interruptions to the attendance of members by reason of the demands of the public service, and the assembling of the few who were able to steal away for a few hours to keep alive the memory of St. Patrick at each quarterly

meeting until the presence of the enemy compelled them to leave the city.

Though the minutes are silent the members were not. The history of Philadelphia in the Revolution and of the Revolution itself is incomplete without a record of the patriotic services of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. Whether in the field or upon the sea, or in the giving freely of their goods, money, and time to the Revolutionary cause, we find their names ever prominent.

Among the first vessels equipped for a Continental navy we find the brig *Lexington*, commanded by Captain John Barry. Abandoning "the finest ship and the first employ in America," he offered his services to his adopted country and was the first to put to sea "on a regularly commissioned national vessel for a regular cruise" in December, 1775. Andrew Caldwell was appointed Commodore of the Pennsylvania navy, and was in command of the fleet which repelled the attack of the British ships *Roebuck* and *Liverpool*, which came up the Delaware on May 8, 1776. One of the two new battalions added to the Associators was commanded by Thomas McKean, afterward President of the Hibernian Society. Of the four battalions organized for the Continental service, Colonel John Shee and Colonel Anthony Wayne commanded two of them, and Lambert Cadwalader and Francis Johnston were Lieutenant-Colonels. John Maxwell Nesbitt was appointed Paymaster of all the Pennsylvania forces. In the autumn of 1776 the society contributed its first martyr to the cause—George Fullerton, one of its members, being accidentally killed while on service with the Light Horse. John Dickinson, Thomas McKean, and Robert Morris were members of the Continental Congress, and the last two signed the Declaration of Independence.

The Declaration was publicly proclaimed amidst the rejoicings of the people. Colonel John Nixon read the Declaration to the people assembled in the State House yard (Independence Square). Mr. Samuel Hood remarks in his sketch of the Friendly Sons that it was an Irishman, Charles Thomson, Secretary of Congress, who first prepared that immortal document for publication from the rough draught of Jefferson; an Irishman's son, John Nixon, who first publicly read it; and another Irishman, Thomas Dunlap, who first printed it and published it to the world. Ireland was well represented in connection with the glorious document, and nobly did her sons do their duty in the work which called it forth.

There was some hard fighting in 1776-1777, and the soldiers of Pennsylvania were in nearly every engagement. Colonel

Anthony Wayne commanded a regiment in the Canada campaign, Colonel Edward Hand commanded the oldest of the Continental regiments in the army at New York, and Colonel John Shee commanded another Continental regiment. Captain Thomas Proctor (afterward a member of the Hibernian Society) commanded the first company of Pennsylvania artillery, and of the Associator battalions of State troops who saw actual service outside of the State, three out of six of them were commanded by Colonel John Dickinson, Colonel John Cadwalader, and Colonel Thomas McKean. The Light Horse, which, as we have seen, numbered in its ranks a great many of the society members, was in active service under the immediate direction of Washington himself, and in the retreat from Princeton it was ordered to cover the rear of the army, and was the last to cross the Delaware River. On December 25, 1776, the troop recrossed the river with Washington at McKonky's Ferry, eight miles above Trenton. "The passage was made difficult and dangerous by storm, darkness, and floating ice, and the boats upon which the troop had embarked not being able to reach the shore, the men were compelled to take the water and force a passage amid the floating ice with their horses." That passage has become historical in print and in painting, and we may well be proud of the presence of so many members of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick.

In all the subsequent operations of that campaign they did their duty as soldiers and men. They continued in active service until January 23, 1777. They were twenty-five in number, ten of them being Friendly Sons. Washington called them his "aids."

In the Navy Board of the city, eleven in number, were Andrew Caldwell, Thomas Fitzsimmons, Thomas Barclay, and Paul Cox (afterwards a member of the Hibernian Society).

These statements enable us to form some idea of the patriotism of the Friendly Sons. In the long lists of "disaffected persons" and British sympathizers, there are found none of the members. They had all cast their lot with the Revolutionary cause, and many of them lived for years afterwards to enjoy the blessings of independence.

After the evacuation of Philadelphia the meetings of the Friendly Sons were resumed and continued without interruption throughout the Revolution. The leading officers of the army and the highest National and State officials thought it an honor to attend their public functions.

The members of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick had participated in the most stirring scenes of the Revolution up to that time and were held in the highest esteem for the bravery they

displayed and for the many sacrifices they had made in the cause of independence. At the battle of Germantown General Wayne commanded one of the divisions and Colonel Moylan's Light Horse was on the extreme of the American line. Through the dreary winter camp at Valley Forge the members of the society not only shared in its sufferings but did everything in their power to relieve the dire necessities of the American army.

When the Continental army returned to Philadelphia after the British evacuation, September, 1778, they were foremost among the Anti-Tory Associators who afterwards organized themselves into the Patriotic Society. On July 12, 1779, Colonel Proctor's artillery fired a salute to greet the Ambassador from France.

During the dark hours of 1778 and 1779, when hope for the American cause was at its lowest ebb, the Sons of St. Patrick never lost heart. They struggled with such determination and vigor against the most gloomy surroundings that they inspired others with renewed exertion when they had faltered in despair.

At the beginning of 1780 the Continental money had depreciated so much that the State currency was affected by the general distrust, and in order to maintain its credit an agreement was entered into and published by the leading men of the city to take the paper money of the issue of March, 1780, as equivalent to gold and silver. This patriotic agreement included the names of twenty-three members of the Friendly Sons.

The patriotic women of Philadelphia in 1780, when things looked so gloomy for the American cause, raised a fund upwards of \$300,000 to supply destitute soldiers with clothing. Among the ladies on the committee were Mrs. R. Bache, Mrs. T. Francis, Mrs. J. Mitchell, Mrs. J. Caldwell, Mrs. B. McClenachan, Mrs. S. Caldwell, Mrs. J. Mease, Mrs. T. McKean, Mrs. J. Searle, a second Mrs. J. Mease, and Mrs. R. Morris. It is evident that the wives of the members shared the views of their husbands. The money raised was employed, at the suggestion of General Washington, in furnishing shirts for the army.

This movement among the women was followed by one on the part of the men to obtain supplies for the army through the agency of a bank. The Bank of Pennsylvania was accordingly organized for the purpose of supplying the army of the United States with provisions for two months. Mr. Samuel Hood, in his sketch of the Friendly Sons, has the following account of the bank:

"Intimately connected with the glory of the Society of the Sons of St. Patrick is a matter which must be referred to in some detail. In the year 1780 a transaction took place in Philadelphia,

almost unparalleled in the history of nations and patriotism, which casts a luster not only on the individuals who were the authors of it, but on the whole community to which they belonged.

"If the glorious examples of the past could influence the conduct of men of the present day, the reputation and good name of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania would soon be firmly fixed on so immovable a pedestal as to defy the malicious assaults of British libelers, and even the more dangerous folly, selfishness, and cowardice of our own partisan politicians. At the time alluded to, when everything depended on a vigorous prosecution of the war, when the American army was in imminent danger of being compelled to yield to famine, a far more dangerous enemy than the British, when the urgent expostulations of the Commander-in-Chief, and the strenuous recommendations of Congress, had utterly failed to arouse a just sense of the danger of the crisis, the genuine love of country, and most noble self-sacrifices of some individuals in Philadelphia supplied the place of the slumbering patriotism of the country, and saved her cause from most disgraceful ruin. In this great emergency was conceived and promptly carried into operation, the plan of the Bank of Pennsylvania, established for supplying the army of the United States with provisions for two months.

"On the 17th of June, 1780, the following paper, which deserves to rank as a supplement to the Declaration of Independence, was signed by ninety-three individuals and firms:

"Whereas, in the present situation of public affairs in the United States, the greatest and most vigorous exertions are required for the successful management of the just and the necessary war in which they are engaged with Great Britain: We, the subscribers, deeply impressed with the sentiments that on such an occasion should govern us in the prosecution of a war on the event of which our own freedom, and that of our posterity, and the freedom and independence of the United States, are all involved, hereby severally pledge our property and credit for the several sums specified and mentioned after our names, in order to support the credit of a bank to be established for furnishing a supply of provisions for the armies of the United States; and do hereby severally promise and engage to execute to the Directors of the said bank bonds of the form hereunto annexed.

"Witness our hands, this 17th day of June, in the year of our Lord 1780.'

"Then followed the names of the subscribers with the sums respectively subscribed, amounting to £315,000 Pennsylvania currency, payable in gold or silver. Of this amount, twenty-seven

members of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick subscribed £103,500. The names of these, with the amounts of their subscriptions, are as follows, namely:

Robert Morris	£10,000	John Mease	£4,000
Blair McClenachan	10,000	Bunner, Murray & Co.....	6,000
William Bingham	5,000	John Patton	2,000
J. M. Nesbitt & Co.....	5,000	Benjamin Fuller	2,000
Richard Peters.....	5,000	George Meade & Co.....	2,000
Samuel Meredith	5,000	John Donaldson	2,000
James Mease	5,000	Henry Hill.....	5,000
Thomas Barclay	5,000	Keane & Nichols	4,000
Hugh Shiell	5,000	James Caldwell.....	2,000
John Dunlap	4,000	Samuel Caldwell	1,000
John Nixon	5,000	John Shee	1,000
George Campbell	2,000	Sharp Delaney	1,000
Tench Francis		£5,500	

"There were five inspectors of the bank, of whom three, Robert Morris, J. M. Nesbitt, and Blair McClenachan, were members of the St. Patrick's. So were the first of the two directors, John Nixon, and the factor, Tench Francis. All these agreed to serve without compensation. The several bonds were executed to the two directors, and were conditioned for the payment of an amount not exceeding the sum subscribed by each obligor, for furnishing a supply of provisions for the armies of the United States. The bank opened July 17, 1780, in Front street, two doors below Walnut. The tenth and last installment was called in on the 15th of November, 1780. The bank continued in operation till the establishment of the Bank of North America, January 7, 1782, which appears to have sprung from it, and to have monopolized the glory which belonged to the old Bank of Pennsylvania, of having rendered essential service to the country during the Revolution."

In addition to Mr. Hood's list we might add the names of John Mitchell, £2,000, and of two members of the Hibernian Society, Joseph Carson, £4,000, and Thomas McKean, £2,500, making a total subscription by members of the two societies of £112,000 out of £315,000, the full amount subscribed, or more than one-third of the entire sum. This magnificent Irish-American donation to the independence of America, when her hopes were at the lowest ebb, should never be forgotten by her citizens.

A meeting of citizens was held at the State House in November, 1780, to sustain the credit of the Continental money, and a committee was appointed to draw up articles of association. Of the thirteen members of this committee we find on the list John Dunlap, Thomas Fitzsimmons, John Shee, Blair McClenachan, and Samuel Caldwell.

The Tories having again become active about this time a "Whig Association" was formed for the purpose of preventing all intercourse with Tories and suspected persons, and in the list of the Executive Committee we find Colonel John Shee, John Dunlap, Dr. Hugh Shiell, and Blair McClenachan.

"The members of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick," writes Mr. Campbell, "many of whom, as we have seen, were among the most prominent and wealthy merchants of Philadelphia, in all the dark period of 1780-81, never lost faith in the Revolutionary cause. Ready to take the field when occasion demanded it—several of them occupying distinguished military positions throughout the war—they were just as ready to contribute their means to sustain the cause or to uphold public opinion when needful. Philadelphia, unfortunately, contained among its population a number of Tories or British sympathizers. None of this class were found among the Friendly Sons. We read through the long lists of suspected and disaffected persons, and we examined the proceedings taken by the authorities against these same persons, and to the credit of the Society not one of its members is found on the lists, and we may be sure that when the news of Cornwallis' surrender at Yorktown reached the city on 22d October, 1781, none of its inhabitants rejoiced more heartily than the members of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick."

The news of this surrender was sent by Washington to Thomas McKean, a member of the Hibernian Society, then President of Congress.

In 1781, especially after the surrender of Cornwallis, the prospects of the patriots grew brighter and hope dawned once more on the destinies of the new nation. The attendance at the meetings of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick became more numerous, the number of distinguished guests greatly increased, and applications for membership became more and more frequent. During the latter part of 1781 it was proposed to invite General Washington to dinner, but it was found that he could not attend owing to a previous engagement.

On December 18, 1781, the Society evidently determined that they must have his Excellency not only present as a guest but must have his name also added to the roll, and as the list of honorary members who were not of Irish birth or descent was full, they "unanimously adopted General Washington as a member of this Society," thus making an Irishman out of him as far as it was in their power to do so. The members must have known that it would be agreeable to General Washington to be added to the list of members, and his acceptance of the honor shows that they had knowledge of his sentiments. After the enthusiasm

which had been created by General Washington's adoption had subsided it was ordered "that the president, vice president, and secretary should wait on his Excellency with a suitable address and present him with a medal in the name of the Society." James Mease offered his medal for the purpose and it was accepted. It was also resolved "that they invite his Excellency and his suit to an entertainment to be prepared and given him Tuesday, the first day of January, at the City Tavern, to which the secretary is directed to invite the President of the State and of Congress, the Minister of France, Mr. Marmois; Mr. Otto, the Chief Justice, Thomas McKean; the Speaker of the House of Assembly; Mr. Francisco Rendon, Mr. Holker, Count de la Touche, and Count Dillon, with all the general officers that may be in the city."

The minutes further record that "in the pursuance of the foregoing order, the president and secretary waited upon his Excellency with the following address:

"May it please your Excellency:

"The Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick in this city, ambitious to testify with all possible respect the high sense they entertain of your Excellency's public and private virtues, have taken the liberty to adopt your Excellency a member. Although they have not the clothing of any civil establishment, nor the splendor of temporal power to dignify their election, yet they flatter themselves, as it is the genuine offspring of hearts fill'd with the warmest attachments, that this mark of their esteem and regard will not be wholly unacceptable to your Excellency.

"Impress'd with these pleasing hopes, they have directed me to present your Excellency with a gold medal, the ensign of the Fraternal Society, which that you may be pleased to accept, and long live to wear, is the earnest wish of

"Your Excellency's Most Humble and Respectful Servant,

"By order and in behalf of the Society,

"GEORGE CAMPBELL, President.

"To His Excellency, General Washington,

"Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Army.'

"To which his Excellency was pleased to give the following answer:

"Sir:

"I accept with singular pleasure, the Ensign of so worthy a fraternity as that of the Sons of St. Patrick in this city—a Society distinguished for the firm Adherence of its Members to the glorious cause in which we are embarked.

"Give me leave to assure you, Sir, that I shall never cast

my eyes upon the badge with which I am honoured, but with a grateful remembrance of the polite and affectionate manner in which it was presented.

“I am with Respect and Esteem,

“Sir, your mo. Ob. Servant,

“GEORGE WASHINGTON.

“To George Campbell, Esq., President of the Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, in the City of Philadelphia.”

The dinner which followed was a most distinguished gathering, nearly all the invited guests being present, together with seven Generals of the army, six Colonels, and one Major, and the Surgeon-General, Dr. John Cochran. The anniversary dinner on March 18, 1782, exceeded in brilliancy even the preceding dinner on the first of January. General Washington was again present, but this time he was recorded as a member and not as a guest. It must have been on this occasion that he signed the Rules, as General Hand, who signed along with him, was elected a member at that meeting, as was also General Knox.

In the Grand Federal Procession on the Fourth of July, 1788, to celebrate the ratification of the Federal Constitution, no less than twenty members of the Friendly Sons took leading parts in the various committees which organized it.

The society continued to wield a great influence on public affairs until 1790. After that it commenced to wane, its ranks being thinned by death and its place being taken by the younger and more powerful Hibernian Society, which was organized in that year. The last meeting of the Friendly Sons is supposed to have been held in March, 1802. “The Society at that date,” writes Mr. Campbell, “was probably but a shadow of its former self, kept alive, no doubt, by General Moylan and a few of his old companions for association sake. We can fancy them seated at dinner on St. Patrick’s Day, talking over the golden days of the Society—how General Washington was made an Irishman by adoption, and how he signed the constitution—how Mad Anthony Wayne captured Stony Point—how Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, Paul Jones, and other distinguished men honored the Patron Saint of Ireland—how John Nixon, Thomas Fitzsimmons, and others were fined for not wearing their Society medals at dinner—how glorious and patriotic a part the members took in achieving American independence.

“It was a Society of heroes—some distinguished, some humble—but all animated with the spirit of resistance to oppression which made them such stern foes of British tyranny. The story of the American Revolution contains many bright pages, and

among the brightest are those relating the history of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, and it is a pleasing thought that the spirit which animated them has continued in full vigor and exists at the present day in their worthy descendants of the Hibernian Society, whose history is rivalled only by that of its patriotic predecessor."

CHAPTER XIII.

SKETCHES OF THE PRINCIPAL MEMBERS OF THE PHILADELPHIA FRIENDLY SONS AND THEIR PATRIOTIC SERVICES TO AMERICA.

We cannot follow Mr. Campbell in the biographic sketches which he gives of all the members of the Philadelphia Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, but as his work is of such a nature that it can never circulate among the people, we feel called upon to give condensed accounts of the lives of the principal members—of the men who were prominent not only in Pennsylvania, but who distinguished themselves in the affairs of the nation and accomplished work of the greatest importance in the War of Independence. The lives of men like Captain John Barry, the Father of the American Navy, cannot be passed over in silence or even with a few words. They allied themselves with the American cause when its friends were few and its prospects almost hopeless, and never hesitated to sacrifice their fortunes or their lives in its behalf. They therefore should receive that treatment which the importance of their life work so eminently deserves.

CAPTAIN JOHN BARRY was born in Tacumshane, County Wexford, Ireland, in 1745. His father was an Irish farmer of the highest character and he inherited from him the many noble attributes which afterwards made him loved and distinguished in public and private life. He followed the sea from his earliest years and made his home in Philadelphia in 1760. He not only applied himself with diligence to the study of his profession, but he also found time to store his mind with useful information. As a result he rose rapidly in the confidence of his employers and early acquired position and wealth. He commanded ships before he was of age, and at thirty stood at the head of his profession. He offered his services to Congress at the opening of the Revolutionary War, abandoning, as he said himself, the finest ship and the first employ in America, to espouse the patriotic cause. His services were gladly accepted, and he was appointed to the command of the *Lexington*, the first Continental vessel of war that sailed from Philadelphia, in which he made the first capture of a British war vessel accomplished by an American cruiser—that of the tender *Edward*. Preble, in his "Origin of the Flag," says this *Lexington* of the Seas was the first vessel that bore the American flag to victory, and we can proudly add that she was commanded by an Irishman.

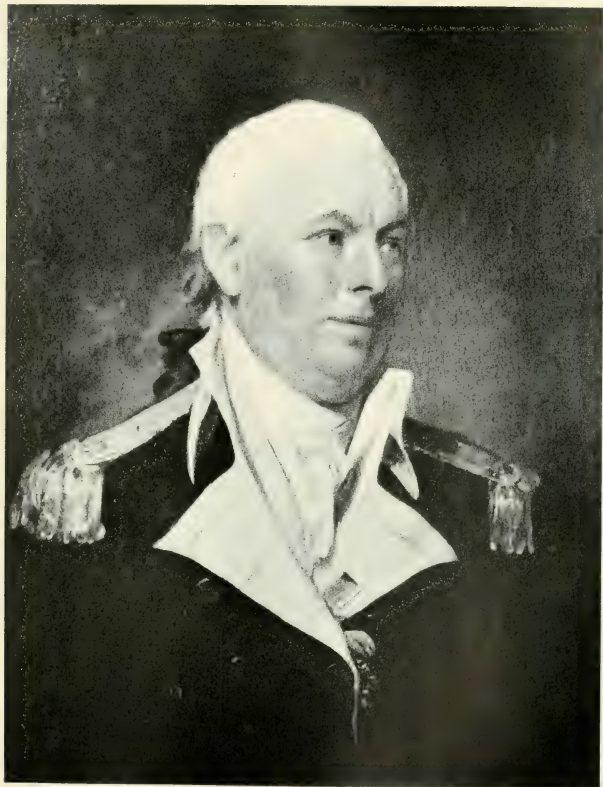
Barry cruised successfully in the *Lexington* until the fall of

1776, when he was appointed to the command of the *Effingham*, one of the three large frigates built in Philadelphia. In the eventful winter of that year, the navigation of the Delaware being impeded by ice and all naval employment suspended, Barry's bold and restless spirit could not remain inactive. So zealous was he in his country's cause that he volunteered his services in the army and served with distinguished reputation as aide-de-camp to General Cadwalader in the important operations around Trenton and commanded a company of volunteers and some heavy guns during the most critical part of the action.

During the year 1777 Barry was senior commander of the American Navy at Philadelphia and for some time prevented the capture of the city by the enemy. In October of that year he repulsed a British squadron in their passage up the Delaware, but later on, when the British obtained command of the city and river, it was deemed prudent to send the American ships up the Delaware beyond the reach of the enemy.

While they were lying near Whitehall, Captain Barry, chafing under inaction when there was so much to be done, formed a project which for boldness of design and dexterity of execution was not surpassed, if equalled, during the war. He conceived the thought that the enemy might be severely harassed by small boats, properly armed. He manned four boats of his frigate with well-armed crews and with muffled oars set out on a dark night to patrol the river. Philadelphia was reached and the expedition was almost past the city when the sentries on one of the British men-of-war gave the alarm. A few scattering shots were fired from the shore, but the sailors bent to their oars, and the boats were lost to sight in the darkness.

When day broke Barry was far down the river. Opposite the little post held by the American Army, and called Fort Penn, Barry spied a large schooner, mounting ten guns, and flying the British flag. With her were four transport ships loaded with forage for the enemy's forces. Though the sun had risen and it was broad day Barry succeeded in running his boats alongside the schooner, and before the British suspected the presence of an enemy his men were clambering over the rail, cutlass and pistol in hand. There was no resistance. The astonished Englishmen threw down their arms and rushed below. The victorious Americans battened down the hatches, ordered the four transports to surrender on pain of being fired into, and triumphantly carried all five prizes to the piers of Fort Penn. There the hatches were removed and, the American sailors being drawn up in line, Barry ordered the prisoners to come on deck. When all appeared it was found that the Americans had bagged one major, two cap-



COMMODORE JOHN BARRY.

tains, three lieutenants, ten soldiers, and about a hundred sailors and marines, a very respectable haul for a party of not more than thirty American sailors.

Barry's conduct in this enterprise won for him the admiration of friend and foe alike. Sir William Howe, then commander-in-chief of the British forces in America, offered the daring Irishman 20,000 guineas and the command of a British frigate if he would desert the service of the United States. "Not the value and command of the whole British fleet," wrote Barry in reply, "can seduce me from the cause of my country."

Washington considered this exploit highly creditable to Captain Barry, and wrote to him as follows:

"I have received your favor of the 9th instant, and congratulate you on the success which has crowned your gallantry and address in the late attack upon the enemy's ships. Although circumstances have prevented you from reaping the full benefit of your conquests, yet there is ample consolation in the degree of glory which you have acquired.

"You will be pleased to accept my thanks for the good things which you were so polite as to send me, with my own wishes that a suitable recompense may always attend your bravery.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

In September, 1778, Barry was appointed to the command of the frigate *Raleigh*, but soon after deliberately ran her ashore rather than submit to capture by an overwhelming British force. On May 29, 1781, as commander of the *Alliance*, he captured two British vessels, the *Atalanta* and the *Trepassy*, after a hot fight. During the action Barry was wounded and had to be carried below. One of his lieutenants reported to him that the ship had sustained great injury and asked if he would surrender. "No," replied Barry, "if the ship can't be fought without me I will be carried on deck." The reply animated the crew to such an extent that they succeeded in compelling the enemy to surrender before Barry could be brought on deck. In the fall of the same year Barry carried Lafayette and Count Noailles to France. In his speech in Congress introducing the bill for the creation of a monument to Barry, the Hon. M. E. Driscoll thus summarizes the services of Barry:

"That at the breaking out of the war of the Revolution Barry was master of the *Black Prince*, the finest merchant ship in America. She was purchased by the First Congress, armored for war, and made the first flagship of the first fleet, under the first commodore, and named the *Alfred*, after the father of the English navy; that Barry won the first naval victory of the war in the Continental service, and returned the first prize captured from the

enemy, in command of the Lexington, which was named after the first battle of the Revolution and was the first ship that bore the Continental flag to victory on the ocean; that Barry was the first captain of our present navy, and continued first in command until the time of his death; that during the last three years of the Revolution he was ranking officer in the navy, and fought the last battle of the war in command of the Alliance, the last and best warship of the Continental navy."

In the latter years of his life Captain Barry resided at No. 186 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, and died there on September 13, 1803.

He was buried in St. Mary's Catholic Church-yard on Fourth street. A fine marble statue of Commodore Barry was erected in 1876 as a part of the Centennial Memorial Fountain in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, by the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America.

In the Irish-American Almanac for 1882 John O'Kane Murray thus concludes a sketch of the life of Barry:

"Throughout his whole life Commodore Barry was a good, sincere, practical Catholic. As he died without children, he left the Catholic Orphan Asylum of Philadelphia his chief legatee.

"Many noble and generous qualities combine to render his heroic character one of singular symmetry and beauty. By all he was loved and honored; and to-day his memory is held in veneration from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico.

"Barry was above the ordinary stature. His person was graceful and commanding; and his whole deportment was marked by dignity, untinged with ostentation. He had a strongly marked countenance, which expressed the qualities of his mind and the virtues of his heart. His private life was amiable as his public career was brilliant. In his domestic relations he was frank, open, and affectionate; and his kind courtesy to all made him a host of friends. Deeply impressed with religion, he exacted an observance of its holy duties and ceremonies on board of his ship, as well as in the retirement of private life. His lofty feelings of honor secured the confidence of the most illustrious men of the nation, and gave the famous commander an extensive influence in the various spheres in which his active life required him to move. He possessed in an eminent degree the regard and admiration of Washington. His public services were far from being limited by any customary rule of professional duty, and without regard to labor, danger, or expense his devotion to his country kept him constantly engaged in disinterested acts of public utility."

EPHRAIM BLAINE was the son of James and Elizabeth Blaine, and was born in Londonderry, Ireland, on May 26, 1741.

His parents emigrated to America previous to 1745 and settled in Cumberland County, Pa., where the elder Blaine died in 1792, leaving a widow and nine children. Ephraim, the eldest child, received a classical education in Dr. Allison's school at Chester. In 1763 he served in the Provincial army under Bouquet, and was sheriff of Cumberland County from 1771 to 1774. At the beginning of the Revolution he helped to raise a regiment of Associators and became its lieutenant-colonel. On February 19, 1778, he was appointed Commissary-General of Purchases of the Continental army, and held this position for three years, during which millions of money passed in safety through his hands without the slightest suspicion on his honor or honesty. He possessed a fortune of his own and when the army needed supplies he raised large amounts to purchase them. Owing to the great sacrifices which he made for the young Republic his own estate became impaired and he was compelled to sell seven thousand acres of his land, two thousand of which were in Baltimore County, Md. President Washington remained at his house during his week's stay in Carlisle, Pa., at the time of the whiskey insurrection in 1794. Colonel Ephraim Blaine died at his farm in Middletown, Cumberland County, Pa., on February 16, 1804. He was the grandfather of James G. Blaine, Republican candidate for President in 1884 and Secretary of State under President Benjamin Harrison.

JOHN BLEAKLEY inherited a large fortune from his father, who was born in the North of Ireland and emigrated to Philadelphia, where he was highly successful in business. John Bleakley was noted for his benevolence and his zeal in the promotion of literature. He died in 1802 and left \$40,000 to the charities of Philadelphia.

JOHN BOYLE was one of the original members of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. He was born in Ireland and was engaged in the linen trade in Philadelphia. He was also one of the original members of the First City Troop and served with it in the campaign of 1776-77.

JOHN BROWN, who was born in Ireland, was Secretary of the Friendly Sons from 1792 until 1802. He came to Philadelphia in his youth and was employed in the counting house of Robert Morris. He accumulated a fortune and became a prosperous merchant. He was Secretary of the State Board of War in 1777 and was one of the twelve founders of the Hibernian Society in 1790.

RICHARD BUTLER, one of the greatest soldiers of the Revolution, was the eldest child of Thomas and Elinor Butler, and

was born on July 1, 1743, in St. Bridget's Parish, Dublin. About 1770, in partnership with his brother William, he settled in Pittsburg as an Indian trader. At the outbreak of the Revolution he was appointed an Indian agent; on July 20, 1776, he was elected by Congress as major; was made lieutenant-colonel two months later, and on June 7, 1777, he became colonel of the Fifth Pennsylvania regiment. Later in the same year, when Morgan's famous rifle corps was organized, he was appointed its lieutenant-colonel, and with it participated in several sharp actions in New Jersey and in the battles of Bemis Heights and Stillwater. At the latter place he had the honor of leading the riflemen against the right wing of the British army. After the surrender of Burgoyne, at which he was present, he was ordered to New Jersey with a separate command of riflemen, but was soon afterwards transferred to the Ninth Pennsylvania regiment. At the storming of Stony Point he commanded the left column of the American army. In 1781 he was placed in charge of the Fifth Pennsylvania regiment and assigned to Wayne's command. After the capture of Cornwallis, in which he took a prominent part, he was assigned to duty with General Wayne in Georgia, and only returned to his home after the echo of the last gun of the Revolution had died away forever, retiring from the army as brevet brigadier-general.

After the war he occupied the position of Indian Commissioner, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, Lieutenant of Allegheny County, Pa., Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and State Senator. In 1791 General Butler again took up arms in the cause of his adopted country, and was made second in command, with the rank of major-general, of the army organized by General St. Clair to subdue the Western Indians. General Butler commanded the right wing of the American army in the disastrous battle on the Miami on November 4, 1791. "It was on this occasion," writes Garden in his *Revolutionary Anecdotes*, "that the intrepid Butler closed his military career in death—his coolness preserved and courage remaining unshaken till the last moment of his existence. While enabled to keep the field his exertions were truly heroic. He repeatedly led his men to the charge and with slaughter drove the enemy before him, but at length being compelled to retreat to his tent, from the number and severity of his wounds, he was receiving surgical aid, when a ferocious warrior, rushing into his presence, gave him a mortal blow with his tomahawk." Lossing says that Simon Girty, the notorious Tory and unmitigated scoundrel, instigated the Indian to do this terrible deed, and that he not alone tomahawked General Butler, but scalped him and tore out his heart for distribution among the tribes. General Butler's son, William Butler, died a lieutenant in the navy early in

the war of 1812, while another son, Captain James Butler, commanded the Pittsburg Blues in the same war.

THOMAS BUTLER, Sr., gave five sons to his adopted country and founded a family whose record stands unequaled in the war history of the nation. So important were the services which his sons and grandsons rendered to America we must pause in our history of the Friendly Sons to do justice to them.

Thomas Butler was a native of Kilkenny, and emigrated to America in 1748. He at first settled in Lancaster, Pa., but soon removed to Mount Pleasant, Cumberland County, where he engaged in farming.

His second son, William, to whom we have already alluded in our brief sketch of the brilliant record of his eldest son, Richard, was born in 1745 and died in Pittsburg in 1789. He was lieutenant-colonel of the Fourth Pennsylvania regiment in the Revolution. In October, 1778, after the destruction of Wyoming by the Tories and the Indians, he conducted an expedition from Schoharie, N. Y., which destroyed the Indian settlements of Unadilla and Anaguaga.

Thomas Butler's third son, Thomas, was born at sea on the way to this country, on May 26, 1748. In 1776, while studying law with Judge Wilson in Philadelphia, he joined the patriot army, soon obtained a company, and was in almost every action in the Middle States during the Revolution. At the battle of Brandywine, September 11, 1777, he received the thanks of Washington on the field for intrepidity in rallying a retreating detachment. At Monmouth he was thanked by Wayne for defending a defile in the face of a heavy fire, while the regiment of his eldest brother, Colonel Richard Butler, withdrew. After the war he retired to a farm, but in 1791 was made major and commanded a battalion from Carlisle in Gibson's regiment, under St. Clair, at whose defeat by the Indians on November 4, 1791, he was twice wounded and was with difficulty removed from the field, his leg having been broken by a bullet, by his surviving brother, Edward, his elder brother, as we have seen, having been already treacherously killed. On the reorganization of the army on a peace basis in June, 1802, he was retained as colonel of the Second Infantry and died in New Orleans on September 7, 1805. His son, Robert, served in the War of 1812 as assistant adjutant-general to General Harrison in the battle of the Thames, and distinguished himself at New Orleans. He resigned as colonel in 1821 and from 1824 till 1849 was surveyor of public lands in Florida.

Thomas Butler's fourth son, PIERCE BUTLER, was born in Carlisle, Pa., on April 4, 1760, and died in Louisville, Ky., on September 11, 1821. He was captain in the Revolutionary War,

was with Morgan at Saratoga, commanded the Americans against Colonel Simcoe at Spencer's Ordinary on June 25, 1781, and served at the siege of Yorktown. He was adjutant-general in the War of 1812. His son, Thomas Langford Butler, was born in Lexington, Ky., in 1789, and died in Louisville, Ky., October 21, 1880. He entered the army as lieutenant, was made captain in 1813, and served through the Northwestern campaign under Harrison. In 1814 and 1815 he was aide-de-camp to General Jackson, was present at the battles of Pensacola and New Orleans, and was brevetted major for gallantry. After the war he was rewarded with the position of Surveyor of the Port of New Orleans, but soon resigned and went back to his old home in Kentucky, where he was twice elected to the Legislature. His brother, WILLIAM ORLANDO BUTLER, also a distinguished soldier, was born in Jessamine County, Ky., in 1791, and died in Carrollton, Ky., on August 6, 1880, in his eighty-ninth year, his brother having lived to be ninety-one years. William Orlando Butler was studying law, but when the War of 1812 broke out, although only in his twentieth year, he immediately enlisted as a private and hastened to the relief of Fort Wayne. Promoted to ensign in the Seventh Infantry, he was present at the disastrous battles at Raisin River on January 18 and 22, 1813. He distinguished himself in the second engagement by burning a barn from which the Indians poured a galling fire into the American ranks, but was wounded and taken prisoner. After enduring privations and inhuman treatment at the hands of the English he was paroled at Fort Niagara and made his way back to Kentucky amid many hardships. Commissioned a captain, he raised a company and did good service at Pensacola. He was ordered to New Orleans where, on the night of December 23, 1814, while in command of four companies, he attacked and repelled General Sir Edward Pakenham. This check gave time for the construction of defenses at Chalmette, which on January 8 enabled the Americans to defeat a force double their own and win a decisive victory. For this service Captain Butler was made brevet-major. In the following year he succeeded his brother, Major Thomas Butler, as aide-de-camp to General Jackson. In 1817 he resigned from the army, resumed the practice of law, served three terms in the Kentucky Legislature, and two in the National Congress, and was the candidate of his party for Governor of Kentucky in 1844, reducing the Whig majority from 28,000 to less than 5,000. Although his success at the bar was brilliant, he again joined the army at the beginning of the Mexican War, and on June 29, 1846, was appointed major-general of volunteers and bore a prominent part in the military movements in Texas and

Northern Mexico. At the siege of Monterey he charged a battery, was wounded in the leg and sent home, but rejoined the army of General Scott the following year and was present at the capture of the City of Mexico. For his bravery at Monterey he received a sword of honor from Congress and one from his own State. In February, 1848, being senior major-general, he succeeded General Scott in the chief command of the army of the United States and held that honorable position when peace was signed on May 29, 1848. In the same year General Butler was nominated by the Democratic National Convention at Baltimore for Vice President, with Lewis Cass for President, but the ticket was defeated owing to the division created by the Free-Soilers. General Butler retired to private life after this election, but when his country was again in danger he appeared once more and for the last time on the public stage at the Peace Congress at Washington in 1861.

Thomas Butler's fifth and youngest son, EDWARD BUTLER, was born at Mount Pleasant, Pa., on March 20, 1762, and died at Fort Wilkinson, Ga., on May 6, 1803. He was present at the battle on the Miami, where his brother Richard was so foully killed, and from which he carried his wounded brother Thomas off the field. He was adjutant-general to General Wayne in 1796, and was retained in the army with the rank of major on its peace establishment in 1802. His son, Edward G. W. Butler, entered the army as cadet in 1816, rose to the rank of first lieutenant, but resigned in 1831. In 1847 he again entered the army as colonel of dragoons from Louisiana and served through the Mexican War.

This is only a mere glance at the glorious history of the family founded by Thomas Butler from Kilkenny, which was represented by four sons in the War of the Revolution, three sons in the Indian War of 1791, one son and five grandsons in the War of 1812, and two grandsons in the Mexican War, one of the latter rising to the proud position of Commander-in-Chief of the United States army. It is doubtful if this record can be equalled by any other family in America, when service as well as sacrifice is taken into account.

ANDREW CALDWELL was one of the original members of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. He was a native of Ireland, a cousin of Samuel Caldwell and a prominent merchant of Philadelphia. He signed the non-importation resolutions in 1765 and from that time on was prominent in all the movements that led up to independence. On January 13, 1776, he was appointed Commodore of the provincial fleet, which he commanded in the fight with the British frigates *Roebuck* and *Liverpool* on the 6th

of May following. Soon after this event he resigned his position of Commodore on account of ill health, saying in his letter of resignation: "The preservation of the city depends on the defense of the river, and as there is reason to believe that the enemy will shortly return to accomplish their hellish purpose of murder and destruction I should consider myself as injuring the public cause were I to delay at this time the resigning of an office which, though proud to be honored with and anxious to discharge, I am not now able to perform." He was one of the originators of the First City Troop and continued to take a deep interest in public affairs until his death, which occurred toward the close of the eighteenth century.

SAMUEL CALDWELL was one of the most active and useful members of the Friendly Sons, being its secretary and treasurer for seventeen years. He was born in Londonderry, Ireland, and was a member of the shipping firm of Mease and Caldwell. He served with the First City Troop in the campaign of 1776-1777, and in 1780 subscribed 1,000 pounds to the bank organized to supply the patriot army with provisions. In 1787, owing to sacrifices in the war, he was forced to make an assignment, and soon after retired from business. At the first opening of the United States Circuit Court, on October 6, 1789, Judge Francis Hopkinson appointed him clerk of the court, and he continued in that office until his death on November 16, 1798. His son, David Caldwell, succeeded him in office and continued to hold it until he resigned on October 6, 1831, the forty-second anniversary of the original appointment of his father, as remarked by him in his letter of resignation addressed to Judge Joseph Hopkinson, son of Judge Francis Hopkinson, who had appointed his father. "I reciprocate," replied Judge Hopkinson, "most truly your expressions of affection and respect. Our intimacy commenced in our childhood and was the growth of the friendship that subsisted between our fathers. I think we may now say that it is not likely to be interrupted during our lives." The members of the bar presented David Caldwell with a silver cup, valued at \$150, as a testimonial of their appreciation of his long and valuable services to the profession. He died on November 11, 1835. It was to his widow that the Hibernian Society was indebted for the original minutes, rules, etc., of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick.

GEORGE CAMPBELL was one of the original members of the Friendly Sons and also of the First City Troop, in which he served until the close of the war. He was born at Stewartstown, County Tyrone, Ireland, and was admitted to practice law at the Armagh Assizes in 1751. He pursued his profession in Ireland until 1765, when he emigrated to Philadelphia. After the war of

Independence he resumed the practice of law and was elected a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature. In 1783 he was appointed Register of Wills of Philadelphia and continued in that office until 1800. He died in 1810 universally respected. He was the father of nine children. His widow, who was a sister of John Donaldson, survived him two years.

DANIEL CLARK was a native of Ireland and for a time a well-known merchant in Philadelphia, but removed to New Orleans, where he amassed a fortune. He died in that city in 1799. His nephew, Daniel Clark, who inherited his great fortune, attained prominence in public affairs, being a delegate from the territory of Orleans in the Ninth Congress. He became widely known through his will, which laid the foundation of the famous law suit, in which his daughter, Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines, figured for so many years. By a will dated May 20, 1811, Clark's property was given to his mother, Mary Clark, who had followed him to the United States. It was found, however, that Clark was secretly married to a beautiful French woman and had two daughters. One of these, Myra, was brought up in the home of Colonel Davis, a life long friend of Clark, and became known as Myra Davis. Myra discovered letters that partially revealed the circumstances of her birth. In 1832 she married W. W. Whitney, of New York, who, in following up the discovery, received from Davis an old letter that contained an account of a will made by Clark in 1813, just before his death, giving all his estate to Myra and acknowledging her as his legitimate daughter. On this and other evidence the great lawsuit was commenced in 1832 and continued in court in one shape or another until the death of the claimant, in 1885. In the meantime Mr. Whitney had died and his widow had married General Gaines, the hero of the War of 1812, who also had died. The value of the property claimed by Mrs. Gaines was estimated in 1861 at \$35,000,000, of which she had up to 1874 gained possession of \$6,000,000, and numerous actions were still in progress. In May, 1883, judgment was again in favor of Mrs. Gaines for \$2,492,374. From this another appeal was taken to the United States Supreme Court and thus the matter stood at her death. Under a previous decision Mrs. Gaines could have turned out of their homes over four hundred families, but although greatly in need of money, she refrained from harsh measures, and steadily declined several tempting offers of money from those who would have shown little mercy to the innocent holders of the disputed property. Although wealthy at the time of General Gaines' death, his widow spent her entire fortune in the effort to free her mother's name from stain and secure the millions that were finally decided to be rightfully hers.

DR. JOHN COCHRAN was the son of James and Isabella Cochran, natives of the North of Ireland, who emigrated to America in the early part of the eighteenth century and settled in Chester County, Pa., where the doctor was born on September 1, 1730. He studied medicine and entered the colonial service as a surgeon. He was one of the founders of the New Jersey Medical Society and was its second president. On the recommendation of Washington he was appointed Surgeon-General of the Army and held that position for four years. In 1781 he was appointed by Congress, without solicitation on his part, Director-General of the Hospitals of the United States. As tokens of the high esteem in which he was held by the leading men of the country it may be mentioned that Washington presented him with his camp furniture, General Wayne with his own sword, while Lafayette sent him a gold watch from France. In 1790 President Washington appointed him Commissioner of Loans for the State of New York and he held that position for seventeen years. He died on April 6, 1807, at his country seat, Palatine, Montgomery County, N. Y., and was buried in Forest Hill Cemetery, Utica. General John Cochran, of New York, a man most distinguished in his time, was his grandson. He was Surveyor of the Port, president of the Board of Aldermen, Acting Mayor of the City, and Attorney-General of the State. On July 4, 1858, he was appointed to convey to his native State the remains of President James Monroe, who had died in New York and been interred there. He served in the War of the Rebellion and rose to the rank of brigadier-general. In 1872 he was chiefly instrumental in securing the nomination of Horace Greeley for the Presidency in the Liberal Republican Convention at Cincinnati.

WILLIAM CONSTABLE was born in Dublin on January 1, 1752, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He came to America and settled in Schenectady, N. Y., as an Indian trader. He joined the Continental Army as an aid to General Lafayette. Subsequently he established a commercial house in Philadelphia, with branches at New York and Charleston, and became one of the leading merchants and largest land holders in America. In 1784 he removed to New York and formed a firm in connection with Robert and Gouverneur Morris, each of whom contributed fifty thousand pounds sterling as their share of the business capital. In 1787, with his old friend and fellow-countryman, Alexander Macomb, father of General Macomb, of the War of 1812, he purchased 640,000 acres of land on the St. Lawrence River, in New York, and in 1791 he was connected with Macomb and Richard McCormick in the purchase of nearly four million acres from the State of New York at one shilling (one-fourth of a dol-

lar) per acre. This was called the Macomb purchase and comprised the whole of the present counties of Lewis, Jefferson, St. Lawrence, and Franklin, with parts of Oswego and Herkimer—forming about a tenth part of the whole State. Mr. Constable was one of the chief promoters of the canal which connected the Hudson River with Lake Ontario and carried boats of ten tons from Schenectady to the lake. This canal was bought by the State when the construction of the Erie Canal was resolved upon. During his life Mr. Constable was associated with many of the most distinguished men in Europe and America. He died on May 22, 1803, and was buried at St. Paul's Churchyard, New York. He was survived by his widow, two sons, and five daughters, all of the latter marrying men in the foremost ranks of society.

DAVID HAYFIELD CONYNGHAM joined the Friendly Sons in 1775, and was also a member of the First City Troop and Hibernia Fire Company. He was the son of Redmond Conyngham, of Donegal, Ireland, founder of the firm of Conyngham and Nesbitt, afterward J. M. Nesbitt & Company, so prominent for its patriotism during the Revolution. David Hayfield Conyngham was first cousin to William Conyngham, created Baron Plunkett, Chief Justice and Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and brother of Captain Gustavus Conyngham, of the United States Navy during the Revolution. David Hayfield Conyngham was an ardent patriot and was frequently employed by Congress as a secret agent in France and the West Indies. When the privateer under the command of his brother, Captain Gustavus Conyngham, was being fitted out at Dunkirk, France, to intercept the English mail packet, his arrest was demanded by the British authorities, but Dr. Franklin apprised him of the fact and sent him beyond the frontier, protected by a passport. He was noted for his hospitality, especially to friends from Ireland, many of the Friendly Sons being indebted to his father and himself for their establishment in business. He lived to an advanced age and died on March 5, 1834. His son, Redmond Conyngham, inherited the Donegal estate of his grandfather, worth two thousand pounds per annum, and spent many years in Ireland, where he became intimate with Curran, Grattan, and the prominent patriots of their time. On his return to Pennsylvania he became a member of the Legislature and devoted himself to antiquarian study and historical research. He died in Lancaster County, Pa., on June 16, 1846. His brother Gustavus, like his distinguished uncle, was a captain in the United States Navy.

SHARP DELANY was a native of Monaghan, Ireland, came to Philadelphia about 1764 and established himself as a druggist in partnership with his brother William. He took an active

part in all the measures of resistance against British exactions. In June, 1776, he raised a company of militia and in 1779 was made Colonel of the Second Battalion of Pennsylvania. In 1780 he subscribed one thousand pounds to the bank established to supply the Continental army with provisions. In March, 1784, he was appointed Collector of the Port of Philadelphia by the Assembly and was reappointed to that office by President Washington when it passed under Federal control in 1789. Mr. Delany was an intimate friend of General Wayne and one of the executors of his will. He held the position of collector until his death, in his sixtieth year, on May 13, 1799.

JOHN DONNALDSON, born in Philadelphia on March 11, 1754, was the son of Hugh Donaldson, a native of Dungannon, Ireland, who emigrated to America about the middle of the eighteenth century. He was a prominent shipping merchant in Philadelphia and subscribed two thousand pounds to the patriotic cause in 1780. He fought with the City Troop during the war and was present at Trenton, Princeton, Brandywine, Germantown, Whitemarsh, and other battles. After the war he occupied many responsible public offices and was one of the early stockholders in the Insurance Company of North America. On March 8, 1792, when the First City Troop received their pay for services during the Revolution they resolved to donate the sum to a Foundling Hospital, and Captain Samuel Morris, First Lieutenant John Dunlap, and Quartermaster John Donaldson were appointed trustees of the money. John Donaldson was one of the original members of the Washington Benevolent Society of Pennsylvania, organized in 1813, of which his renowned kinsman, Captain Richard Dale, was President. Mr. Donaldson died on December 29, 1831, aged 77 years.

JOHN DUNLAP, who joined the Friendly Sons in 1778, was born in Strabane, County Tyrone, Ireland, in 1747. He came to Philadelphia when a boy and served an apprenticeship at printing with his uncle, William Dunlap. In 1767 he assumed control of the business of his relative. In 1771 he issued the Pennsylvania Packet or General Advertiser, and subsequently became one of the most successful printers of the country. He early espoused the Revolutionary cause, became printer to Congress, and first printed the Declaration of Independence. During the British occupation he transferred the publication office of the Packet to Lancaster, Pa. When the British left he returned to Philadelphia and became printer to the State of Pennsylvania, holding the latter appointment for several years. In 1784 he established the Packet as a daily and holds the honor of having issued the first daily paper in America. The Philadelphia North American is

the successor of Mr. Dunlap's paper. The fact that an Irishman was the founder of the great daily press of America—the most powerful vehicle of thought in the world—reflects the highest credit on our race and proves the vast influence which it wielded in the early days of this Republic. No amount of sophistry on the part of present day historians or no amount of swaggering bluster about Anglo-Saxon influence can blot out this all-important fact. John Dunlap was not one of those who contented himself with the teaching that the pen was mightier than the sword. He knew English civilization too well for that. While he was prepared to reason with those who would listen to reason he realized, like Meagher, that it was the weaponed arm of the patriot that could alone prevail against battalioned despotism. His philosophy equally embraced the pen and the sword. He made the one the adjunct of the other and, like a true Irishman, backed up his words with deeds. He was an original member of the First City Troop and served with it in all the campaigns in which it participated during the Revolution. He was cornet of the Troop in 1775, First Lieutenant in 1781, and became its Captain on April 12, 1794. While Captain of the Troop in 1799 he wrote the celebrated letter in answer to an order to march, in which he declared: "With pleasure I tell you that when the laws and government of this happy country require defense the First City Troop of Philadelphia Cavalry wants but one hour's notice to march." His money, too, was always at the disposal of his adopted country. In 1780 he subscribed four thousand pounds to the cause and at all times stood ready to risk his means as well as his life in behalf of American independence. After the war he became immensely wealthy, owning 98,000 acres of land in Kentucky, together with valuable squares of property in the heart of Philadelphia. He died on November 27, 1812, in his 65th year.

THOMAS FITZSIMMONS was one of the original members of the Friendly Sons and for two terms acted as Vice President. He was born in Dublin in 1741 and emigrated to Philadelphia in his twentieth year. He engaged in mercantile pursuits and soon became a partner in the importing firm of George Meade & Co. He took an active part in all the movements which led up to the Revolution and was a member of the Philadelphia Congress of 1774. He raised a company in 1775 and served with it as Captain in the operations in New Jersey in the summer of 1776 and afterward. In 1782 he was elected for the second time a member of the Continental Congress. His feelings were strongly enlisted in behalf of the army and he sympathized deeply with all the sufferings it had endured. He openly declared in Congress that he hoped it would not disband

until provision should be made for doing it ample justice. With Alexander Hamilton and James Madison, Thomas Fitzsimmons formed the committee appointed by Congress to reply to Rhode Island's communication about import duties. He was a member of the Federal Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States and his name is among the signers of that great instrument. He was elected a member of the First House of Representatives under the new Constitution, and by successive elections continued until 1795. On all questions of commerce, finance, and exchange, he was regarded as one of the ablest and efficient members of the National Legislature. During his time he was President of the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce, a founder and director of the Bank of North America, President of the Insurance Company of North America, and a trustee of the University of North America. He was a sincere and devoted Catholic and was the largest contributor to the erection of the Church of St. Augustine in Philadelphia. He died on August 26, 1811.

TENCH FRANCIS, one of the original members, was born in Maryland in 1732. His father, also named Tench Francis, was a native of Ireland who emigrated to America in the early part of the eighteenth century and settled in Kent County, Md. He afterward removed to Philadelphia and became attorney-general of the province and one of its most prominent citizens. Tench Francis, jr., became a prosperous merchant in Philadelphia, and when the bank was organized in 1780 to supply the army with provisions, to which he subscribed the princely sum of five thousand five hundred pounds, he became its first cashier without salary, and continued in that position after its reorganization as the Bank of North America until January 12, 1792. He died on May 1, 1800, in the 69th year of his age. His brother, Turbutt Francis, was also one of the original members of the Friendly Sons, but died in the third year of the Revolution.

BENJAMIN FULLER, who at various times occupied the position of President and Vice President, and Secretary of the Society, was born in Ireland and was one of the most eminent ship brokers in Philadelphia, remarkable for his honesty in business transactions. In 1778 he was one of the Auditors of Accounts, and in 1780 was a subscriber to the patriotic bank to the amount of two thousand pounds. He died on November 21, 1799, and bequeathed his Society medal to Benjamin Fuller West, son of his "worthy friend, William West, deceased, with the pleasing hope that he will live to become a worthy member of the Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick."

GEORGE FULLERTON was a native of Ireland and a member of the First City Troop. He died from a wound re-

ceived by the accidental discharge of his pistol at a review near Trenton in 1776, and was the first martyr to the cause of independence among the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. He was one of the original members of the Society.

EDWARD HAND, son of John and Dorothy Hand and one of the most distinguished soldiers of the Revolution, was born December 31, 1744, at Clyduff, Kings County, Ireland. He studied medicine and attended lectures at Trinity College, Dublin. He was appointed Surgeon's Mate in the Eighteenth Royal Irish and left Ireland with that regiment for America, where he landed on July 11, 1767, "below Philadelphia." He resigned his commission in 1774 and went to Lancaster, Pa., with the intention of quietly practicing his profession, but at the commencement of the Revolution he immediately espoused the colonial cause. On June 25, 1775, he was commissioned as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Pennsylvania Rifle Battalion, and from that time until the close of the war he was in constant service with the Continental Army and one of its bravest and most able officers. He was made Colonel on March 7, 1776; Brigadier-General on April 7, 1777, and two weeks later was appointed to the command of the troops required for the defense of the Western frontier, everything being left to his own discretion and management. Hand and his Pennsylvania Rifles are frequently and honorably mentioned by Irving in his life of Washington and in all works relating to the history of the Revolutionary War. Among his many gallant exploits were his check of Cornwallis at Flatbush, L. I., and his holding of the bridge at Throck's Neck against Howe until reinforced, on both occasions acting against superior numbers. He was in the thick of the fight at Trenton, and having cut off the retreat of the Hessians, compelled them to surrender, after the fall of their commander, Rahl. He was commissioned Adjutant-General on January 3, 1781, returned to Washington's army, and was present in the operations which resulted in the surrender of Yorktown. He was elected a member of the Friendly Sons on March 18, 1782, and signed the roll at the same time as General Washington. At the close of the war he returned to Lancaster and resumed the practice of his profession. In 1790, while still residing at Lancaster, he went all the way to Philadelphia to join the Hibernian Society. In 1794 he was Major-General of the Second Division of the Pennsylvania Militia, and in 1798 was Major-General of the Provisional Army of the United States. He resided at Rockford, near Lancaster, until his death, which occurred on September 3, 1803.

CHARLES HEATLY was born in Ireland and a gentleman of fortune and a barrister in that country. He was compelled to

leave his native land and estate on account of some patriotic effort in which his zeal had exposed him to the malignity of the English Government. He settled in Philadelphia, where he practiced law for many years. Samuel Hood, who was himself an ardent Irishman, in his sketch of the Friendly Sons, describes him as a great wit and relates at length an anecdote illustrative of his disposition. He joined the Hibernian Society in 1790 and took a most active part in its affairs, being its counselor for twenty years and its Vice President from 1800 until his death in 1814.

WILLIAM IRVINE was born near Enniskillen, County Fermanagh, Ireland, on November 3, 1741, and was educated in Trinity College, Dublin. He joined the army as a cornet, but soon resigned owing to a quarrel with his colonel. He then studied medicine and surgery and was appointed surgeon on a British man-of-war. In 1764, when peace was proclaimed between England and France, Dr. Irvine left the English service forever, came to America, and settled at Carlisle, Pa., where he commenced the practice of medicine. Dr. Irvine did his full share in rousing the colonists to resistance against the tyranny of England and was an active member of all the preliminary conventions leading up to the Revolutionary War. On January 6, 1776, by appointment of Congress, he raised the Sixth Pennsylvania Regiment and marched with it as its commander to the mouth of the Richelieu River in Canada to join the Northern Army. On June 7, 1776, his regiment, with three companies under Colonel Anthony Wayne, the whole commanded by General William Thompson, went to Nicolet and were joined by Colonel Arthur St. Clair, with nearly seven hundred men. An attack was made on the British troops at Three Rivers, about forty miles below, but owing to the strength of the English position and the worn-out condition of the American troops, the latter were forced to retreat and General Thompson and Colonel Irvine were captured by the enemy and taken to Quebec. On August 3, 1776, Colonel Irvine was released upon parole, but was not exchanged until April 21, 1778, when he was immediately assigned to active duty with Washington's army. In the battle of Monmouth he was in command of a brigade, and when Lee's troops were retreating they so impeded the advance of Colonel Irvine's brigade that he threatened to charge through them before he could make his way to an advanced position. In a letter dated June 30, 1778, describing the battle, he writes: "Thus the pride of the British Tyrant is lowering; in all the actions hitherto the Americans never took the field. I hope in the future they will always take it." On May 12, 1779, he was made Brigadier-General and assigned to command of the Second Brigade of the Pennsylvania Line. He

served under Wayne during 1779 and 1780. In November, 1781, on the recommendation of Washington, he was placed in command of the Western Department and remained in Fort Pitt until October 1, 1783, when he returned to his home in Carlisle much broken in health. He was not long permitted to remain in private life, however, being almost immediately appointed a member of the Council of Censors of the State. On March 26, 1785, he was sent to examine and select donation lands promised to the Pennsylvania troops and reported the following November recommending the purchase of the "Triangle," thus securing to Pennsylvania an outlet on Lake Erie. He was a member of Congress in 1786-1788, and also of the Third Congress under the new Constitution in 1793-1795. In 1794 he was Commissioner to lay out the towns of Erie, Waterford, Warren, and Franklin, and to build a road from Reading to Presque Isle. In the whiskey insurrection, brought about by the refusal of the mountaineers of Western Pennsylvania, Virginia, and North Carolina to pay the new Revenue Tax, General Irvine commanded the Pennsylvania troops and speedily put an end to the trouble. In 1797 General Irvine was a Presidential elector on the Adams ticket, and in the year following he was appointed commander-in-chief of the Pennsylvania troops ordered by Congress for the expected French war. President Jefferson appointed him Intendant of Military Stores, and he occupied that position until his death in 1804. In an obituary notice in Poulson's Daily Advertiser of August 1, 1804, the following tribute is paid to the memory of General Irvine. "General Irvine was on the Canada expedition, where his talents and gallantry were very important and occasioned him to be consulted by the Commander-in-Chief during the remainder of the war on all the operations of the Middle States. He was a faithful, virtuous, and affectionate husband and a fond and tender parent. In him neither disguise nor chicanery superseded the honest integrity of the heart. Sincere in his friendships and as sincere in his dislikes—he respected none but those he deemed worthy, and those he despised he shunned in silence." Two of his sons, Callender and James, were members of the Hibernian Society. Mrs. Thomas C. Biddle, of Washington, D. C., and Mrs. Sarah D. J. Newbold Irvine, of Philadelphia, are great-granddaughters of General Irvine.

FRANCIS JOHNSTON was born on his father's estate in Chester County, Pa., in 1748. His father was born in Londonderry, Ireland, and emigrated in 1721 and settled in Chester County, Pa. He was a magistrate in the old country and farmed nine hundred acres of land. He was one of those sturdy Presbyterians, many of whom came to America in the early part of

the eighteenth century, who subsequently formed the Society of United Irishmen in Ireland. Of Francis Johnston, the second of nine children, it is stated in Futhey's History of Chester County, Pa., that "he was among the earliest and most earnest of the patriots of Chester County who led the opposition to the measures of Great Britain which resulted in the War of Independence. When the master spirits of that day assembled to organize resistance to tyranny we almost invariably find Anthony Wayne presiding at the meetings in Chester County and Francis Johnston acting as Secretary." There, as elsewhere, the Irish element was always in the front rank of the patriots. When Wayne was appointed Colonel of the Fourth Pennsylvania Battalion on January 4, 1776, Johnston was made Lieutenant-Colonel, and in September of the same year, when the Fifth Pennsylvania was organized, the latter was made its Colonel and led it with bravery at the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, Monmouth, and Stony Point. Mr. Johnston was an excellent classical scholar and distinguished for his genial and witty ways around the social board. He died February 22, 1815, aged 67 years.

GEORGE LATIMER was born at Newport, Del., on July 8, 1750. His father, James Latimer, then a boy of seventeen, and his grandfather, Arthur Latimer, came to America in 1736 and settled in Lancaster County, Pa. James, the father of George, married Sarah Geddes, and lived at Newport, where he owned flour mills. Though living in a Tory neighborhood, the Latimers were all active adherents of the American cause. James Latimer was Lieutenant-Colonel of one of the two Delaware regiments formed on March 20, 1775, to aid the cause of independence, and was President of the Delaware Convention, which, on December 7, 1787, ratified the Constitution of the United States, being the first State to do so. George Latimer, who joined the Friendly Sons in 1792, was a lieutenant-colonel in the Revolutionary War. His brother, Dr. Henry Latimer, afterward United States Senator from Delaware, was a surgeon in the American army, and his brother-in-law, Captain Geddes, was a commissioned officer in the navy. The British Government offered a reward for the capture, dead or alive, of James Latimer and his two sons, George and Henry—a fact which speaks volumes for their patriotism. After the war George Latimer was a resident of Philadelphia and was Speaker of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives and Collector of the Port of Philadelphia. He joined the Hibernian Society in 1790, and his son James was also a member of that organization. George Latimer died on June 12, 1825.

GEORGE MEADE, one of the founders of the Friendly Sons, was born on February 27, 1741, in Philadelphia. He was

the son of Robert Meade, a native of Limerick, Ireland, and a merchant in Philadelphia. He entered into the importing business with his brother, Garrett Meade, as early as 1763, and two years later we find them signing the non-importation agreement against England. In 1775 George Meade was enrolled in the Third Battalion of Associators and was a member of several important committees charged with preparations for the Revolution. In 1780 he subscribed two thousand pounds to the patriotic bank and was one of the leading subscribers to the building fund of St. Augustine's Catholic Church, being also a trustee of St. Mary's. He was the father of ten children and grandfather of General George Gordon Meade, the hero of Gettysburg. He died in Philadelphia on November 9, 1808.

JAMES, JOHN, AND MATHEW MEASE, three brothers, were all born in Strabane, County Tyrone, Ireland, and were among the original members of the Friendly Sons, while James and John were members of the First City Troop from its inception. Their uncle, John Mease, also a native of Strabane, was established as a merchant in Philadelphia for many years before their arrival, and died there in 1767. The three brothers were among the most zealous adherents to the cause of independence. James Mease was a member of the Committee of Correspondence, June 18, 1774; of the Committee of Safety, June 30, 1775, and was made Paymaster and Treasurer of the Continental Army November 10, 1775. In January, 1777, he was appointed Clothier-General of the army by Washington, and in 1780 he subscribed five thousand pounds to the bank organized to supply the army with provisions, his brother John giving four thousand pounds toward the same worthy object. John Mease was with Washington on the night of December 25, 1776, when he crossed the Delaware, and was one of five detailed to keep alive the fires along the line of the American encampment, to deceive the enemy, while the army marched by a private route to attack the British rear-guard at Trenton. For twenty-nine years he was Surveyor of the Port of Philadelphia—from 1796 until his death on November 21, 1825, in the 86th year of his age. He was the only man who continued in latter days to wear the old three-cornered hat of the Revolution and was affectionately called "the last of the cocked hats." He was the father of Dr. James Mease, author of "The Picture of Philadelphia in 1811." Matthew Mease entered the navy and became purser of the *Bon Homme Richard*. In the desperate struggle between that vessel and the *Serapis* Mr. Mease, not relishing the thought of being an idle spectator of the engagement, obtained from Paul Jones the command of the quarter-deck guns, which he held until he was dangerously wounded

on the head and had to be carried below. He died in 1787, two years after his brother, James Mease.

JOHN MITCHELL, one of the original members of the Society and one of its Vice Presidents, was a native of Ireland and a prominent merchant in Philadelphia. He served without pay as Muster Master-General of the State Navy in 1775 and acted as an officer on the armed boats Chatham and Ranger. After the war he was United States Consul at Santiago de Cuba. His sons, John and Randle, were also members of the Friendly Sons.

One of the most interesting and picturesque figures in the whole Revolution was GENERAL STEPHEN MOYLAN, a native of the city of Cork, Ireland. Though the majority of the Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick were Protestants at its inception Moylan, a Catholic, was unanimously elected its first President—a fact which speaks volumes for the liberal feelings which actuated the members. He was also its last President, having been re-elected to that honorable position in 1796 and continued to hold it until the extinction of the organization—probably at his death. From the beginning he was one of its most active and loyal members and in its later years, clinging to the grand old organization with a beautiful devotion, he was its chief mainstay and support. His father, John Moylan, of the city of Cork, was married twice. By his first wife, the Countess of Limerick, he had four children—two daughters who became Ursuline nuns, one of them being an abbess; Stephen Moylan and Francis Moylan, the latter being Catholic Bishop of Cork from 1786 until his death. By his second wife he had two children—Jasper and John Moylan. The Moylans were merchants, established in business in Cork as early as 1720 and prominently connected with commercial affairs. Denis Moylan, an uncle of Stephen, who died in 1772, held the Government contract for the commissariat of the Isle of Bourbon. In consequence of the severe penal laws against the education of Catholics the boys of the family had to be smuggled out of the country to France for their education. Upon their return they soon became men of mark. Stephen Moylan was born in 1743. It is a tradition in the family that, after receiving his education abroad, he was sent to Lisbon, Portugal, where his father had large commercial interests, and upon his return to Ireland he chafed so much under the restraint of British laws that he resolved to emigrate to America. He carried his resolve into execution, came to America some years before the Revolution, and became a prosperous merchant in Philadelphia. He was foremost in every movement leading up to independence and at the commencement of the war he immediately applied for service in the army. He did not wait for hostilities to open in

Philadelphia, but enlisted in a regiment that hastened to the American camp before Boston in 1775. His business experience led to his assignment to the Commissariat Department, and on June 5, 1776, through the influence of his friend and fellow member of the Friendly Sons, John Dickinson, Congress elected him Quartermaster-General, with the rank of Colonel, thus placing him on the staff of General Washington, then after being appointed Commander-in-Chief of the patriot army. From the first Washington was attracted by his gentlemanly and polite bearing and a warm friendship sprung up between them which lasted during their lives. The duties of Quartermaster-General not being suitable to the gallant Irishman, he resigned his position on October 1, 1776. On the recommendation of Washington, and by permission of Congress, Moylan raised a regiment of horse, the Fourth Pennsylvania Light Dragoons, the vast majority of whom were men of the Irish race, which became as famous in the Revolution as Sheridan's command did afterward in the Rebellion. Moylan was in constant service until the end of the war, and in all the operations of Washington and his Continental Army "Moylan's Dragoons" bore a conspicuous and gallant part. Whether in the field or while the army was in camp at Valley Forge and other places he was constantly at the front in all the movements in which the cavalry were employed, whether in harassing the enemy, cutting off supplies, or providing sustenance for the American patriots in the field.

The Marquis de Chastellux, the distinguished French author and soldier, thus speaks of Colonel Moylan in his "Travels in America:"

"Behold me traveling with Colonel Stephen Moylan, whom his excellency General Washington had given me in spite of myself, as a companion. I began to question him, he to answer me, and the conversation gradually becoming more interesting, I found I had to deal with a very gallant and very intelligent man, who had lived long in Europe and who has traveled through the greatest part of America. I found him perfectly polite, for his politeness was not troublesome, and I soon conceived a great friendship for him. Mr. Moylan is an Irish-Catholic; one of his brothers is Catholic Bishop of Cork. As for himself he came to America some years ago, where he was at first engaged in commerce; he then served in the army as aide-de-camp to the General, and has merited the command of the light cavalry. During the war he married the daughter of a rich merchant in the Jerseys, who lived formerly at New York, and who now resides on an estate at a little distance from the road we were to pass the next day."

Chastellux, we might add, was a major-general in the French expedition under Rochambeau and gained the friendship of Washington by his amiable character. He was married to an Irish lady named Plunkett.

Colonel Moylan returned at the close of the war with the rank of Brigadier-General and resumed business in Philadelphia, attempting to rebuild a fortune which had been greatly impaired by the sacrifices he had willingly made in the service of his adopted country. His wife, the daughter of Philip Van Horne, Colonial Governor of New Jersey, was a highly cultured and amiable lady, the charm of whose manners greatly added to the attractions of her home on the corner of Walnut and Fourth streets. With her aid General Moylan soon became distinguished as an old school gentleman and a hospitable host. In 1793 he was appointed Commissioner of Loans and Pensions and held that position until his death, which occurred on April 11, 1811, his wife preceding him to the grave by more than twenty years.

Major-General John Joseph Coppinger, of the United States army, who was born in Queenstown, Ireland, on October 11, 1834, was a descendant of Denis Moylan, uncle of General Stephen Moylan. In early life General Coppinger was in the Papal Brigade and was decorated for heroism in the war against Victor Emmanuel. He joined the United States Army on September 30, 1861, and rose from the rank of Captain to that of Major-General. He was retired on October 11, 1898.

The following poem on "Moylan's Dragoons" was written by Thomas D'Arcy McGee when he first came to the United States. It was supposed to be sung in honor of Moylan's Dragoons after the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, in 1781:

MOYLAN'S DRAGOONS.

Furl up the banner of the brave,
And bear it gently home,
Through stormy scenes no more to
wave;

For now the calm has come.
Through showering grape and
drifting death,

It floated ever true;
And by the signs upon our path,
Men knew what troop went
through.

Our flag first flew o'er Boston free,
When Graves' fleet groped out
On Stony Point, reconquered, we
Unfurled it with a shout;
At Trenton, Monmouth, German-
town.

Our sabers were not slack;
Like lightning, next, to Charlestown
We scourged the British back.

And here at Yorktown now they
yield,

And our career is o'er,
No more thou'lt flutter o'er the field,
Flag of the brave!—no more.

The Redcoats yield them to "the
Line;"

Both sides have changed their
tunes,

To peace the Congress doth in-
cline;

And so do we Dragoons.

Furl up the banner of the brave,
And bear it gently home;
No more o'er Moylan's march to
wave.

Lodge it in Moylan's home.
There Butler, Hand, and Wayne,
perchance,

May tell of battles brave,
And the old flag on its splintered
lance

Above their heads shall wave.

Hurrah, then, for the Schuylkill
side,

Its pleasant woody dells!
Old Ulster* well may warm with
pride

When each his story tells.
Comrades, farewell; may heaven
bestow

On you its richest boons!
So let us drink before we go,
To Moylan's brave Dragoons!

*Ulster County, Pa.

BLAIR McCLENACHAN, who joined the Friendly Sons in 1777, was a native of Ireland, but came to Philadelphia at an early age and became the largest importer in the city, with the exception of Robert Morris. His sympathies were early enlisted in the American cause and he was one of the original members of the First City Troop, serving with it in the Jersey Campaign in 1776-1777. His subscription of ten thousand pounds to the patriotic bank project was only equaled by that of Robert Morris, who gave a similar amount. After the war he was a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly for five years, and was elected to Congress in 1797. In 1794 he was President of the Democratic Society and bitterly opposed the confirmation of Jay's treaty, which he denounced as a complete surrender to England. He lost all his money through financial reverses, and toward the close of his career became a very poor man. President Jefferson did not forget his services, however, and appointed him Commissioner of Loans, which position he held until his death on May 8, 1812.

From its first meeting until his death JOHN MAXWELL NESBITT was one of the most active members of the Friendly Sons, and on March 3, 1790, when the grand old society commenced to decline, he was Chairman of the "Select Meeting of Irishmen" which formed the Hibernian Society. He was a native of Loughbrickland, County Down, Ireland, and came to America when a young man, with recommendations to Redmond Conyngham, who was a prosperous merchant in Philadelphia long before the Revolution and who employed him as a clerk. In 1765, when Mr. Conyngham was about to return to Ireland, he entrusted his business into Mr. Nesbitt's hands, making him a partner and finally changing the firm name to J. M. Nesbitt & Co. Quite a number of the Friendly Sons owed their change of residence from Ireland to America by reason of the business connections of this firm with the North of Ireland. At the commencement of the Revolution the firm soon became noted for its patriotism, and in 1780 subscribed five thousand pounds to the patriotic

bank. Mr. Nesbitt took a prominent part in the struggle for independence and held many honorable appointments. When the Continental army, in 1780, was suffering from hunger General Washington wrote to Judge Peters depicting their great distress. Judge Peters called on Mr. Nesbitt and informed him of the condition of affairs. Mr. Nesbitt immediately replied that a quantity of beef and pork which he had recently bought, together with a valuable prize laden with provisions which had just arrived, were at the service of General Washington. They were accepted at once and immediately forwarded to the soldiers, some of whom were half starved. In addition to this Mr. Nesbitt most heartily co-operated with every effort to sustain the public credit and provide for the continuance of the war. He was one of the Directors of the Bank of North America and the first President of the Insurance Company of North America. He died in January, 1802. His brother, Alexander Nesbitt, also distinguished himself as a patriot during the Revolution. Both brothers were members of the First City Troop and fought with it in the campaign of 1776-1777. Alexander Nesbitt was in the dry goods business, General Walter Stewart being his partner in the firm of Stewart & Nesbitt. He died in September, 1791.

FRANCIS NICHOLS was born in Enniskillen, Fermanagh, Ireland, in 1737. He came to America in 1769 and settled in Philadelphia. He was a lieutenant in Colonel William Thompson's Rifle Battalion in 1776 and was captured in the attack on Three Rivers. On December 16, 1776, after his exchange, he was promoted to the rank of Captain, and subsequently was Major of the Ninth Pennsylvania Line. After the war he engaged in business in Philadelphia and took an active part in the public events of the city. He was a member of the First City Troop, the Hibernian Society and the Pennsylvania Society of the Cincinnati. He died on February 13, 1812, at Pottstown, Pa. His brother, William Nichols, was United States Marshal of Philadelphia in 1785, and his grandson, Henry K. Nichols, joined the Hibernian Society in 1867.

JOHN NIXON, one of the original members of the Friendly Sons, was born in Philadelphia in 1733. He was the son of Richard Nixon, a native of County Wexford, Ireland, who was a prominent shipping merchant in Philadelphia. He succeeded his father in business and from an early age took a leading part in public affairs. In 1774 he was a member of the Philadelphia Committee of Correspondence which brought about the First Colonial Congress in that city and in the following year he was made Colonel of one of the Associator Regiments formed to defend Philadelphia. The Council of Safety having received

from Congress, upon July 6, 1776, a copy of the Declaration of Independence, it was ordered to be proclaimed at the State House upon Monday, July 8, at 12 o'clock noon, and John Nixon, one of the members of the Council, was selected to read it. At the time and place mentioned, in the presence of the assembled citizens, he read and proclaimed, FOR THE FIRST TIME, that precious document. He was twice in the field, with his regiment of Associators, under Washington, and took part in the battle of Princeton. He was appointed by Congress to many positions of trust, and in 1780 subscribed five thousand pounds to the patriotic bank. In the Federal Procession upon July 4, 1788, to commemorate the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, Colonel Nixon represented the character of "Independence" and was one of the principal organizers of the parade. He was a trustee of the University of Pennsylvania, an alderman of Philadelphia, and for ten years was President of the Bank of North America, from 1792 until his death on December 31, 1808.

MICHAEL MORGAN O'BRIEN, who joined the Friendly Sons in 1781 and was also a member of the Hibernian Society and First City Troop, was a native of Ireland and a merchant in Philadelphia. In his will he mentions many of his old friends in the Friendly Sons and leaves his books to the "Rt. Reverend Father in God, John Carroll, R. C., Bishop of Baltimore, as a testimony of the great respect and esteem I bear him." He also made the following interesting bequest: "I give unto my dear nephew, James Boland, now residing at the Island of Dominica, in the West Indies, my gold watch and a gold medal which was struck for the members of a society known by the name of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, and of which society General Moylan is President for the present year." His will was made on September 2, 1803, before going on a voyage to France, where he died.

JOHN PATTON was born in Sligo, Ireland, in 1745, came to America in 1761 and settled in Philadelphia, where he was a merchant at the opening of the Revolution. He was a member of the City Committee of Inspection and Observation, August 16, 1775; Major of the Second Provincial Rifle Battalion, March, 1776; Major Ninth Pennsylvania Regiment, November 11, 1776, and Colonel Sixteenth Pennsylvania Regiment, January 11, 1777. He served with credit during the war and subscribed two thousand pounds to the patriotic bank in 1780—his purse, as well as his person, being always at the disposal of his country. He resumed business in Philadelphia after the war and later became an iron manufacturer on a large scale. He was also a member of the Hibernian Society and of the First City Troop, and at the time of his death, in 1804, was Major-General of a Division of the

Pennsylvania Militia. Writing in 1892, Mr. Campbell tells us that "his son, John Patton, was a lieutenant in the United States Navy and served for eight years under Commodore Stephen Decatur. His grandson, Honorable John Patton, was a member of the Thirty-seventh and Fiftieth Congresses, Brigadier-General of Pennsylvania Militia, and is now the President of the Curwensville (Pa.) Bank. His great-grandson, John Patton, jr., is a practicing lawyer in Grand Rapids, Mich., and has a son, also named John Patton, the fifth of the name, five years of age." It will thus be seen that the name of Patton stands out with honor in every generation from the Revolution down to the present day. May it long continue to be a credit to its illustrious founder, John Patton, of Sligo, Ireland.

JOHN SHEE, one of the original members of the Society, was born in Ardanagrah Castle, Westmeath, Ireland, and, through his mother, was lineal heir to that estate, consisting of 900 acres. On the death of his mother, he and his brother, Bertles, were brought to America by their father, Walter Shee. They settled in Philadelphia and engaged in the shipping business, the firm being Walter Shee & Sons. On January 3, 1776, John Shee was elected Colonel of the Third Pennsylvania Regiment, and in April, 1777, he was appointed on the State Board of War and served until the close of its labors. In 1780 he subscribed one thousand pounds to the bank organized to supply provisions to the army. After the war he remained prominent in military affairs and attained the rank of General in the Militia. He was also active in the politics of the day and was City Treasurer from 1790 to 1797. President Jefferson appointed him Collector of the Port of Philadelphia, Stephen Girard being surety on his official bond, and he held the position until his death on August 5, 1808.

HUGH SHIEL, who joined the Friendly Sons in 1780, was a native of Ireland and a physician. He practiced medicine in Philadelphia toward the end of the Revolution, and in 1780 subscribed five thousand pounds to the patriotic bank organized to supply the American army with provisions. After the war Dr. Shiel removed to Kentucky, where he was accidentally drowned while crossing a river.

CHARLES STEWART was born in Newton Cunningham, County Donegal, Ireland, in 1729. He came to America in 1750 and became Deputy Surveyor-General of the Province of Pennsylvania, being noted for the excellence of his surveys. In 1774 he was a member of the first convention in New Jersey that issued a Declaration of Rights against the aggressions of the Crown and in 1775 was a delegate to the First Provincial Congress. He

was made Colonel of the First New Jersey regiment of Minute Men, then of the Second New Jersey Regiment of the Line, and in 1877 was appointed Commissariat-General of the Continental Army, serving as such on Washington's staff until the close of the war. He was a member of Congress in 1784-1785 and died in Flemington, N. J., on July 24, 1800.

WALTER STEWART, a cousin of Charles, was born in Londonderry, Ireland, about 1756. He came to America before the Revolution, and when resistance to England was determined upon he raised a company for the Third Pennsylvania Battalion and was commissioned its captain January 6, 1776. He was appointed Aide to General Gates on May 26 following and served in that capacity until June 17, 1777, when he was commissioned by the Supreme Council of Pennsylvania Colonel of the State Regiment of Foot. He took command on July 6, 1777, and led it at Brandywine and Germantown. By resolution of Congress his regiment was annexed to the Continental army, becoming the Thirteenth Regiment of the Pennsylvania line. On January 17, 1781, it was incorporated with the Second Pennsylvania, under Colonel Stewart's command. He served with credit until the end of the war, winning a high reputation for gallantry and efficiency, and retired from the service on January 1, 1783, with the rank of Brevet Brigadier-General. Alexander Hamilton, in a letter concerning the battle of Monmouth, June 28, 1778, says that Colonel Stewart and Lieutenant-Colonel Ramsey were, with General Wayne, always foremost in danger and were amongst the first to oppose the enemy. General Stewart was an intimate friend of General Washington, who was godfather to his eldest son. He was said to be the handsomest man in the American army and was known as the "Irish Beauty." After the war he engaged in business in Philadelphia and was quite successful, although losing heavily in the Robert Morris failures. He continued to take an interest in military affairs and was Major-General of Militia in 1794. He was one of the organizers of the Hibernian Society in 1790 and was its Vice President from that time until his death on June 14, 1796.

GENERAL WILLIAM THOMPSON joined the Friendly Sons in 1778. He was born in Ireland about 1725 and came to America in his early manhood, settling in Carlisle, Pa. Like Washington, he was a skillful surveyor and served as captain of a mounted troop in the French and Indian wars. He was awarded three thousand acres of land for his services, but when he went to Richmond in 1775 to complete his title he was ordered to take the oath of allegiance to the King before his surveys would be received. This he refused to do and lost his lands, but

preserved his honor. When a battalion of eight companies was recruited in Pennsylvania, after the fight at Lexington, Thompson was placed in command with the rank of colonel. They were the first troops that were raised by the Continental Congress—the foundation of the United States army—and we take pride in the fact that their commander was an Irishman and that the vast majority of the troops themselves also belonged to that nationality. Colonel Thompson and his troops arrived at the American camp in Cambridge, Mass., before August 14, 1775, and on November 10 following they drove back a British landing party at Lechmere Point. Thompson was made a brigadier-general on March 1, 1776, and on March 19 he relieved General Charles Lee of the command of the forces at New York. In April he was ordered to Canada to reinforce General John Thomas with four companies, which were afterward increased to ten. He met the remnant of the Northern army on its retreat from Quebec and assumed the chief command while General Thomas was sick, yielding it up on June 4 to General John Sullivan, by whose orders, two days later, he made a disastrous attack on the enemy at Three Rivers. He was there taken prisoner, and in August returned to Philadelphia on parole, but was not exchanged until October, 1780. During all this time he chafed under his enforced inactivity and quarrelled with Thomas McKean, whom he accused of neglecting to secure his exchange. He did not live to see the close of the war in which he sacrificed so much, dying at Carlisle, Pa., on September 3, 1781. The Pennsylvania Packet, of September 15, 1781, thus records his death: "Died on the third instant, General William Thompson, at his seat near Carlisle. Commanded the first regiment raised in Pennsylvania. When he joined the army before Boston the rank of First Colonel in the service was assigned him. In the attack on Three Rivers he was made prisoner. Captivity long and embittered. Universally lamented. Most respectable funeral known in Carlisle."

GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON was elected a member of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick on December 18, 1781. He was adopted as an Irishman and accepted the medal of the society with singular pleasure. He was present at three meetings, and among his correspondence are found many letters on various subjects addressed to members of the Society. He was entirely free from prejudice towards Irishmen or Catholics and always manifested a deep interest in their welfare. He early recognized their devotion to the cause of American liberty and honored them for the great sacrifice which they made in its behalf. He found them true Americans as well as true Irishmen, and gave them the most honored positions in his gift. He had

Morgan and Hand leading his rifles, Knox at the head of his artillery, and Moylan commanding the cavalry. Through his influence Montgomery was appointed to the chief command of the Northern Army, John Dunlap to his life-guard, Edward Hand to be his Adjutant-General, Andrew Lewis to be a Brigadier-General, Stephen Moylan and John Fitzgerald to be his Aids, Ephraim Blaine to be his Quartermaster, John Barry to be head of the navy, and Anthony Wayne, William Irvine, Richard Butler, Daniel Morgan, Walter Stewart, and William Thompson, Generals. These were all Irishmen or Irish-Americans, were personally well known to him, and were among the bravest and most efficient officers of the Continental Army. The following letter, addressed to one of the clubs which were organized in Ireland to show the sympathy of the Irish people in the struggle of the Americans for liberty, is additional proof of Washington's high estimate of Irish character and devotion:

"To the Yankee Club of Stewartstown, in the County of Tyrone, Ireland:

"Mount Vernon, January 20, 1784.

"Gentlemen: It is with unfeigned satisfaction that I accept your congratulation on the late happy and glorious Revolution.

"The generous indignation against the foes to the rights of humane nature, with which you seem to be animated, and the exalted sentiments of liberty, which you appear to entertain, are too consonant to the feelings and principles of the citizens of the United States of America not to attract their veneration and esteem, did not the affectionate and anxious concern with which you regard their struggle for freedom and independence entitle you to their more particular acknowledgments. If, in the course of our successful contest, any good consequences have resulted to the oppressed people of Ireland, it will afford a new source of felicitation to all who respect the interests of humanity. I am now, gentlemen, to offer you my best thanks for the indulgent sentiments you are pleased to express of my conduct and for your benevolent wishes regarding my personal welfare, as well as with regard to a more interesting object, the prosperity of my country.

"I have the honor to be, with due consideration, etc.,

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

ANTHONY WAYNE joined the Friendly Sons in September, 1774, and was one of the most regular attendants at their meetings while his duties allowed him to remain in the vicinity of Philadelphia. Though born in Pennsylvania he was thoroughly Irish in his disposition and always sought the company of Irish-

men. Much stress is laid by Anglo-American historians on the fact that Wayne's grandfather was an Englishman and that his father, Isaac Wayne, though born and brought up in the County of Wicklow, Ireland, had nothing in common with the people of his native land. But we would remind them that some of the best Irishmen who ever lived were the sons of English parents.

Wayne's grandfather went to Ireland when a very young man and lived there over thirty years. All his children were born and brought up there and it is only natural to infer that he must have imbibed many of the kindly Irish feelings of the patriotic people around him. In 1722 he came to America and purchased 1,600 acres of land in Chester County, Pa. His family at this time consisted of his wife and four sons, the youngest of whom was named Isaac. All the sons became farmers on their father's estate and on his death the land was divided between them, Isaac receiving 500 acres within two miles of the village of Paoli. Isaac Wayne, born and raised to manhood in the County of Wicklow, became one of the leading men in Chester County, and was many times its representative in the Provincial Legislature. He was also a prominent militia officer and frequently distinguished himself in expeditions against the Indians. In early life he married a lady who is described as having great force of character, and one son, Anthony Wayne, and two daughters, were the result of the union. Isaac died in 1774.

His son Anthony, was born on January 1, 1745, on his father's estate, and was educated in the Philadelphia Academy, in which he remained until his eighteenth year. In his twenty-first year he established himself as a land surveyor at his home in Chester County, but soon after the peace of 1763 he accepted the appointment as agent of a company formed to colonize Nova Scotia, from which the Acadians had been ruthlessly driven by England and scattered over the face of North America, their property being torn from them and their families being separated in the most heartless manner. Wayne remained there only a short time, returning home in 1767 and resuming his business of land surveying and farming. At the beginning of the Revolution he organized a volunteer corps and in January, 1776, Congress conferred upon him the command of one of the four Pennsylvania regiments required for the Northern Army. The regiment was speedily raised and equipped. With Wayne at its head, it marched to Canada and joined General Thompson's brigade at the mouth of the Sorel River towards the end of June, 1776. We will not here follow the military career of Wayne, which was one of the most brilliant in the War of the Revolution, as that will be described in the various battles through which he

passed and in which he took a leading part. He remained in the North until May 15, 1777, when he was transferred to Washington's headquarters and given the command of a brigade, which, as Washington remarked on the occasion, "could not fail under his direction to be soon and greatly distinguished." And well did he fulfill that prophecy in his subsequent career. General Wayne took a deep interest in the welfare and comfort of his men, and in return received their warmest love.

Even when the Pennsylvania Line was forced to revolt against intolerable hunger and nakedness, when they could no longer withstand the terrible privations to which they were subjected by neglect, they said to Wayne: "We love you; we respect you. Often have you led us into the field of battle, but we are now no longer under your command." They avowed their willingness to support the cause of freedom, for it was dear to their hearts, if they could only get food and clothing. If ever a mutiny was justified it was this one of the Pennsylvania Line. For over a year they had received no pay, they had neither shoes nor hats, their famished bodies protruded through their tattered clothing, for three days at a time they had not a particle of food, there was over six feet of snow upon the ground and the temperature was many degrees below zero. It was beyond human nature to endure these conditions, and it was against them, and not the cause of American independence, that the revolt was made. Sir Henry Clinton found this out when he sent emissaries among the revolting soldiers to seduce them from their allegiance with offers of food and money. "See, comrades," said one of the leaders, "he takes us for traitors. Let us show him that the American Army can furnish but one Arnold and that America has no truer friends than we." They rejected his offers with disdain, seized his emissaries and delivered them into the hands of Wayne, who had them tried and executed as spies.

The revolting troops marched towards Philadelphia, the seat of their own Government, with a view only of having their wrongs rectified. Wayne, with Colonels Richard Butler and Walter Stewart, two Irish officers who were greatly beloved by the men, accompanied them, but soon after they reached Princeton measures of relief were adopted, the soldiers were satisfied, and more than two-thirds of them re-enlisted and continued to fight the battles of their country. The relief which they were denied while in their own camp at Morristown was quickly found when they were headed for Philadelphia, 1,300 strong, to ask questions at the point of the bayonet.

On September 20, 1777, at Paoli, Pa., Wayne's troops were surprised by the British under cover of darkness and many of

them massacred while they slept. He was tried by court-martial for negligence. After a thorough examination the court "found that Wayne was not guilty of the charge, but that on the night of the 20th of September he did everything that could be expected from an active, brave, and vigilant officer, under the orders he then had, and do therefore acquit him with the highest honor." The finding was at once approved by Washington. In a letter from Wayne to Sharp Delaney, his friend and fellow-member of the Friendly Sons, dated Mount Joy, May 21, 1778, he says: "I have received a hint from a friend that some gentlemen of the Committee of Congress, who were in camp, were not acquainted with the circumstances of the court-martial held on me and that some catiffs had attempted to place it in a very unfavorable point of view. The whole of the proceedings are in the hands of Richard Peters, Esq. You will do me a particular favor to show it to some of these gentlemen—for from what I can learn it has not been transmitted to Congress—although all others are regularly sent up."

Wayne continued in the army until the treaty of peace was signed, when he returned to Philadelphia after having planned and fought for more than seven years in the continuous service of his country. Soon after his return he was elected a member of the Council of Censors, a supervising body over all the acts of government—legislative and executive—and was also a member of the Pennsylvania Constitutional Convention. He then resolved to retire to private life, and for a short time was free from the cares of public office. After St. Clair's defeat by the Indians on November 4, 1791, President Washington again called Wayne to duty and placed him in command of the Army of the West, to be raised to subdue the Indians. The army was raised by October 16, 1793, when General Wayne began his march. He wintered near the present site of Cincinnati, and in the following August he marched into the Indian country, defeating and driving the Indians before him until they were compelled to sue for peace.

The Indians never would have given deliberate battle to Wayne, but for the full confidence they had in English promises of support, which the latter at first intended to keep, but which they quickly abandoned when they saw the strength and efficiency of Wayne's army. At the battle of Fallen Timbers, where the Indians met their Waterloo, the British Governor incited them to fight, but when the battle came he left them deliberately in the lurch and closed the gates of his fort against them. John R. Spears, in his life of Wayne, says that England was deterred from inflicting another war on this country by his victory at the Fallen Timbers and the brilliant display he made. "John

Jay," he writes, "had been sent to London to negotiate a treaty, a chief object of which was to secure to the United States the territory defined by the treaty of 1783 and the evacuation of the American frontier posts that the British had been holding in defiance of that treaty and had, indeed, strengthened as if intending to hold them forever. When Jay opened negotiations, Greenville, the British Commissioner, who had heard of the skill of Wayne's Legion, stipulated first of all that there should be no overt act of war between the two nations during the negotiations. And when he heard how the bayonet had done the work at Fallen Timbers, he promptly agreed that the British would abandon the forts they had held so long."

Wayne's return to Philadelphia was triumphal. All business was suspended and he was conducted by the militia and people through the streets amidst martial music, the ringing of bells, the roaring of cannon, and the acclamations of the people. He returned to the West as sole Government Commissioner for treating with the Northwestern Indians and as a receiver of the military posts which the British Government were at last compelled to give up after vainly endeavoring to incite the Indians to continue their hostilities.

Wayne's appointment to this position was most appropriate and it was due to him as the brave soldier whose valor and ability won the country from the English and the Indians. Moreover, as one writer remarks, "he knew the English on the border, with their allies, the Indians, and they knew him," and there could be no possible room for any misunderstanding between them. After a prompt and faithful discharge of all his duties, while descending Lake Erie from Detroit, he was attacked by the gout. He was taken ashore at Presque Isle, now Erie, Pa., and died there on December 15, 1796, facing death with all the old fortitude which he had so many times exhibited on the battlefield. At his own request he was buried at the foot of the flag-staff of the fortress, so that he might rest beneath the shadow of the flag for which he fought so valiantly and so well. His remains were removed by his only son, Isaac, in 1809, to the cemetery of St. David's Church, Radnor, near Philadelphia, where a monument was erected to his memory. In his will he named Sharp Delaney, "his much esteemed friend," as one of his executors. He left only two children, a son and a daughter. His great-grandson, William Wayne, who was born on December 6, 1828, joined the Hibernian Society in 1882 and from the first evinced much interest in its affairs and aided materially in the publication of its history, to which he contributed much valuable information. He was the grandson of General Wayne's daugh-

ter, Margaretta, his real name being Evans, but he changed it to Wayne by order of court in 1853.

One of the most interesting Irish families in Philadelphia during the Revolution was that founded by WILLIAM WEST, an original member of the Friendly Sons, and for two years their president. Mr. West was born in Sligo, Ireland, came to Philadelphia before the Revolution, and became a prosperous dry goods merchant. He was the father of five sons and three daughters, one of the latter being married to David Hayfield Conyngham. William West was one of the few friends of Dr. Franklin who had faith in his lightning rod and caused one to be attached to his dwelling. He died in 1783 and his will contains the names of no less than eight members of the Friendly Sons as witnesses and executors, a fact which presents an interesting picture of the intimate relations existing between the members of that worthy organization. His son, Francis West, jr., joined the Friendly Sons in 1783, his uncle, Francis West, of Sligo, Ireland, being then alive. In 1843 the Hibernian Society secured, through Francis Hopkinson, the long forgotten records of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, and twelve days later, on June 29, 1843, Francis West, jr., the last survivor of the noble band, was gathered to his fathers at the ripe age of eighty-one years. The late Samuel Hood, author of the "Sketch of the Friendly Sons," published in 1844, obtained much of his information from Mr. West. Christ Church Memorial Record describes Mr. West as "a tender and beloved husband, a fondly affectionate and cherished parent, a good citizen, a generous, humane, kind-hearted man." His brother, John West, was also a member of the Friendly Sons and was in partnership with him in the dry goods business. Both were members of the First City Troop.

William Hodge West, another brother, was the warm friend and companion of the distinguished Irish-American inventor, Robert Fulton, whose parents were natives of Kilkenny, Ireland. Mr. West was one of the first to recognize the genius of Fulton and backed up many of his projects with financial aid when few had confidence in his ability.

William West, jr., was the nephew of William West, and son of Francis West, who emigrated from Ireland and settled in Cumberland County, Pa. Towards the close of the Revolutionary War William West, jr., undertook the perilous task of bringing from Martinique a prize ship containing clothing and ammunition, of which the army under Washington was much in need. He purchased the prize, but on his passage to Philadelphia he was captured by the British and placed on one of the prison ships in New York, where he was detained sixteen months and

subjected to the most inhuman treatment at the hands of his barbarous captors. Previous to his capture he was Captain in the Third, and Major in the Fourth Pennsylvania regiments, and subsequently was appointed Deputy to James Mease, the Clothier-General of the army. When peace was concluded he removed to Baltimore, where he established a mercantile house, taking into partnership his cousin, James West, a brother of Francis and John West. His sister married Colonel George Gibson, father of John Bannister Gibson, a member of the Hibernian Society and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

THE HONORARY MEMBERS OF THE FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK.

The honorary members of the Friendly Sons were in all cases the warm friends and companions of the regular members, and were as punctual in their attendance at the meetings as the others; in fact they belonged to the same set and the provision in the rules for ten honorary members was made to escape the principal rule that members should be of Irish birth or descent. Richard Bache, who was elected an honorary member on September 17, 1772, was at one time in partnership with Colonel John Shee and was married to Sarah, the only daughter of Benjamin Franklin. He took an active part in the Revolution and was Postmaster-General of the United States from 1776 to 1782. Though an Englishman, his relations with the members of the Friendly Sons were very intimate. Throughout the history of the Society he was constantly associated with them and took a prominent part in their proceedings.

William Bingham, who was one of the later honorary members, was born in Philadelphia about 1750 and graduated from its college at the age of eighteen. During the Revolution he was agent of the United States at Martinique and afterwards member of Congress and United States Senator from Pennsylvania. He was one of the wealthiest men in the Colonies, which fact gave him position and influence.

General John Cadwalader, one of Washington's most trusted friends and military advisers, was elected an honorary member soon after the inception of the organization. Though not an Irishman he was of Celtic origin, his grandfather being a native of Wales. He was one of the most regular attendants at the meetings and took a deep interest in all that transpired. His great-grandson, Dr. Charles E. Cadwalader, kindly furnished Mr. Campbell with the particulars of his life and thus truly wrote in transmitting them: "The association of himself and the members of his family must have been a most intimate one with the

originators of the Friendly Sons to have furnished five of the ten honorary members of the Society." These were himself and his brother, Colonel Lambert Cadwalader; his brother-in-law, Samuel Meredith; his first cousin, John Dickinson, and Henry Hill, a brother-in-law of his sister, Mrs. Meredith. General Washington speaks of General Cadwalader in a letter to Congress in 1778, as a military genius, and wrote personally to him three years later saying that if in any event he (Washington) should be withdrawn from the command of the army he should prefer to have him as his successor. Colonel Lambert Cadwalader, brother of the General, was elected an honorary member in 1772. He was Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fourth Pennsylvania Battalion, commanded by Col. John Shee, and was afterwards its Colonel. He was in active service until he was taken prisoner at the capture of Fort Washington, New York. He was afterwards released on parole and compelled to remain inactive. John Cadwalader, great-grandson of General John Cadwalader, became a member of the Hibernian Society of Philadelphia in 1888.

John Dickinson, one of the original honorary members of the Friendly Sons, was the son of Samuel Dickinson, a wealthy Quaker. In 1765 he was a member of the Stamp Act Congress at New York. In 1767 he published the first of the series of his "Farmer's Letters," which made him famous throughout the Colonies. One of these letters was devoted to the English policy in Ireland, which was cited as an example of what Americans might expect at the hands of England. The following extract from an address adopted by Congress on May 26, 1779, is from the vigorous pen of John Dickinson and proves the true policy of England during the Revolution:

"Foiled again and stung with rage, embittered by envy, they had no alternative but to renounce the inglorious and ruinous controversy or to resume their former modes of prosecuting it. They chose the latter. Again the savages are stimulated to horrid massacres of women and children, and domestics to the murder of their masters. Again our brave and unhappy brethren are doomed to miserable deaths in jails and prison-ships. To complete the sanguinary system—all the 'EXTREMITIES of War' are denounced against you by authority. Rouse yourselves, therefore, that this campaign may finish the great work you have so nobly carried on for several years past. What nation ever engaged in such a contest under such a complication of disadvantages, so soon surmounted many of them, and in so short a period of time had so certain a prospect of a speedy and happy conclusion? We will venture to pronounce that so remarkable an instance exists not in the annals of mankind. Consider how

much you have done and how compensated to crown you with success. Per little remains to be FREEDOM, safety, glory, sovereign and you insure peace, your children, and your children's happiness to yourselves,

Charles Thompson, the Irish S^t that "Mr. Dickinson was considered of Congress, writes his country raised his character his defense of the rights of Europe, and his fortune and hosp only in America but in active of all the honorary members (was probably the most Patrick, especially in the early years of Friendly Sons of St. public duties engrossed his attention. He Society, before public attendance at the dinners and was to all almost constantly in regular member.

Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution, was one of the original honorary members of the Friendly Sons. He took a most ardent part in the Revolution and was by far the most liberal contributor to its resources. In the winter of 1776 Washington wrote to Morris that unless he had a certain amount of specie at once he would be unable to keep the army together. Morris, on his personal credit, borrowed a sufficient sum and forwarded it to him. In the spring of 1780 he helped to organize the patriotic Bank of Pennsylvania, to supply provisions to the army, and subscribed ten thousand pounds himself. On February 20, 1781, he was unanimously chosen Superintendent of Finance, and in his letter of acceptance he said: "The United States may command everything I have except my integrity, and the loss of that would effectually disable me from serving them more." When Washington almost feared the result, Robert Morris, upon his own credit and from his private sources, furnished these pecuniary means without which all the physical force of the country would have been in vain. He was many times a member of Congress, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and a member of the Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States. It was he who proposed Washington for its President, and during all its deliberations Washington was his guest. In October, 1788, he was chosen the first Senator from Pennsylvania to the First Congress under the Constitution, which met in New York on March 4, 1789. It was mainly through him that the seat of government was removed in 1790 to Philadelphia, where it remained temporarily for ten years—until buildings were completed in the District of Columbia. After his retirement from public life, at the end of his Senatorial term in 1795, he organized the North American Land Company, which,

through the dishonesty of

finally caused his financial ruin and burdened his closing years with utter poverty. He spent and burdened his closing years in prison—a sad fate for a man over three years in the debtor's disposal of his country and whose means were always at the pendency could never have without whose assistance its independence by birth he was intimately been established. Though English and was evidently looked upon as associated with the Friendly Sons, members, as a regular member, as were all the earlier honorary most of the old members of it. At the time of his imprisonment to their reward or had grown, the Friendly Sons were either gone Revolution. In the time of a poor through their sacrifices in the to say that Robert Morris, their vigor and prosperity it is safe have spent even an hour, their friend and associate, would not in poverty he carried behind prison bars. But though he died

Richard Penn, his integrity with him to the grave.

Friendly Sons in 1773. He was elected an honorary member of the in 1763, but returned in 1773. He came to Philadelphia from England the second time in 1769. He arrived in Philadelphia Pennsylvania on October 16, 1771, as Lieutenant-Governor of lar of all the and the Lower Counties. He was the most popular best interest of Penn family and devoted himself with zeal to the ous up of the Colony. Though the people became prosperous under his rule he was superseded in office by his brother John in August, 1773. Richard Penn was opposed to the oppressive acts of the British Government. He entertained the members of the Continental Congress at his home, Washington being among the guests. He left Philadelphia in the summer of 1775, carrying with him the second petition to the King.

In his evidence before the House of Lords on November 10, 1775, he testified to the high character of the members of Congress, nearly all of whom he knew; that they were fairly elected; that they had only taken up arms in defense of their liberties; that the spirit of resistance was general and it was believed by the people they would be successful; that Pennsylvania had 20,000 men under arms, and he supposed there were 60,000 fit to bear arms, who would willingly come forward; that if the petition he had brought over were not granted the Colonies might form foreign alliances, and, if they did, would stick by them, and that most thinking people thought its refusal would be a bar against all reconciliation. For giving this just testimony he was made to feel the heavy hand of England and he became so poor that, according to his attorney, he had to be supported by Mr. Thomas Barclay, one of the original members of the Friendly Sons. Later on, however, his inheritance was restored to him. While he was Lieutenant-Governor of Pennsylvania, and before

he was elected an honorary member of the Friendly Sons, he was at almost every meeting of the Society as a guest, and upon the first vacancy in the list of honorary members, caused by the death of William Hicks, he was elected to fill the place. His relations with the Friendly Sons were evidently of the most intimate character and they promptly came to his assistance when he was in sore need.

In the foregoing sketches we have confined ourselves to mere glimpses of the principal members of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, but we think we have given enough to prove that they were all men of the most honorable character, that they were trusted and prominent leaders of society, that they earned and enjoyed the esteem and friendship of all classes of their fellow-citizens and that they were always ready to make the highest sacrifices in the cause of American liberty and independence.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS AND THE MEN OF THE IRISH RACE WHO TOOK PART IN IT.

The First Continental Congress met in Carpenter's Hall, Chestnut Street, near Fourth, Philadelphia, on September 5, 1774. It was made up of fifty-four delegates, all the Colonies, except Georgia, being represented. There was only one consideration involved in their selection—who were the ablest and best men?—and the destinies of a nation were never placed in more worthy or competent hands than those of the members of the First American Congress. They were men of the most exalted character and purest patriotism, without blot or blemish of any kind in their public or private lives, and with only one or two exceptions they remained true to the last to the people who placed their destinies in their keeping. The work of the Congress consisted mainly of patriotic recommendations to the people and a memorial to the King and Parliament of England for a satisfactory adjustment of their grievances. The importance attached to the First Congress rested rather on the members themselves than on anything they did. The fact that a native Parliament had sprung into existence at a crucial time and that its members were men of the greatest ability and highest standing in the community, who had espoused the popular cause as against the power and authority of the English King, were in themselves a solace and a remedy in which the utmost confidence was placed. As John Adams wrote to his wife, every man in the Congress was a great man, an orator, a critic, and a statesman, and we are proud to say that the greatest and most brilliant of them all, with the single exception of Washington in a certain sense, was pronounced by Patrick Henry to be John Rutledge, of South Carolina, the gifted son of an Irishman.

There were eleven Irishmen or Irish-Americans members of the First Continental Congress, and they all, with only one exception, became illustrious leaders of thought and action in their respective States and in Congress. They were: John Sullivan, of New Hampshire; Joseph Galloway, of Pennsylvania; Thomas McKean and George Read, of Delaware; Thomas Johnson, of Maryland; John Rutledge, Edward Rutledge, and Thomas Lynch, of South Carolina; Robert Treat Paine, of Massachusetts; John Hart, of New Jersey, and John Duane, of New York.

In addition to these there was another Irishman in the First Congress who wielded a mighty influence in its councils. He was Charles Thomson, who, though not a member, was elected to the responsible position of keeping the minutes of the proceedings in 1774, and from that date until he resigned his office in 1789, he was the only secretary of that body and its life and soul during the darkest periods of its history. He was born in Maghera, County Derry, Ireland, on November 29, 1729, and was brought to this country, with three other brothers, by his father in 1740. The father died as the ship arrived within sight of land and the young Thomsons were thrown on their own resources when they landed at New Castle, Del. An elder brother, who had preceded the family to this country, lent them all the assistance in his power and through his influence his distinguished fellow-countryman, Dr. Allison, took Charles into his seminary in New London, Pa. Here Charles received a thorough education and made such rapid progress in his studies that while yet little more than a boy he was chosen to conduct a Friends' Academy at New Castle. He often visited Philadelphia, met Benjamin Franklin there, and the two became friends for life. Through Franklin he became acquainted with all the eminent men of the time and quickly earned their confidence and esteem. His reputation for veracity spread even among the Indian tribes, and when the Delawares adopted him into their nation in 1756, in recognition of the valuable services he rendered them, they named him in their native tongue "the man of truth." The Rev. Ashbel Green, in his autobiography, says that it was common to say that a statement was "as true as if Charles Thomson's name was to it." He was one of the first to take his stand with the colonists, and he exercised immense influence owing to the confidence of the people in his ability and integrity. He traveled through the country, ascertaining the sentiments of the farmers and trying to learn whether they would be equal to the approaching crisis. From the very first he saw, though for a long time he labored to avert it, that war was inevitable and he worked incessantly to bring the doubtful and wavering elements into the cause of independence. "He was the Sam Adams of Philadelphia," said John Adams, "the life of the cause of liberty." He had just come to Philadelphia in September, 1774, with his bride, a daughter of Richard Harrison, an aunt of President William Henry Harrison and a great-grandaunt of President Benjamin Harrison, when he learned that he had been unanimously elected Secretary of the First Continental Congress. When the Abbe Robin, Chaplain to General Rochambeau, was in Philadelphia, he was visited by Charles Thomson and thus refers to him in his writings:

"Among others, Charles Thomson, the Secretary of Congress, the soul of that political body, came also to receive and present his compliments. His meager figure, furrowed countenance, his hollow, sparkling eyes, his white, straight hair, that did not hang quite so low as his ears, fixed our thorough attention and filled us with surprise and admiration."

Thomson refused pay for his first year's service and Congress presented his wife with a silver urn which is still preserved in the family. As we have said, he remained in this post under every Congress until 1789, not only keeping the records, but taking copious notes of its proceedings and of the progress of the Revolution. When he retired into private life he made these notes the basis of a history of the Revolution, but he destroyed the manuscript some time before his death, fearing, in his great conscientiousness, that a description of the unpatriotic conduct of some of the colonists at that period would give pain to their descendants.

The loss of this manuscript will always be deeply deplored by all conscientious American historians, for everything contained in it would be accepted as truth, and light would be thrown on many subjects now in doubt. In the volume of Thomson papers published by the New York Historical Society in 1879, the following reference is made to this loss in the introduction:

"The contents of this volume relate chiefly to the American Revolution. Among them the first place is given to the papers of Charles Thomson, whose name is familiar as that of the Old Secretary of the Continental Congress. Of all those to whom has been ascribed an intention to write the history of the struggle through which the United States came into existence as a nation, not one can be named whose work, if accomplished, would have been more valuable than his to posterity, although the list is a long one and embraces great names. Few, comparatively, of his papers are known to have been preserved. The present collection probably includes the most considerable of these, and their publication will enhance the lasting regret that any have been lost or destroyed."

In this volume are many valuable letters from Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, Jay, and other leading men, all showing the intimate relations and warm personal friendship which existed between them and Thomson and the great influence which he exercised. They speak to him with the utmost confidence in his ability and patriotism and address him in terms of the deepest affection. We have already quoted from his letter to Franklin when the latter wrote to him, in 1765, about lighting the candles of liberty, and here we will give an extract from another letter

of Franklin, dated London, February 5, 1775, showing the opinion of that gentleman on the action of the British Parliament on Lord Chatham's Bill in behalf of Americans.

"Lord Chatham's Bill," writes Franklin, "was treated in the House of Lords with as much contempt as they could have shown to a ballad offered by a drunken porter. It was rejected on a slight reading, without being suffered even to lie on the table for the perusal of the members. The House of Commons, too, have shown an equal rashness and precipitation in the matters that require the most weighty deliberation; refusing to hear and entering hastily into violent measures. And yet this is the Government by whose supreme authority we are to have our throats cut if we do not acknowledge, and whose dictates we are implicitly to obey, while their conduct hardly entitles them to common respect."

These opinions from such a temperate man as Franklin show what little attention need be paid to the Anglo-American cry that it was King George alone who tried to oppress the people of America.

Thomson himself gives us valuable information on this head. Writing to John Jay, American Minister to Madrid, in describing the hardships to which this country was reduced in the early stages of the war—when provisions had increased to four times their normal price and the value of the Continental dollar was reduced to one English penny—he says: "Upon this our enemies took courage and flattering themselves that Congress must sink under these embarrassments, they set every engine to work to continue and increase them by counterfeiting the currency, multiplying their emissaries to decry its credit, tampering with our army and at the same time prosecuting the war with a greater degree of vigor than they had done from the commencement of it. To the honor of our country I must inform you that history cannot produce such instances of fortitude, patience, and perseverance as were exhibited by our virtuous army. Though exposed to hunger and nakedness amidst the rigors of a most inclement winter they struggled through with unparalleled firmness, and notwithstanding the tempting bribes and offers of the enemy and the incredible hardships our soldiers suffered, the desertions were comparatively few."

Speaking of the failure of the British to capture Philadelphia by way of New Jersey and of their subsequent success in gaining possession of that city through the Chesapeake, Thomson graphically writes: "The country through which the British General Howe had to pass was favorable to his views. It furnished a plentiful supply of provisions and forage, and being

chiefly inhabited by Quakers, who are principled against bearing arms and averse to revolutions, it afforded the means of intelligence and gave very little opposition by its militia. General Washington, who had by this time drawn together about ten thousand men, met him on his way and gave him battle at Brandywine. The issue of the battle was not as bad as might have been apprehended, considering the disparity of the two armies in numbers and discipline. After this Howe continued his march and got possession of Philadelphia. But what mighty advantage did he reap from this?

"He had the satisfaction of burning and destroying a number of elegant country seats around the city, of cutting down the orchards and fruit trees, of maltreating the inhabitants who remained in the city, and starving to death the prisoners in his power to gratify the vindictive malice of himself and his master; but did he conquer the country or dispose the people to submission? Nothing like it."

After the treaty had been concluded between France and the United States and the British had evacuated Philadelphia, through fear of being blocked up there by a French fleet, Thomson thus describes the brutal methods to which the British resorted when General Howe had been recalled and General Clinton appointed in his place:

"Notwithstanding their attempts had hitherto been fruitless and their future prospects of success were lessened by France engaging in the war, their dreams of domination were not yet over. The weak condition of the Southern States and the number of slaves, whom they expected to debauch and arm against their masters, promised an easy conquest of that part of the country and the defenseless situation of the extended frontiers opened a way for the incursions of their savage and barbarous Indian allies. The plan of the war was therefore changed. Despairing of the success of their united forces against our main army they divided them and sent a strong detachment to attack Georgia, the savages were again called to arms and stimulated to lay waste the frontiers and with horrid cruelty to massacre women and children. Animated and inflamed with more than hostile rage the enemy now seemed bent upon destruction more than conquest. And therefore while the Indians, joined by MORE SAVAGE BRITONS, were spreading flames and desolation on the frontier, detachments were sent from New York to burn the neighboring towns in Connecticut. By the spirited conduct of the people and vigorous exertions of our army these incursions were repelled and vengeance hurled on the heads of the savages."

We print these extracts here to show the true nature of

English warfare during the Revolution. They are written by "the Man of Truth," as the Indians called Thomson—a man whose simple word was accepted as Gospel by all classes of his countrymen—and can not be controverted. They have not been circulated among the people, but they are printed and on file among the archives of the New York Historical Society.

There are two papers printed in the Thomson collection of the New York Historical Society which throw much light on the manner in which the spirit of patriotism was infused into the colonists previous to the Revolution—especially that portion of them who were slavishly attached to England or too timorous to engage in war to uphold their rights. The first of these is entitled "Joseph Reed's Narrative," and describes public sentiment in Philadelphia in 1774 and 1775, it being evidently intended as a contribution of materials for a projected history of the Revolution. The second paper is written by Thomson himself and is directed to William Henry Drayton, the historian. It is a review of Reed's paper, which Drayton submitted to Thomson for revision, and corrects many errors into which Reed had fallen in his references to John Dickinson. Thomson, as he said himself, unfolds the scene and gives a sketch of things as they really happened.

Both documents describe the action taken in Philadelphia on receipt of Boston's appeal for help in 1774 and agree in all particulars with the exception of the part relating to John Dickinson. From them it appears that while Thomson, Reed, and Mifflin were thoroughly agreed that a resort to arms must be made, the two latter were far more outspoken and fiery than the former. Thomson firmly believed in Revolution, but he realized that the majority of people did not and that methods had to be devised to convert them before any decided action could be taken. His idea was that the people should move together; whether they were of the same opinion or not, and he was therefore opposed to taking any steps that caused alarm or dismay. He proposed to move gradually, step by step, from one position to another until he had the people so far advanced that they could not retreat. Reed and Mifflin were too ardent and impatient for this course, but the influence of Thomson kept them within bounds. John Dickinson fully sympathized with Thomson's methods, but as he belonged to a Quaker family and all his coreligionists were opposed to war, he could not proclaim himself in that direction until the die was about to be cast. Thomson had his confidence and knew his opinions exactly, but Reed did not and therefore misjudged him. Thomson displayed the highest statesmanship in all the movements leading up to the Revolution. By holding

back the enthusiasts and encouraging those who faltered he managed to bring the people together and unite them in an effort for independence.

When Thomson resigned his position as Secretary of Congress in 1789, Washington, just after being elected President of the United States, thus wrote to him, under date of July 24, 1789:

"The present age does so much justice to the unsullied reputation with which you have always conducted yourself in the execution of the duties of your office and posterity will find your name so honorably connected with the verification of such a multitude of astonishing facts, that my single suffrage would add little to the illustration of your merits. Yet I can not withhold any just testimonial in favor of so old, so faithful, and so able a public officer which might tend to soothe his mind in the shade of retirement. Accept, then, this serious declaration, that your services have been as important as your patriotism was distinguished; and enjoy that best of all rewards, the consciousness of having done your duty well. I commend you to the protection of Heaven and sincerely wish you may enjoy every species of felicity."

Thomas Jefferson was also a warm friend and admirer of Thomson. A deep attachment existed between them throughout their whole lives which was never even ruffled by the great upheavals through which they passed. The following letter, written by Jefferson to Thomson on January 9, 1816—when the former was seventy-three and the latter eighty-seven years of age—not only proves this friendship, but also dispels the slanderous statements that Jefferson was an infidel:

"My dear and ancient Friend: An acquaintance of fifty-two years—for I think ours dates from 1764—calls for an interchange of notice now and then that we remain in existence the monuments of another age, and examples of a friendship unaffected by the jarring elements by which we have been surrounded—of revolutions of government, of party and of opinion. I am reminded of this duty by the receipt of your Synopsis of the Four Evangelists. I had procured it as soon as I saw it advertised and had become familiar with its use, but this copy is the more valued because it comes from your hands. This work bears the stamp of that accuracy which marks everything from you. I, too, have made a wee little book from the same materials, which I call the Philosophy of Jesus. A more beautiful or precious model of ethics I have never seen. It is a document in proof that I am a real Christian—that is to say, a disciple of the doctrines of Jesus; very different from the Platonists who call me Infidel and themselves Christians and preachers of the Gospel."

This letter was highly pleasing to Thomson, as it enabled him to refute the statements as to Jefferson's infidelity and he quoted from it when Delaplaine, the Philadelphia publisher, approached him on the subject. In another letter to Thomson, dated January 29, 1817, Jefferson thus alludes to Delaplaine, who was then preparing his book on the lives of distinguished Americans: "He wrote me and asked me questions which I answer only to one Being. To himself, therefore, I replied: 'Say nothing of my religion; it is known to my God and myself alone; its evidence before the world is to be sought in my life; if that has been honest and dutiful to society the religion which has regulated it cannot be a bad one. It is a singular anxiety that some people have that we should all think alike. May they, with all their metaphysical riddles, appear before that tribunal with as clean hearts and hands as you and I shall. There, suspended in the scales of eternal justice, faith and works will show their worth by their weight. God bless you and preserve you long in life and health. —THOMAS JEFFERSON.'"

These letters from two of the greatest men this country has produced, leaving out all other considerations, are in themselves sufficient to establish the fame of Charles Thomson and enshrine his memory in the hearts of all Americans. He lived to the great age of ninety-five years, retaining the respect and love of the people to the last and died at Lower Merion, Montgomery County, Pa., on August 16, 1824.

John Sullivan, one of the leading men of the First Congress, distinguished himself not only as a great military leader, but won fame as an able statesman as well. He was the third son of Owen Sullivan, of Limerick, Ireland, whom we have already described, and was born at Somersworth, Stratford County, N. H., on February 18, 1740. Some historians give his birthplace as Berwick, Me., but we take the authority of Judge Dana, of Concord, N. H., who delivered an address at the centennial celebration of the battle of Newtown (Elmira, N. Y.) in 1879.

Under his father's instruction he received a superior education for that period, and after a voyage in his youth, he commenced the study of law in Portsmouth, the principal town in the colony, and soon evinced extraordinary aptitude for his chosen profession. Upon his admission to the bar he settled in the town of Durham, in his native county, and purchased a house, which continued to be his residence until his death. There he entered upon a lucrative practice, and also found time to inaugurate various manufacturing enterprises, for which that part of New Hampshire has been ever since distinguished. Thus passed some ten

years of General Sullivan's early manhood, during which he accumulated a fair estate.

Then came the first rumblings of the Revolution. Sympathizing heartily with the cause of American liberty, he early enlisted his fellow-citizens in a military company, which he drilled with great assiduity. He devoted much attention to all the great campaigns of ancient and modern times and could particularly describe their principal battles.

While representing Durham in the Legislature of New Hampshire, in 1774, he was chosen a member of the First Continental Congress, which assembled at Philadelphia on September 5 of that year. His name appears upon important committees and he became particularly distinguished during that session by his eloquent reply to John Dickinson, of Pennsylvania, who proposed a second address to the King. This speech of General Sullivan elicited much praise from John Adams, with whom he was on terms of intimate friendship.

Upon returning to New Hampshire he, in company with John Langdon and two others, planned an expedition against Fort William and Mary, at the entrance to Portsmouth Harbor, on December 13, 1774, four months before the first blood was shed at Lexington. He took possession of the fort, imprisoned the garrison, seized and carried away one hundred barrels of powder, some of which was so effectively used at Bunker Hill; fifteen cannon, and a quantity of small arms and stores. Thus the first open act of hostility by a military force against the royal authority was committed by John Sullivan, the son of an Irishman and the lineal descendant of the O'Sullivan Beares who fought so nobly against the tyranny of England on Irish battlefields.

In January, 1775, a few weeks after this event, Sullivan and his associate, Langdon, were elected representatives to the Second Continental Congress, and on June 22, hostilities having been begun, he was chosen one of eight Brigadier Generals for the Colonial army, Richard Montgomery, an Irishman, being appointed to a like position at the same time, while on the 1st of March following the two other Irishmen, Andrew Lewis and William Thompson, were also appointed Brigadiers.

Accepting the appointment, Sullivan resigned his seat in Congress, proceeded to the camp at Cambridge and was assigned to the command of the left wing of the army.

Thus commenced his military career, which was one of the most brilliant in the whole army. We will not here recite the details of his many achievements, but later on due credit will be done them. He served with distinction in Canada and at the battles of Long Island, Trenton, Brandywine, and Germantown.

After sharing the privations of Valley Forge he was assigned by Washington, in the spring of 1778, to the chief command of the American forces in Rhode Island and he would have driven the British out of that section but for the failure of the French Admiral, Count d'Estaing, to co-operate with him. He remained in command of Rhode Island until the spring of 1779, when he was placed at the head of the expedition against the Indians on the frontiers of New York and Pennsylvania, who had, during the previous year, at the instigation and with the active aid of the British, perpetrated frightful massacres at Wyoming and Cherry Valleys, and along the Susquehanna River for hundreds of miles.

Soon after the termination of that successful campaign, in consequence of ill health arising from a constant service in the field of nearly five years, General Sullivan resigned his commission, much to the regret of Washington, who addressed to him a warm complimentary letter. During his career General Sullivan had filled many responsible civil positions, been intrusted with important military commands, been promoted to the rank of major-general for gallantry, made the subject of special commendatory reports by the Commander-in-Chief, and received the repeated thanks of his own State and of Congress. He had been through the fire and was found not wanting.

In June, 1780, General Sullivan was chosen by New Hampshire to represent her again in Congress, and two years later he became Attorney-General of his State and rendered great service at a very important crisis. In 1786 General Sullivan was elected Chief Magistrate of New Hampshire, and was twice elevated to the same honorable position at two successive elections. He was President of the convention in that State which adopted the Constitution of the United States and by his personal influence contributed much to that result.

In 1789 General Sullivan was appointed by President Washington Judge of the United States District Court of New Hampshire, and held that position until his greatly lamented death, on January 23, 1795, which was the result of his exposures in the armies of the Revolution. He had not quite finished his fifty-fourth year and was fifty years younger than his venerable father, who survived him more than a year and retained the possession of all his faculties to the last.

"The character and achievements of General Sullivan," said Judge Dana in the address before alluded to, "will ever be appreciated by a people who have received such lasting benefits from his public services. And of all the eminent worthies who served the American cause during the Revolutionary struggle, not one

manifested a more disinterested patriotism, a more ardent and well directed zeal, and, under the circumstances, attained more complete success than did John Sullivan."

Robert Treat Paine, member of the First Congress from Massachusetts, was a descendant of the O'Neills of Ulster. Cullen, in his *Irish in Boston*, gives O'Hart as his authority that Henry O'Neill, of Dungannon, born in 1665—sixth in descent from Shane the Proud, Prince of Ulster, and cousin of Sir Neal O'Neill, who was killed at the battle of the Boyne—changed his name to Paine, which was that of a maternal ancestor after the surrender of Limerick in order to preserve a portion of his estates. His youngest brother, Robert O'Neill, who also took the name of Paine, emigrated to America towards the close of the seventeenth century and was the founder of the Paine family in America. Robert Treat Paine, the signer of the Declaration of Independence, was the grandson of this Robert O'Neill, and, but for the unhappy occurrences in Ireland, that noble Irish name would have appeared in the immortal document.

His father, Thomas Paine, was for many years pastor of Weymouth, Mass., and the son at first studied theology after graduating from Harvard, but finally became a lawyer and settled at Taunton, Mass. He rose rapidly in his profession and came prominently before the public in many important cases. In 1770 he conducted the prosecution of the English Captain, Thomas Preston, and his soldiers for firing on the inhabitants of Boston. He was a delegate to the Continental Congress from 1774 to 1778, serving on important committees and signing the Declaration. He was Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, Attorney-General of the State, and Judge of the Supreme Court. His legal attainments were great; he was an able and impartial judge, an excellent scholar, and noted for the brilliancy of his wit. He was one of the founders of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and died in 1814, at the age of eighty-three years.

O'Hart says that besides Henry and Robert O'Neill—the ancestors of Robert Treat Paine—there were two other brothers, Brian and John O'Neill, who went to France after Sarsfield's surrender and finally settled in Portugal. Eight of their descendants, in 1807, when the French invaded the last named country, went with the royal family of Braganza to Brazil, where many of their offspring are now to be found.

Joseph Galloway was the only Irish-American in the First Congress who declined to take part with the patriots. Previous to the Revolution he was one of the most popular men in Pennsylvania and was Speaker of the Colonial Assembly for the last

eight years of its existence, being usually elected by a unanimous vote. He acquired distinction in the legal profession and was the intimate friend of Benjamin Franklin. When the latter was going to England, in 1764, he placed in Galloway's hands his valuable letter books and other papers for safe keeping.

In the First Congress Galloway submitted a plan, as a measure of accommodation, which proposed a union of the Colonies, with a grand council authorized to regulate colonial affairs jointly with the British Parliament, each to have a mutual negation on the other. This plan was favorably received and was rejected only by a majority of one.

The debates over it were very warm and it was on this occasion that Samuel Adams, regarding the proposition as a concession to tyranny, exclaimed: "I should advise persisting in our struggle for liberty though it were revealed from heaven that nine hundred and ninety-nine were to perish and only one of a thousand were to survive and retain his liberty! One such free-man must possess more virtue and enjoy more happiness than a thousand slaves; and let him propagate his like and transmit to them what he has so nobly preserved."

After serving in the Congress of 1775 Galloway retired to his country seat, where Franklin visited him and unavailingly sought to induce him to join the cause of independence. In December, 1776, he joined General Howe, the British commander, and accompanied him in his advance through New Jersey. During the occupation of Philadelphia by the British he was appointed head of the civil government. At the evacuation of the city he retired with the enemy and soon after departed for England.

In 1779 he was examined before the House of Commons and there gave testimony that at least half of the patriot army was composed of Irishmen. In 1783 his property, valued at forty thousand pounds, was seized by Pennsylvania, but the greater portion of it was afterwards restored to his daughter. He never returned from England and died there in 1803 in his seventy-fourth year.

Summing up the proceedings of the First Congress and its effect on the country at large, Michael Doheny thus writes:

"Their resolutions and addresses bespeak the presence of useful and matured talent. Wisdom and forbearance impressed their character on the sternest resolves that ever a people formed. Their various addresses were committed to the abilities and discretion of subcommittees, consisting of some of the ablest members; and their clear, succinct, and manly compositions marked the genius of those who afterwards took a leading part in raising up a great empire, and consolidating its security and glory. The

chief organization recommended by Congress was that of a common union, reliance upon each other and upon justice, and a prompt purpose of at any time meeting the worst, while they waited for satisfactory adjustment as the result of the memorials and remonstrances they had addressed to the monarch, Parliament, and people of Great Britain. They also addressed letters to their neighbors of Canada, invoking them, in the name of American liberty, to abstain at least from joining in the project for their enslavement; and, concluding with an address to their fellow-countrymen—solemnly commending them to the care of a merciful Providence, and pointing out to them that all further compromise with England would be shame and slavery—that memorable body of patriots dissolved themselves 26th October, 1774, recommending that another Congress should assemble on the 10th of May following."

The following winter was one of gloom and terror. The question between the Colonies and Great Britain, as it was narrowed into its true character, deepened into alarming grounds. Throughout America the Constitutional Assemblies rapturously approved the unyielding determination of Congress. The names of its members were invoked as those of saviours, and their decrees blessed as embodying the last and holiest resolution of a banded people. England, or her Parliament or ministry, awoke to a true sense of her difficulty.

The second or what may be called the permanent Continental Congress, met in Philadelphia on May 10, 1775, and remained theoretically in perpetual session until March, 1781. Like the first Congress it opened its sessions in Carpenter's Hall, out of respect to the mechanics of the country. It sat at Philadelphia until December, 1776; at Baltimore until March, 1777, when it returned to Philadelphia again; at Lancaster, Pa., in September, 1777; at York, Pa., until June, 1778; at Philadelphia from July, 1778, to June, 1783; at Princeton, N. J., until November, 1783; at Annapolis until June, 1784; at Trenton in November and December, 1784, and at York from January, 1785, until its last recorded session on October 21, 1788. The appointment of delegates was generally made by the State Legislatures, and each State, no matter how many delegates it sent, had but one vote. It declared independence, carried on the war, and, as far as it was able, governed the whole country.

At first Congress was slow in its movements and many times it was unable to respond to the calls made upon it by the brave men in the field, but taking it altogether from the beginning to the end of the terrible ordeal through which it successfully passed, it is safe to say that no wiser, braver, or more self-

sacrificing body of men ever assembled together in behalf of human rights.

In all its sessions Irishmen and Irish-Americans took a most prominent part and many of them rose to the highest rank in ability and patriotism.

Owing to the misstatements and inaccuracies of prejudiced historians in their regard, together with the changing of Irish names during the Penal days, it is impossible now to give credit to all of the men of our race who took part in the movement for American independence, but sufficient evidence is at hand to prove that they rallied to its standard with more ardor and in far greater numbers than any other nationality in the Colonies.

They had their own history before them; centuries of oppression at the hands of England rankled in their breasts, and, while others paused in doubt, they flew to arms against their old enemy with alacrity and fervor.

Of the many men of our race who took an active part in Congress and other fields of patriotic effort whom we have not already mentioned, Daniel Carroll, of Maryland, was one of the foremost. He was a member of the honored Carroll family of that State, being a cousin of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, and of John Carroll, Archbishop of Baltimore. He was a member of the Continental Congress for four years, a delegate to the convention that framed the Constitution of the United States, over which General Washington presided, and also served a term in the new Congress after the Constitution was adopted. His farm formed the site of the present City of Washington, and in 1791 he was appointed commissioner for surveying the District of Columbia. Daniel Carroll lived to a great age and was active in public affairs until his death, in 1829.

Associated with him in Congress was Thomas Johnson, of Maryland, whose grandfather, also Thomas Johnson, came from Ireland in 1689 with Charles Carroll, Daniel Carroll's grandfather, and the founder of the Carroll family in Maryland.

Thomas Johnson was one of the foremost men in Maryland, previous to, during, and after the Revolution, being continually kept in the public service from the opening to the closing of his career. He was three times Governor of Maryland, being the first to occupy that honorable position after independence was proclaimed. While a member of the Maryland house of delegates he introduced a bill to confiscate all British property in that State. He was Chief Judge of the General Court of Maryland and Justice of the United States Supreme Court. On the resignation of John Rutledge as Chief Justice of the latter court, Washington insisted on Judge Johnson's taking that place, but he de-

clined the position, as he did also that of Secretary of State, tendered him a few years later.

He was a member of Congress from 1774 to 1776 and again continuously from 1781 to 1787. On June 15, 1775, as Congressman from Maryland, he nominated George Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the army, while another Irish-American, Edward Rutledge, was one of a committee of three appointed to draw up Washington's commission and instructions, and a third Irish-American, John Hancock, President of Congress, officially announced to Washington the fact of his unanimous election to be Chief of the army.

After President Hancock sat down Washington arose in his place and signified his acceptance in a brief and simple, but truly patriotic reply which betokened the lofty character which guided his life. "Mr. President," he said, "though I am truly sensible of the high honor done me in this appointment, yet I feel great distress from a consciousness that my abilities and military experience may not be equal to the extensive and important trust. However, as the Congress desire it, I will enter upon the momentous duty and exert every power I possess in their service and for the support of the glorious cause. I beg they will accept my most cordial thanks for this distinguished testimony of their approbation. But, lest some unlucky event should happen unfavorable to my reputation, I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in this room that I this day declare, with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with. As to pay, sir, I beg leave to assure the Congress that, as no pecuniary consideration could have tempted me to accept the arduous employment at the expense of my domestic ease and happiness, I do not wish to make any profit from. I will keep an exact account of my expenses. Those, I doubt not, they will discharge, and that is all I desire."

When Washington was in retreat through the Jerseys in 1776 he sent an urgent appeal to Johnson for re-enforcements, saying that he had not men enough to fight the enemy and too few to run away with. Johnson raised 1,800 militia in the western counties of Maryland and led them in person to the relief of Washington. Johnson had six brothers, all of whom were most active in the Revolutionary cause. Benjamin and Roger were majors, James and Baker colonels, John a surgeon in the army, and Joshua was in the diplomatic service, being afterwards the first United States Consul at London.

When Congress met in Baltimore on December 20, 1776, it was only a small village containing less than one hundred houses, but the inhabitants were intensely patriotic. James McSherry,

in his history of Maryland, recites that when Lafayette passed through Baltimore on his way to the South he was greeted with the greatest enthusiasm by the people. A ball was given in his honor, but in the midst of the festivities Lafayette appeared sad. "Why so gloomy at a ball?" asked one of the ladies. "I cannot enjoy the gayety of the scene," he replied, "while so many of the poor soldiers are without shirts and other necessaries." "We will supply them," was the noble response, and the next day every woman in Baltimore was engaged in the work.

Historian McSherry came of an Irish family distinguished in the Revolution. He was himself an active and devoted Catholic and a regular contributor to the United States Catholic Magazine, while his father, James McSherry, was a member of Congress from 1821 to 1823.

The Rev. Patrick Allison, first minister of the Presbyterian Church in Baltimore, a native-born Irishman, was appointed Chaplain of Congress while it remained in session in that city.

The late Mr. D. J. Scully, a prominent Irish writer and patriotic worker in Baltimore, contributed an able sketch of the Irish race in that city to a recent number of the Catholic Mirror, from which we make the following extracts:

"Prior to the Revolution the most important merchants and educators, and even professional men in the town were Irish by birth. They laid the foundation of the town's trade and commerce and built it up not only morally and physically, but financially. The man who laid the foundation of the town's trade was Dr. John Stevenson, who, although a physician, had an eye to trade, and coming direct from Ireland deemed it wise to establish a line of ships between this city and Irish ports. This was the beginning of Baltimore's commerce, which for nearly seventy-five years after Stevenson's pioneer line was established, almost rivalled New York's commerce in general, and in many ways excelled it. The work done by Stevenson in establishing trade for Baltimore was continued by the Purviances, William Patterson, Bowly, John O'Donnell, John Smith, William Smith, William McDonald, Robert and John Oliver, William Wilson, Talbott Jones, Isaac McKim, Robert Garrett, Luke Tiernan, Cumberland Dugan, David Stewart, Stephen Stewart, James Calhoun, John Sterrett, John McLure, Thomas Russell, Samuel Hughes, William Neill, Hugh Young, Patrick Colvin, Alexander Pendergast, Patrick Bennett, Robert Welsh, Mark Pringle, William Kennedy, James O. Law, Hugh McElderry, Charles M. Dougherty, William Walters, John McCoy, D. J. Foley, Hamilton Easter, Robert Neale, Hugh Birchhead, John Coulter, and others, who, from time to time, have figured prominently in the shipping and commercial annals of

Baltimore. Many of these men were not only the pioneers, but the leaders for years in the matters which concerned the carrying trade of Baltimore and also in the business concerns of the town and city. Their names are so closely associated with the history of Baltimore for the first hundred years of her history at least that it is impossible to disconnect them. They were honest merchants of the old school and their methods were direct and above suspicion. They laid the foundation of Baltimore's reputation for business honesty.

"It is highly interesting to trace the rise and rule of these expatriated Irish merchants who came to Baltimore, many of them with money and business experience, driven from Ireland by England's unjust tariff laws. These men hated England as strongly as they loved fair play. They waxed rich and placed everything they had at the services of their fellow-citizens and of their country. They were well aware of England's hypocritical methods and thus when the Revolution came on they cast their fortunes to a man with the colonies, and gave of their blood, their experience, and their means to assist the patriots. During the Revolution in Baltimore and Maryland they were prominent in all works of importance. Thus we see Samuel Purviance, the chief man of the town; Purviance was a leading merchant.

"His services to the patriot cause were vast, and he was frequently complimented by Washington and the Continental Congress for his services. He was largely instrumental in helping Lafayette to clothe his half-starved and half-clothed army when on its way to the South to prosecute that historic campaign which ended in the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. Thus he played a prominent part in one of the historic events in history, and considering the present status of this Republic, the most momentous campaign in history.

"The Irish merchants who contributed to this fund to buy cloth and make uniforms for Lafayette's ragged army were Messrs. Purviance, William Patterson, John McLure, Daniel Bowly, Ridgely, and Pringle, James Calhoun, James McHenry, Charles Carroll, William Smith, Alex. Donaldson, Samuel Hughes, Russell & Hughes, William Neill, John Smith, William Smith, Hugh Young, and Robert Patter Purviance. William Smith and William Patterson and other Irish merchants were also prominent in the committee work during the Revolution, and if it had failed, would have no doubt decorated the short end of a hangman's rope for their love of liberty. The services of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, and of his cousin, Charles Carroll, of Mount Clare, to the patriot cause and to the city and State, even the nation, it is useless to recount here as they are well known. They

were Irish-Americans, however, and not ashamed of it, and their influence in the city and its environs were considerable along all lines.

William Patterson gave Patterson Park to the city, and also contributed largely to the foundation of many public enterprises, some of which survive to-day as monuments to the activities of himself and his fellow-Irishmen. Prime among those monuments is the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Isaac McKim, another Irishman, founded the first free school set up in Baltimore. It still stands at Baltimore and Aisquith streets a monument to him, and has been in its day a strong sphere of influence. John Oliver, another Gael, founded the Oliver Hibernian Free School, which has been for nearly a century a wide center of influence for good. It was the first school established in the United States for the exclusive education of Irish-Americans, and was established at a time when Americans of other races were without free schools of any kind.

"Prominent in the establishment of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and of the Northern Central Railroad were other Irish merchants and professional men, such as Robert Garrett, Alexander and George Brown, the latter of whom conceived the idea of building the road; Isaac McKim, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton; John V. L. McMahon, the Irish-American lawyer, who drew that first railroad charter ever drawn for the Baltimore and Ohio, which has served as a model ever since; Patrick McCauley, the Irish educator; Talbott Jones, Robert Oliver, and others. These men gave not only their influence to these roads, but their money. How well they built facts establish. John Donnell, the Irishman, was the man who named Canton, on the southeast side of the basin, because he thought it looked like Canton, China; and he was the first president of the Baltimore Gas Light Company. His son, General Columbus O'Donnell, was for many years the honored president of the company. General William McDonald was the first man to run packets on the Chesapeake Bay, and also the first to run steam vessels. And thus he was the founder of Baltimore's great bay trade.

"Alexander Brown, Robert Garrett, and Isaac McKim were practically the founders of the banking business of this city, and with others of the great Irish business men influenced the financial interests of Baltimore for many years. In fact, their descendants have a powerful influence in banking matters locally at this time.

"In the religious concerns of the city the Irish have ever played an important part. The city is the seat of the Roman Catholic Church in this country, the first bishop and archbishop of which was John Carroll, an Irish-American. Since his day the

Irish have been in the forefront in Catholic affairs in Baltimore. Many will recall the names of the saintly McColgan, Dolan, McManus, Coskery, Slattery, McCoy, Dougherty, Malloy, Dugan, Gaitley, McDevitt, and many others of equal note who have served prominently in this city and have been towers of strength to their coreligionists. The stature of Archbishop Carroll in his day was heroic, and he was regarded as one of the chief citizens of the Republic, as his famous successor, Cardinal Gibbons, is to-day. The similarity between Dr. Carroll and the Cardinal on the lines of personal influence is remarkable. What Dr. Carroll was in his day a century ago, the Cardinal is to-day, and the person who is familiar with the Cardinal's character knows what power and inspiration that is for good. Other prelates who were of Irish extraction and who labored here were Archbishops Neale and the illustrious Kenrick, the latter one of the greatest of church writers and a strong man of his day.

"In other denominations we have Dr. Patrick Allison, the first pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, and a remarkable man in many ways, who was the friend of Dr. Carroll, and his contemporary. Rev. John Glendy, a native of Ireland, who was a rebel in 1798, and had to fly for his life to this country, was the first pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, and an orator of unusual ability. Rev. John Healey was the first Baptist minister in Baltimore Town, and founded the first Baptist chapel. He ministered here for many years and was without doubt an influential man. The congregations of the Presbyterian and Baptist churches included a number of prominent Irish business and professional men.

"The first Methodist preacher that we know of who preached in the vicinity of this city was Robert Strawbridge, the Irishman. We know that there were several well-known Irishmen who were among the first members of the first M. E. Church, old Light street, now Mount Vernon Place Church; among them being Patrick Colvin and Patrick Bennett. This Colvin afterwards was buried from the old Light Street Church, which caught fire during his funeral and was burned to the ground. His daughter founded the old Colvin Institute in his honor, and Colvin street is named after him. He was an influential merchant as well as a leading Methodist. The first mayor of the city, James Calhoun, was an Irish-American.

"The first Secretary of the Navy from Maryland was an Irishman, James McHenry, after whom the fort is named. It is well to remark that Fort Carroll is also named after Charles Carroll, the Irish-American. The first Secretary of State and Attorney-General from Maryland was Robert Smith, son of John

Smith, the Irishman. General Samuel Smith, the Revolutionary hero, who served more years than any other from this State in the United States Senate, also commanded the forces at the battle of North Point and the defense of Fort McHenry. The first and only Chief Justice of the United States from Maryland was Roger Brooke Taney, the Irish-American, who was also an Attorney-General of the United States. One of the two Secretaries of the Navy from this State was John Pendleton Kennedy, the Irish-American. All of these facts serve to show that the Irish have played some part in public affairs in this city and State.

"Past and present, the Irish element has been so closely identified with the history of Baltimore that it has played an important part in influencing every detail of the life of the city."

Among the Irishmen prominent in Baltimore, not only during the sessions of Congress there but for eighteen years before, was JOHN SMITH, a native of Strabane, County Tyrone, Ireland. He at first settled in Pennsylvania, but removed to Baltimore in 1759, where he became one of the most prominent merchants. In 1763 he was one of the Commissioners to raise money for the erection of a market house in Baltimore, and three years later he acted in a like capacity in laying out an addition to the town. In 1769 he presided at a meeting of merchants to prohibit English importations, and in 1774 he was a member of the Baltimore Committee of Correspondence. In November, 1774, he became one of the Committee of Observation, whose powers included the local government of Baltimore town and county and the raising of forty companies of minutemen, who, in common with all soldiers bearing that honored title, were to hold themselves in readiness to take the field at a minute's notice.

The Continental Congress having recommended measures for procuring arms and ammunition from abroad, John Smith was appointed on the committee for that purpose from Baltimore. He was a member of the convention that framed the first Constitution of Maryland and was elected to the State Senate in 1781, and re-elected in 1786.

His son, SAMUEL SMITH, was in every way worthy of his patriotic Irish father, and from the opening to the closing of his long and brilliant career he was ever on duty for his country. He spent five years in his father's counting-room and sailed to Havre, France, in 1772, as supercargo of one of his vessels. He traveled extensively in Europe and returned home after the battle of Lexington. He offered his services to Maryland, and in 1776 was commissioned captain in Colonel Smallwood's regiment. He served with distinction at Long Island, where his regi-

ment lost one-third of its men; at Harlem, White Plains, Staten Island, and on the Brandywine, meanwhile rising to the rank of colonel. Upon the ascent of the British fleet up the Delaware he was appointed by Washington to the command of Fort Mifflin, where, in a naked and exposed position, he maintained himself under a continued cannonade from September 26 till November 11, 1777, when he was so severely wounded that he had to be carried to the Jersey shore. For this gallant defense he received from Congress a vote of thanks and a sword. While still suffering from the effects of his wounds he shared in the hardships of Valley Forge and later took an active part in the battle of Monmouth. So liberally did he contribute his means to the cause of independence and the wants of his soldiers, for a continued service of three and a half years, he was reduced from affluence to poverty and compelled to resign his command, but he continued to do duty as colonel of the Baltimore militia until the end of the war.

After the Revolutionary War Colonel Smith occupied the position of port warden, member of the House of Delegates, and brigadier-general of the militia of Baltimore. In 1793 he was elected a representative in Congress, holding the place until 1803, and again from 1816 till 1822. He was a member of the United States Senate from 1803 to 1815, and from 1822 to 1833, thus serving continuously in Congress, as Senator and Representative, for the long period of forty years. Under President Jefferson he served a short time in 1801, without compensation, as Secretary of the Navy, though declining the appointment.

He was major-general of the State troops in the defense of Baltimore in the War of 1812. He was one of the leading projectors of the Washington and Battle monuments in Baltimore, and a founder of the Bank of Maryland and of the Baltimore Library Company. In 1835, when he was in his eighty-third year, a committee of his fellow-citizens, having called on him to put down a mob that had possession of the city, he at once consented to make the attempt, and was so successful in restoring order that he was elected Mayor of Baltimore and continued in that office for three years. He died on April 22, 1839, in his eighty-seventh year.

His son, John Spear Smith, who was born in Baltimore in 1790, and died there in 1866, was one of the leading citizens of Maryland and occupied many positions of trust and honor. He acted as aide-de-camp to his father in the defense of Baltimore. He was a judge of the Orphans' Court, Presidential elector in 1833, and first President of the Maryland Historical Society, holding the latter position from 1844 until his death.

Robert Smith, another son of the Irish founder of the family, was a noted leader in State and national affairs. He fought in the Revolution as a volunteer, was State Senator and member of the House of Delegates, Secretary of the Navy, and Attorney-General under Jefferson and Secretary of State under Madison, and in 1813 succeeded Archbishop John Carroll as Provost of the University of Maryland. He died in Baltimore on November 26, 1842, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. His son, Samuel William Smith, who was born in Baltimore in 1800, and died there eighty-seven years later, was a leader in public affairs during his long life and well maintained the honor of the family.

The record of the family founded by John Smith, of Tyrone, Ireland, brings out the fact that his son, General Samuel Smith, was in chief command of the State troops in Baltimore, with his son acting as his chief aide when Francis Scott Key wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner," which the agents of England are now seeking to change. It will be seen, therefore, that we Irish have a deep interest in the preservation of our National Anthem and that our countrymen nobly distinguished themselves in the brave deeds which called it forth. We have earned the right to act as its preservers and we will do so, with God's help, as long as Irishmen or their descendants have a voice in the councils of this nation.

Francis Scott Key witnessed the bombardment of Fort McHenry on September 13, 1814, from the deck of a ship supplied by President Madison for the purpose of releasing his friend, Dr. William Beanes, who had been captured by the British. General Ross, the English commander, granted the release of Dr. Beanes, but decided that both him and Key should be detained during the attack on Baltimore. Owing to the position of their vessel the flag on Fort McHenry was distinctly seen through the night by the glare of the battle, but before dawn the firing ceased and the prisoners anxiously watched to see which colors floated on the ramparts. Key's feelings, when he saw that the Stars and Stripes had not been hauled down, found expression in his immortal "Star-Spangled Banner." On arriving in Baltimore he finished the lines which he had hastily written on the back of a letter and gave them to Captain Benjamin Eades, of the Twenty-seventh Baltimore Regiment, who had participated in the battle of North Point, with directions to have them printed and sung to the air of "Anacreon in Heaven." Seizing a copy from the press Eades hastened to the old tavern next to the Holiday Street Theater, where the actors were accustomed to assemble. The verses were first read aloud by the printer and then, on being appealed to by the crowd, Ferdinand Durang mounted a chair and

sang them for the first time. In a short time the song was known all over the United States and soon became the National Anthem, which it will always continue to remain despite the contemptible pilferings of England. Here is the anthem as Key wrote it, with the third stanza, the one England seeks to destroy, printed in *Italic letters*.

"THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
 O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
 And the rocket's red glare, and bombs bursting in air,
 Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there!
 Oh! say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen through the mist of the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
 In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream;
 'Tis the star-spangled banner, oh! long may it wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

*And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
 'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
 A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
 Their blood has wash'd out their foul foot-step's pollution;
 No refuge could save the hireling and slave
 From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave,
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.*

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand,
 Between their loved home and the war's desolation;
 Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
 Praise the power that made and preserved us a nation.
 Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

The Irish people have an additional claim to "The Star-Spangled Banner" from the fact that Fort McHenry, the scene of the battle which called it forth, was named in honor of JAMES MCHENRY, statesman and patriot, who was born in Ireland in 1753 and died in Baltimore May 3, 1816. He received a classical education in Dublin but was obliged to make a voyage

on account of delicate health and came to Philadelphia about 1771. He induced his father to emigrate to that city, where the young man studied medicine under Dr. Benjamin Rush. When Washington was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Army James McHenry accompanied him to the camp at Cambridge and became a surgeon and medical director in the army. He was made prisoner at the fall of Fort Washington and held captive in the loathsome dungeons of New York for over a year. On May 15, 1778, he became a secretary to Washington and his relations with the latter continued through life to be those of trusted friend and adviser. From 1783 till 1786 he was a member of the Continental Congress and afterwards was repeatedly elected as member of the Maryland Legislature and was the first to take his seat as member of the United States Constitutional Convention, over which Washington presided. In 1796 he joined Washington's cabinet as Secretary of War and continued to hold that office until 1801, when he retired to private life.

James Smith was a signer of the Declaration of Independence and a member of Congress from Pennsylvania from 1776 to 1778. He was born in Ireland and came to this country with his father in 1729 while still a boy. The elder Smith, with his family, settled on the banks of the Susquehanna, where he engaged in farming. James was educated at the College of Philadelphia and became a lawyer and surveyor, settling first in Shippensburg and afterwards in York, Pa., where for many years he was the sole practitioner at the bar. In many respects Smith was one of the most remarkable men who arose with the Revolution, and was as well known for his wit, conviviality, and humorous stories, as he was for his learning and success in practice, his drollery being heightened by an awkwardness of gesture, a ludicrous cast of countenance, and a drawling utterance. He also successfully engaged in iron manufactures and at the beginning of the Revolution possessed considerable property. Early in 1774, nine months before the gun was fired at Lexington, he raised the first company of troops in Pennsylvania in defense of American liberty after returning from the Provincial Convention in Philadelphia, called for the purpose of urging the assemblage of a general congress. He was always chosen as the representative of his district to every important public gathering and at various times in his career was member of Assembly, Judge of the High Court of Appeals, and brigadier-general of the Pennsylvania militia. In 1785 he was again elected to Congress to fill a vacancy, but declined re-election on account of his advanced age. James Smith spent all his fortune on the war of independence and at its close was forced to return to the practice of his profession, in which he

continued until 1801. As an instance of his devotion we may mention that when Congress was compelled to retreat to York he closed his office against his clients and placed in it the Board of War. He sacrificed all private interests that would promote the glorious cause of liberty. He was a warm personal and political friend of Washington and always stood ready to defend the purity of his character in all the relations of life.

"James Smith," says Carroll Judson, in his "Sages and Heroes of the American Revolution," "was original in everything. With a strong mind, an open and honest heart, a benevolent and manly disposition, he united great conviviality and amusing drollery—yet so discreet and chaste as not to offend the most modest ear. His manner was original beyond imitation, but with all his wit and humor he held religion in great veneration. Such a mixture of qualities are rarely blended in one man. His mind ranged with the quickness of lightning from the deep-toned logic and the profoundest thought to the eccentric and ludicrous—all balanced by the equilibrium of discretion and each used at the appropriate time and place.

"Of the affairs of his adopted country James Smith was not an idle spectator. No man delights in liberty and independence more than an Irishman. Nor have the Irish people a warm affection for mother Britain. As oppressed as she is, no nation is more sensitive of her rights than sweet Ireland. When British oppression showed its hydra head in the American colonies Mr. Smith took a terrible dislike to it and declared he would make fight unless it withdrew its visible deformity at once. His heart beat high for his adopted country—he came promptly to the rescue. He was a great admirer of the illustrious Washington and corresponded with Franklin and several others of the patriarch sages of '76. Surrounded by an affectionate family and a large circle of ardent friends, this happy son of Erin glided smoothly down the stream of time until the 11th day of July, 1806, when his frail bark was anchored in the bay of death—his immortal spirit in the heaven of bliss. In life he was loved and honored—in death his loss was deeply mourned."

Speaking of another signer of the Declaration of Independence, Mr. Judson thus writes: "Among those who laid the foundation and commenced the superstructure of our growing Republic was GEORGE TAYLOR, born in Ireland in 1716. His father gave him a good education and placed him with a physician under whose direction he commenced the study of medicine. Not fancying the idea of becoming a doctor he resolved to leave Ireland, and without money or the knowledge of his friends entered as a redemptioner on board a vessel bound for Philadelphia. Soon

after his arrival his passage was paid by Mr. Savage, of Durham, Bucks County, Pa., for which George bound himself as a common laborer for a number of years. This gentleman carried on iron works and appointed his new servant to throw coal into the furnace. His hands became cruelly blistered, but being ambitious to gain the approval of all around him, he persevered without complaint. Learning his situation his humane master entered into a conversation with him and was surprised to find him possessed of a good education and superior talents. He immediately promoted him to a clerkship in the counting-house. He filled his new station admirably and gained the esteem and friendship of all his new acquaintances. He rapidly made himself acquainted with the formula of business and the customs and laws of his adopted country.

"After some years Mr. Savage died and George Taylor became proprietor of his entire business by marrying Mrs. Savage after the usual time of mourning had passed. That excellent lady was not slow in recognizing the worthiness of his character. The romantic interest which she always felt in the lonely exile from Erin ripened into a warmer feeling some years after the death of her husband and she resolved to reward him with her hand and fortune."

No man could have made better use of the opportunities afforded him than George Taylor. With a heart filled with gratitude for his own good fortune he never turned from the poor or lowly without rendering all the assistance in his power. He early earned the confidence of his fellow-citizens as well as that of his employer and for six consecutive years represented his district in the Provincial Assembly—from 1764 to 1770. During these years he resided in Northampton County, Pa., whither he had removed soon after his marriage. Returning to Durham he was again elected to the Assembly in 1775.

Remembering the history of his own country, he always lent a willing ear to the cause of independence in America, though at first he was opposed to absolute separation. After his election to the Pennsylvania Assembly in 1775 he was a member of the committee appointed to draw up instructions for the delegates in the Continental Congress. These instructions, forbidding them to vote for separation, were revoked in June, 1776, and because some of the delegates still hesitated to vote for the Declaration of Independence others were chosen in their place on July 20, 1776. George Taylor was one of these new delegates. With his mind now fully made up for separation, he took his seat in Congress on the day of his election and signed his name to the Declaration

with the other members when the engrossed copy of the instrument was ready on the second day of August.

In the spring of 1777 he retired from public life, crowned, as Judson writes, with the honors of a devoted and ardent patriot, an enlightened and valuable citizen, a worthy and honest man. He died at Easton, Pa., on February 23, 1781.

Matthew Thornton, as we have already stated, was a member of Congress and signer of the Declaration of Independence for New Hampshire. He was brought to this country from Ireland by his father, James Thornton, who at first settled at Wiscasset, Me. After a few years he removed to Worcester, Mass., where young Thornton received a good classical education. He studied medicine under Dr. Grant, of Leicester, Mass., and commenced the practice of his profession at Londonderry, N. H., which was principally settled by people from his native land, where he rapidly rose in the estimation of his fellow-citizens, not only as a skillful physician but as a worthy and an honest man, whose heart was warm and whose mind was guided by the most kindly feelings. He was an active and early advocate of American rights and bold and fearless in his opposition to British usurpation. Taking a leading part in the overthrow of the English government in New Hampshire he was chosen its first President when the people took matters into their own hands. In an address which he issued on assuming office he urged the people to unite in the cause of independence. "You must all be sensible," he concluded, "that the affairs of America have come to an affecting crisis. The horrors and distresses of a civil war which of late we only had in contemplation, we now find ourselves obliged to realize. Painful beyond expression have been those scenes of blood and devastation which the barbarous cruelties of British troops have placed before our eyes. Duty to God, to ourselves, to posterity—enforced by the cries of the slaughtered innocents, have urged us to take up arms in our own defense. We would therefore recommend to the colony at large to cultivate that Christian union, harmony and tender affection which constitute the only foundation upon which our invaluable privileges can rest with any security or our public measures be pursued with the least prospect of success."

Dr. Thornton was Chief Justice of the New Hampshire Court of Common Pleas, and on September 12, 1776, he was chosen delegate to the Continental Congress. As in the case of the delegates from Pennsylvania he was allowed to fix his name to the Declaration of Independence, although he was elected after its passage. In 1779 he bought a farm at Merrimack and sought to retire to private life, but the people would not hear of it and continued to send him forward as their representative on all important

occasions. He continued to take a deep interest in public affairs until the last and wrote political articles for the newspapers even after he was eighty years of age. Dr. Thornton was a large, portly man, over six feet in height, of fascinating manners and an expressive countenance lighted up with keen, piercing black eyes. He was bitterly opposed to religious bigotry, remarkable alike for purity, ability, and honesty in his public and private life. He was kind, charitable, and liberal and well earned the title of "an honest man," which was placed above his grave. He died in his eighty-ninth year at Newburyport, Mass., on June 24, 1803, while on a visit to his daughter. In 1887 the Legislature of New Hampshire voted one thousand dollars for a monument to his memory.

John Montgomery, member of the Continental Congress, was born in the north of Ireland on July 6, 1722, and lived there until his twenty-fourth year, when he inherited a small fortune and emigrated to America. He settled in Carlisle, Pa., where he soon became a prominent business man and quickly won the confidence of the people. As early as 1758 he was commissioned Captain in an expedition against the Indians and was the Treasurer of his county for ten years previous to the Revolution. In 1774 he was Chairman of the Observation Committee of Cumberland County, and in July, 1776, he was appointed by Congress one of the commissioners to conclude a treaty of peace with the Western Indians at Fort Pitt. He commanded one of the Pennsylvania regiments at the battle of Long Island and was taken prisoner at Fort Washington, but was soon exchanged. After his release he fought through the campaign of New Jersey in 1777 as colonel of a regiment of associators. He was elected to the Continental Congress in 1782-3, where he served on important committees and took a leading part in the debates. After the war he was one of the burgesses of Carlisle and associate judge of Cumberland County. During his whole career he took a keen interest in public affairs and always stood ready to risk his fortune and his life in behalf of his adopted country. He was one of the founders of Dickinson College and acted as its trustee from its establishment until his death. His son John was mayor of Baltimore, attorney-general of Maryland, and member of Congress from 1807 to 1811.

Dr. David Ramsey, physician and historian, was born of Irish parents in Lancaster County, Pa., on April 2, 1749. He graduated from Princeton in 1765 and from the medical department of the Pennsylvania University in 1773, occupying himself with teaching in the interim. Settling in Charleston he soon acquired celebrity as a physician and was also active with his pen in behalf of the colonial rights. At the beginning of the Revolu-

tionary War he took the field as a surgeon and served during the siege of Savannah. From 1776 to 1783 he was an active member of the South Carolina Legislature and was also a member of the Council of Safety. In this latter capacity his activity in behalf of independence made him so obnoxious to the British that on the capture of Charleston in May, 1780, he was included in the forty inhabitants of that place who were held in close confinement at St. Augustine for eleven months as hostages. Dr. Ramsay was a member of the Continental Congress from 1782 to 1786, long a member of the South Carolina Senate, and its President for seven years. During the progress of the Revolution Dr. Ramsay collected materials for its history, and his great impartiality, his fine memory, and his acquaintance with many of the leading actors in the contest, eminently qualified him for the task and enabled him to produce a work that stands even to this day as one of our most reliable authorities. He published many works relating to the stirring times in which he lived and was one of the most eminent writers of the period. He was married twice, first to Frances, daughter of John Witherspoon, and then to Mary, daughter of Henry Laurens. His second wife was a distinguished literary woman and gave her husband valuable assistance in his writings. Dr. Ramsay died in Charleston on May 8, 1815, his death being the result of wounds received from the pistol of a maniac, concerning whose mental unsoundness he had testified in court.

Nathaniel Ramsay, brother of the doctor, also a member of the Continental Congress, was born in Lancaster County, Pa., on May 1, 1751. A graduate of Princeton, he studied law and was admitted to the Maryland bar in 1771. He was active in the American cause and became a captain in the first troops raised in Maryland. He took part in the battle of Long Island and continued under Washington until he became commander of the Third Regiment of the Maryland Line. He nobly distinguished himself at Monmouth, as will be seen from our description of that famous battle, soon after which he was taken prisoner. He spent a long time in prison or on parole and when he was released his place had been filled. After the war he resumed the practice of his profession and represented Maryland in Congress during 1786 and 1787. He was made marshal of the District of Maryland in 1790 and again in 1794, in addition to which he received the appointment of naval officer of Baltimore, which he held during five administrations. He died in Baltimore on October 23, 1817.

William Whipple, signer of the Declaration of Independence, was a member of Congress from New Hampshire from 1775 to 1779. He came of Irish ancestry and commenced life as a cabin boy on board ship. Before he was of age he raised himself to

the position of captain and was engaged in the European trade. In 1759, when in his twenty-ninth year, he gave up the sea and established himself in business in Portsmouth, N. H., with his brother Joseph. From the very beginning of the contest with Great Britain he was an ardent advocate of American rights and rapidly forged to the front as a trusted leader of the people. In addition to his Congressional duties he was appointed a brigadier-general in 1777 and commanded a brigade of New Hampshire troops at the battles of Saratoga and Stillwater. On the surrender of Burgoyne he signed the articles of capitulation on behalf of General Gates and was selected as one of the officers who marched the surrendered British troops to their place of encampment on Winter Hill, near Boston. The brilliant victory thus achieved over the British was largely due to General Whipple and the troops under his command. In 1778 General Whipple acted with General Sullivan in Rhode Island and was present at the siege of Newport, which was abandoned on account of the withdrawal of the French fleet. In 1780 General Whipple was appointed a commissioner of the Board of Admiralty but he declined, preferring to serve in the Legislature of his own State, which he did for years and was afterwards State Superintendent of Finance and judge of the Supreme Court. In 1784 he was appointed a justice of the peace and quorum throughout the State, and acted in that capacity until his death in 1785. In all the duties that devolved upon him in the many public offices which he filled he acquitted himself with credit and his private life was a model of consistency and virtue. Guided by a clear head and a good heart his entire career, from cabin boy to signer of the Declaration, was remarkable for its purity and patriotism.

Pierce Butler, third son of Sir Richard Butler, was born in Ireland in 1744 and came to America as a lieutenant in the British army. He resigned before the Revolution and thereafter became active in the American cause. He settled in Charleston, S. C., and represented that State in the Continental Congress in 1787 and 1788. He was a member of the Federal Constitution and took an active part in its discussions. After the adoption of the Constitution he was United States Senator from 1789 to 1796 and again from 1802 to 1804. He opposed some of the measures of Washington's administration but was a warm advocate of the War of 1812. He continued to take an active interest in public affairs until his death, which occurred in Philadelphia on February 15, 1822. His son Pierce became a noted lawyer and was married to Fanny Kemble, the celebrated actress.

Hugh Williamson, to whom we have before alluded, was born of Irish parents in Chester County, Pa., on December 5, 1735.

and graduated from the College of Philadelphia, where he was a professor for four years. He studied medicine in Edinburgh and Utrecht and after his return to this country he became famous as a physician, scholar, and statesman. He became a member of the American Philosophical Society and on January 7, 1769, was appointed one of its commissioners to observe the transits of Venus and Mercury. In 1773 he went to England to solicit aid for the academy at Newark, Del., and while there appeared before the House of Commons in behalf of American rights. After traveling and studying for three years on the Continent he returned to America in 1776, bearing important papers. In 1777 he engaged in business with his younger brother in Charleston, S. C., subsequently practiced medicine at Edenton, N. C., and served as surgeon in the North Carolina militia for two years. After serving in the Legislature of that State he represented it in the Continental Congress in 1784, 1785, and 1786, and served as a delegate to the United States Constitutional Convention in 1787. He was elected to the First Congress as a Federalist, re-elected to the second and served from March, 1790, to March, 1793, when he removed to New York, where he married and devoted himself to literary pursuits. He was associated with DeWitt Clinton in organizing the Literary and Philosophical Society of New York in 1814, and was an advocate of Clinton's canal system. Dr. Williamson was an active promoter of philanthropic, literary, and scientific institutions and a frequent contributor to the transactions of learned societies in America and Europe. He published many scholarly essays and was the author of the *History of North Carolina*. He died in New York on May 22, 1819.

John Armstrong, soldier in the Revolution and member of the Continental Congress, was born in the north of Ireland in 1725 and came to America long before the Revolution, settling in Carlisle, Pa. He served with distinction in the French War of 1755 and 1756, and in the latter year he commanded an expedition against the Indians at Kittanning, where he seized their stores and destroyed their settlement. For this service the Corporation of Philadelphia gave him a medal, a piece of plate, and a vote of thanks. He early espoused the patriot cause and was commissioned a brigadier-general in the Continental army on March 1, 1776. He did noble service at Fort Moultrie, S. C., and commanded the Pennsylvania militia at the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, but resigned from the army on April 4, 1777, on account of dissatisfaction in regard to rank. He was elected to the Continental Congress from 1778 to 1780 and again in 1787 and 1788. He held many local public offices and enjoyed the confidence and esteem of his fellow-citizens until his death at Carlisle, Pa., on March 9, 1795.

His son, John Armstrong, jr., was born at Carlisle, Pa., on November 25, 1758, and also distinguished himself in the army and in Congress. He enlisted in the Revolutionary army while yet a student at Princeton, and received his first training in the Pennsylvania regiment of his father's friend and fellow-countryman, Colonel James Potter. He was aide-de-camp to General Mercer, and when the latter was fatally wounded at Princeton, he tenderly carried him in his arms off the battlefield. He then became an aide on the staff of General Gates and served with him through the Burgoyne campaign which closed with the inglorious surrender of the English at Saratoga. He was made adjutant-general of the Southern army in 1780, but, owing to illness, he was obliged to retire from the army before the battle of Camden. When he regained his health he resumed his place on the staff of General Gates, with the rank of major, which he held until the close of the war.

While in camp at Newburg, N. Y., on March 10, 1783, he wrote the first of the two celebrated "Newburg Letters." The communication, which was anonymous, set forth the services and destitution of the soldiers and called a meeting of the army officers to consider measures of redress and to arouse Congress to a sense of justice to the army, then about to be disbanded. Washington, who was in camp at the time, issued orders forbidding the meeting, but he had no sooner done so than a second and still more impassioned address appeared, which he met by attending the meeting in person. He shrewdly quieted General Gates, whom he had just come to suspect of bad faith, by making him chairman of the meeting. Then in calm and dignified tones he answered the arguments of the anonymous writer and appealed to the officers to remain faithful to the glorious records they had made. "Let me request you," he concluded, "to rely on the plighted faith of your country and place full confidence that Congress will adopt the most effectual measures in their power to render ample justice to you for your faithful and meritorious service. By thus determining and thus acting you will pursue the plain and direct road to the attainment of your wishes; you will defeat the insidious designs of our enemies, who are compelled to resort from open force to secret artifice; you will give one more distinguished proof of unexampled patriotism and patent virtue rising superior to the pressure of the most complicated sufferings; and you will by the dignity of your conduct afford occasion for posterity to say, when speaking of the glorious example you have exhibited to mankind, 'Had this day been wanting the world had never seen the last stage of perfection to which human nature is capable of attaining.'"

The most profound silence pervaded the assembly when Washington arose to read his address. As he adjusted his spectacles, he said, in a deeply touching voice: "You see, gentlemen, that I have not only grown gray but blind in your service." This simple remark had a powerful effect on the war-worn veterans by whom he was surrounded. After reading his address Washington retired without uttering a word, leaving the officers to deliberate without restraint. Their conference was brief. They unanimously passed resolutions thanking their chief for the course he had pursued, expressing their unabated attachment to his person and their country; declaring their unshaken confidence in the good faith of Congress and their determination to bear with patience their grievances until in due time they should be redressed.

At the time of making his address Washington was not aware that young Armstrong, then only twenty-five years old, was the author of the Newburg letters. He attributed them to General Gates and his denunciations were directed towards that officer. When, fourteen years later, he learned the truth and heard that Armstrong had been censured and his patriotism questioned on account of his address, Washington wrote the following letter to Armstrong, under date of February 23, 1797:

"Sir—Believing that there may be times and occasions on which my opinion of the anonymous letters and their author, as delivered to the army in the year 1783, may be turned to some personal and malignant purpose, I do hereby declare that I did not, at the time of writing my address, regard you as the author of said letters; and further, that I have since had sufficient reason for believing that the object of the author was just, honorable, and friendly to the country, though the means suggested by him were certainly liable to much misunderstanding and abuse.—George Washington."

Major Armstrong's letters were pointed and vigorous and showed the hand of a master. They were called forth by the terrible sufferings of the army through whose efforts the British enemy had been defeated. The brave and patriotic soldiers, though independence had been achieved through their heroic devotion, were still allowed to suffer for want of food and clothing, and Congress was slow in attending to their wants and redressing their grievances. There was ample justification for the letters, though, as in the case of the revolt of the Pennsylvania troops, a wrong construction was put upon them and they gave some short-lived comfort to the English enemy. The character of Major Armstrong, on this account, suffered at the hands of those who did not personally know him, but he was amply hon-

ored in his own State. After the war he was made Secretary of State of Pennsylvania and was adjutant-general under Governors Dickinson and Franklin. In 1787 he was elected member of the Continental Congress, but after his service in that body he declined all public honors and appointments for a period of eleven years, owing, no doubt, to the stigmas cast upon him on account of his Newburg letters. Washington's letter removed these stigmas and thereafter he resumed his proper place as a leader of the people. In 1788 he married the daughter of Chancellor Livingstone, purchased a farm at Red Hook, N. Y., and devoted himself to agriculture. He was United States Senator from New York from 1800 to 1804, and was Minister to France from the latter year until 1810, filling that high position with distinguished ability and also acting for four years as minister to Spain. On July 6, 1812, he was appointed brigadier-general of the army and assigned to the command of the district including the city and harbor of New York. In 1813 and 1814 he was Secretary of War and effected many salutary changes in the army, but his lack of success in his operations against the British made him unpopular for the time being and brought about his resignation in September, 1814. Thereafter he permanently retired from public life and spent his closing days on his farm at Red Hook, where he prepared and published many works of great historical interest, and died there, in his eighty-fifth year, on April 1, 1843.

His son, Henry Beekman Armstrong, was a distinguished soldier of the War of 1812, and took part in many of its most important battles. His early years were spent in France, while his father was American Minister to the court of the First Napoleon, and his education was received at a French military academy, where he went bareheaded for years, hats of all kinds being considered effeminate. In 1815 Colonel Armstrong retired from the army, and for nearly seventy years lived the life of a country gentleman on his estate on the Hudson. His mind was richly stored with reminiscences of the many eminent persons whom he had met during his long life of ninety-three years. He died at Red Hook on November 10, 1884.

Closely allied with the Armstrongs, father and son, was General James Potter, who was born in Tyrone, Ireland, in 1729, and came to this country with his father, John Potter, in 1741. The family settled in Cumberland County, Pa., where the father became high sheriff in 1750. In 1755 James Potter was a captain under General Armstrong in the victorious Kittanning campaign, after which they became attached friends. Like Armstrong, James Potter ardently sympathized with the colonies in their contest against England. In 1775 he was appointed a col-

onel of the Revolutionary army and in the following year was a member of the Provincial Convention over which Benjamin Franklin presided. In April, 1777, he was made a brigadier-general of the Pennsylvania troops and continued in active service until the close of the war. In 1777 he prevented supplies reaching the enemy, and obtained important information for Washington. On December 11 of that year, while the army under Washington was on its way to Valley Forge, after part of it had crossed the Schuylkill, it was found that the enemy under Cornwallis were in force on the other side. "They were met," writes Washington, "by General Potter, with part of the Pennsylvania militia, who behaved with great bravery and gave them every possible opposition until he was obliged to retreat from their superior numbers." In the spring of 1778 Washington wrote from Valley Forge: "If the state of General Potter's affairs will admit of his returning to the army I shall be exceedingly glad to see him, as his activity and vigilance have been much wanted during the winter." After the war General Potter was a member of the Supreme Council of Pennsylvania and Vice President of the State, and held many other important public offices. In 1782 he ran against John Dickinson for President of the State, receiving 32 votes to Dickinson's 41. General Potter, though an able man and brave soldier, was noted for his unassuming disposition, and no matter what honors were heaped upon him he remained a plain farmer all his life. At his death, which occurred in Center County, Pa., in November, 1789, he left large and valuable landed estates. Potter County, Pa., is named after him.

In these chronicles we have confined ourselves to members of Congress who undoubtedly belong to the Irish race. There are many others whose Irish extraction we could claim, but as authorities differ as to their antecedents, we have made no mention of their names. Colonel John Habersham, of Georgia, is one of these. John Kelly, the late Democratic leader of New York, who made a deep study of Revolutionary times and who was a far more scholarly man than he ever got credit for, states that Habersham was of Irish descent, but Appleton and others say that his people came from Yorkshire, England. We have made no doubtful claims and though our record, owing to difficulties to which we have already alluded, is far from being complete, it clearly proves that our countrymen took a leading part in the arduous work of legislation and helped to frame the institutions which we enjoy to-day. At great sacrifice to themselves they devoted their time and means ungrudgingly to the public service, and many of them, temporarily laying aside their swords, or being unfitted through their wounds to continue in the army,

traveled hundreds of miles and freely gave up the comforts of their homes and the conduct of their private interests, in order to devote themselves the more completely to the cause of independence.

Having endeavored as far as possible to do justice to their memories we turn now to take a brief glance at some of the Irish educators of the Keystone State—that pivotal center of effort in the Revolution—who laid the foundations of American Civilization and whose work had a far-reaching effect throughout the country at large.

CHAPTER XV.

SOME OF THE EARLY IRISH EDUCATORS OF AMERICA.

We have already spoken of the liberal tendencies of James Logan, who came over from Armagh, Ireland, as the secretary of William Penn, and of the encouragement which he extended to the cause of education. Among the first of those who came from Ireland to take advantage of his patronage was a near relative of his named William T. Tennant, who laid the foundation of Presbyterian education in this country. He was born in Ireland in 1673, was educated in the best schools, and lived there until he was forty-five years of age. According to Appleton's American Biography, one of our most reliable authorities, he entered the ministry of the Episcopal Church of Ireland in 1704 and became chaplain to an Irish nobleman. Not satisfied with the religious conditions in Ireland and wishing for more liberty of conscience, he came to America with his family in 1718, and on application was received as a minister of the Presbyterian Church by the synod of Philadelphia. After brief pastorates in Westchester County, N. Y., and in Bucks County, Pa., he was called in 1726 to Neshaminy, Pa., where he remained till the close of his life on May 6, 1746. Here on land that was given him by his kinsman, James Logan, in 1728, he erected a small building and opened a school for the instruction of candidates for the ministry. In this academy, which became known as the Log College, were trained many men that became eminent in the Presbyterian Church. It was the first literary institution higher than a common school within the bounds of the Presbyterian Church in this country and is regarded as the germ from which sprang that historic seat of learning, Princeton College, and several lesser educational institutions. Tennant had a rare gift of attracting youths of genius and imbuing them with his own zealous spirit. About 1742 he withdrew from active life. The Log College, the scene of his labors, has long since disappeared. It is described by Whitefield, the Presbyterian preacher, who visited it in 1739, as a "log house about twenty feet long and nearly as many broad, and to me it seemed to resemble the school of the old prophets, for their habitations were mean." About 1840 part of one of the logs that formed the building was discovered and from it a cane was made which was presented to the Rev. Dr. Samuel Henry Miller, then one of the oldest professors in Princeton Seminary.

The elder Tennant brought three sons with him to this

country, namely, Gilbert, William, and John. Gilbert, the eldest, was born in the County of Armagh, Ireland, on February 5, 1703; was educated by his father and was for some time a teacher in the Log College. He studied medicine for a year, but abandoned it for divinity, and in May, 1725, was licensed to preach by the Philadelphia Presbytery. In the same year he received the honorary degree of A. M. from Yale, and in 1726 was ordained as pastor in New Brunswick, N. J. He was much admired as a preacher and in 1740 and 1741 made a tour of the country. In the latter year, by his denunciation of those who were opposed to revivals, he caused a division in the Presbyterian Church, but seventeen years later was one of those most active in restoring union. In 1744 he was appointed pastor of a church in Philadelphia, and asked Benjamin Franklin's advice as to whom he should call upon for funds to erect a new edifice. Taking Franklin's advice to call upon everybody he soon obtained money enough to build an imposing structure. In 1753, at the request of the trustees of Princeton, he went abroad to raise funds for that institution, and thus an Irishman was the chief means of establishing that renowned seat of learning.

He was accompanied on this mission by the Rev. Samuel Davies, afterwards President of Princeton College, who is noted for the prophetic allusion he made to George Washington in a note to one of his published sermons issued soon after the utter rout and death of the English general, Braddock, at the hands of the Indians. Washington was Braddock's chief aide and proposed tactics that would have saved him and his army. Braddock not only scorned his advice but insulted him by declaring that a British general might dispense with the military instruction of a Virginian colonel. In the note referred to Davies alluded to Washington as "that heroic youth whom I cannot but hope Providence has preserved in so signal a manner for some important service to his country."

Gilbert Tennant was one of the most conspicuous ministers of his sect and though he affected eccentricity in the pulpit his sermons were marked both by forcible reasoning and passionate appeal. Many of his discourses were published, among them being "Sermons on Important Subjects Adapted to the Perilous State of the British Nation," and several on the lawfulness of defensive war. The work of his father and himself in behalf of the Presbyterian Church was considered so important by the leaders of that sect that as late as 1855 a volume was brought out entitled "Sermons and Essays by the Tennants and Their Contemporaries." Gilbert Tennant died at Philadelphia on July 23, 1764, and his funeral eulogy was delivered by President Samuel

Finley, of Princeton College, another distinguished Irishman whom we shall notice later on.

William, the second son of William Tennant, was born in the County Antrim, Ireland, and was educated in the Log College by his father. He studied theology under his brother Gilbert, in New Brunswick, N. J., but before he finished his course he fell into a remarkable trance in which he continued for several days as if dead. His physician refused to permit his burial, and efforts to resuscitate him were finally successful, though his life was despaired of for weeks. He was obliged to learn anew to read and write, and had no recollection of his former life till on one occasion he felt a shock in his head, after which his former knowledge began slowly to return. He subsequently asserted that during his trance he had thought himself to be in heaven and that afterwards the recollection of the glories that he had witnessed and heard was so intense as to blot out for a long time all interest in earthly affairs. He was ordained at Freehold, N. J., on October 25, 1733, as successor to his brother John, and was pastor there for forty-four years. He published several sermons and died at Freehold on March 8, 1777.

John Tennant was the third son of the founder of the family in America, and was born in the County Antrim November 12, 1706. Like his brothers he was educated in the Log College and was licensed to preach on September 19, 1729. He was pastor of Freehold for two years and died there in his twenty-sixth year. A memoir of him was published by his brother Gilbert in 1735 which warrants the belief that had he lived he would have become as eminent as his brother.

The second William's son, also William Tennant, was graduated in Princeton in 1758, and from 1772 till his death, in 1777, was pastor of a church in Charleston, S. C., where he took an active part in the cause of independence and was elected to the Provincial Congress.

Samuel Blair was another of those Irishmen who distinguished themselves in the Presbyterian Church in this country. He was born in Ulster, Ireland, on June 14, 1712, came to Pennsylvania while young and received his education at William Tennant's Log College. He was licensed to preach by the Philadelphia Presbytery on November 9, 1733, and for the following six years labored in New Jersey, being one of the original members of the New Brunswick Presbytery formed in 1738. In November, 1739, he took charge of the church at Fogg's Manor, Chester County, Pa., where he soon after established a seminary of national reputation, at which some of the most prominent Presbyterians in the country were educated. He died while still a young

man on July 5, 1751, renowned for his ripe scholarship and great ability as a teacher. His funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Finley and his writings were published in Philadelphia in 1754, with an elegy by Rev. Samuel Davies and the funeral oration by Dr. Finley.

Samuel Blair's son, also Samuel Blair, was born at Fogg's Manor in 1741. He was graduated at Princeton and was tutor there from 1761 to 1764 when he was licensed to preach. Even in his youth he was a profound scholar and in 1767, though only twenty-six years old, he was elected to the presidency of Princeton College, Dr. Witherspoon having declined the first call of the trustees. But learning that owing to a change of circumstances Dr. Witherspoon was willing to accept, Samuel Blair declined in his favor. While on his way to Boston to take charge of the Old South Church he was shipwrecked and narrowly escaped with his life. His health was much injured by the exposure and in the spring of 1769 he had a severe illness. These circumstances, together with theological differences with members of his congregation, mainly occasioned by his own liberality and their narrow-mindedness, brought about his resignation from the Old South Church. In 1769 he married the daughter of Dr. Shippen, of Philadelphia, and passed the rest of his life at Germantown, Pa., where he was the principal founder of the English Presbyterian Church. He was several times elected to the Pennsylvania Legislature, and was for two years chaplain to the Continental Congress. Up to his death, which occurred on September 24, 1818, he took a deep interest in all popular movements.

John Blair, brother of the elder Samuel, was born in Ireland in 1720, and like him came to America in his youth and was educated in the Log College of Dr. Tennant. After he was licensed preacher he spent four years on the frontier of Pennsylvania and Virginia, where he organized several new congregations. In 1757 he succeeded his brother as pastor of Fogg's Manor and also as head of the Seminary. In 1767 he was chosen professor of divinity at Princeton and Vice President of the College, also acting as President for a short time. In 1769, as the college proved unable to support a professor of divinity, he resigned and accepted a call to Walkill, N. Y., where he remained until his death on December 8, 1771. His son, John Durbarrow Blair, was also a graduate of Princeton and a clergyman and preached for many years in Richmond, Va.

Samuel Finley, who was born in County Armagh in 1715, was another of those Irish educators who was attracted to this country by James Logan. He received a good education in his native land and in 1734 came to Philadelphia, where he con-

tinued his studies for the ministry, having made up his mind to that purpose before leaving home. He was ordained by the New Brunswick Presbytery in 1742, and in 1743 was sent to Millford, Conn., "with allowance to preach for other places thereabout when Providence may open a door for him." In accordance with this license he accepted an invitation to preach before a New Haven religious society which was not recognized by the authorities, but was arrested under a law forbidding itinerants to preach without the consent of the regular pastor, and banished from the colony as a vagrant. After this experience of New England intolerance, where Cromwellian practices were still in force, he turned his face to Catholic Maryland, that haven of liberality and freedom of conscience. There in June, 1744, he became pastor of Nottingham and founded an academy which soon acquired great reputation. He conducted this school with much success for seventeen years, and many young men were educated within its walls who afterwards became eminent in the ministry. In 1761 he was elected to the Presidency of Princeton College, and the institution prospered under his charge. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by the University of Glasgow in 1763, the first instance in which such an honor was conferred upon an American Presbyterian clergyman. Dr. Finley was an able writer and corresponded largely with eminent men in this country and Europe. He died in Philadelphia on July 17, 1766, in his fifty-first year.

Samuel Finley, the Revolutionary soldier, was a nephew of Dr. Finley and was born in Westmoreland County, Pa., on April 15, 1752. He was educated by his uncle, and after leaving school settled in Martinsburg, Va. He distinguished himself in the Virginia cavalry during the Revolution and rose to the rank of major. During the last three years of the war he was confined on the prisonships off Long Island, and suffered inhuman treatment at the hands of England. After the war he was given large tracts of land in what is now Chillicothe, Ohio, for his services in the Revolution, and in addition President Washington, whose warm personal friend he was, appointed him receiver of public moneys in that section, where he went to live in 1796. In the War of 1812 he raised and commanded a troop of light horse against the border Indians who acted as allies of England. He died in Philadelphia on April 2, 1829. His brother John was also a major in the Continental Army and became an Indian trader. As early as 1767 he had penetrated the wilds of Kentucky, and it was the glowing accounts of that region which he brought back to Pennsylvania that induced Daniel Boone to settle there. John Finley was one of the early settlers in the Blue Licks of Kentucky.

Clement Alexander Finley, son of the younger Samuel, was a distinguished surgeon in the army, which he joined on August 10, 1818, and continued in the service for forty-four years. He accompanied General Dodge, in 1843, on one of the earliest expeditions to the Rocky Mountains. He was made Surgeon-General of the United States Army on May 15, 1861, and in the following April was retired from active service on his own application. On March 13, 1865, he was brevetted Brigadier-General in recognition of his long and faithful service in the army, and in 1876 he was granted the retired pay of a full brigadier-general. He died at Philadelphia on September 8, 1879, in the eighty-first year of his age. His brother, James B. Finley, also a physician, was the father of Martha Finley, the distinguished novelist. She was born in Chillicothe, Ohio, in 1828, and was educated in South Bend, Ind. After her father's death in 1851 she taught school for several years, writing for the press in her spare time. She left Indiana in 1853 and lived in Philadelphia for twenty-three years, when she removed to Elkton, Md. She was a prolific as well as an able writer and produced more than one hundred volumes, many of which she wrote under the pen-name of Martha Farquharson, the Gaelic translation of her surname, a fact which proved her interest in the land from which her father sprung.

Robert Smith, Presbyterian clergyman and educator, was born in Londonderry, Ireland, in 1723. When seven years of age he was brought to this country by his father, who settled in Chester County, Pa. Robert was educated by his fellow-countryman, Rev. Samuel Blair, at Fogg's Manor school. He received his license as a preacher in 1749 and from 1751 till his death, in 1793, was pastor of the Pequea Presbyterian Church. Soon after his settlement in Pequea he established a classical and theological seminary which acquired a high reputation and became one of the most popular schools in the Middle States. In 1749 he married the sister of the Rev. Samuel Blair, his educator. In 1760 he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity of Princeton College, and was overseer of that institution for twenty-one years, and in 1791 was second moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States.

His son, the Rev. Samuel Stanhope Smith, was also a distinguished preacher and educator and was born in Pequea on March 16, 1750. He became an assistant in his father's school and was a tutor at Princeton while studying theology. He was ordained as a Presbyterian minister in 1774, labored as a missionary in Western Virginia, and became the first President of Hampden Sydney College. In 1779 he returned to Princeton as professor of moral philosophy and found the college in a state of

ruin, the British soldiers, in their efforts to establish Anglo-Saxon civilization, having dispersed the students at the point of the bayonet and burned the buildings. Dr. Smith made many sacrifices to restore the old institution to its former prosperity and accepted the chair of theology in addition to his other duties. He became its Vice President in 1786, and nine years later succeeded Dr. John Witherspoon, one of whose daughters he had married, as President, holding that honored position until 1812. Yale and Harvard honored him with degrees for his great scholarship, while as a preacher he was both popular and eloquent. He was also an able writer and published many books. Two volumes of his sermons were brought out three years after his death.

John Blair Smith, another son of Robert Smith, born at Pequea on June 12, 1756, was a graduate of Princeton, studied theology under his brother Samuel S., at Hampden Sydney College, and succeeded him as a President of that institution in 1779. He was one of the greatest pulpit orators of his day and is thus described by Dr. Archibald Alexander: "In person he was about the middle size, his hair was uncommonly black, divided at the top and fell on each side of his face. His large blue eyes, of open expression, were so piercing that it was common to say 'Dr. Smith looked you through.'" He became pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia in 1791 and six years later, on the foundation of Union College, he was made its President. After four years in that office he returned to his former charge in Philadelphia, and died there of an epidemic on August 22, 1799. His son, Dr. Samuel Blair Smith, was a surgeon in the United States Army, and, the latter's son, Charles Ferguson Smith, was a graduate of West Point and fought with great distinction in the Texas, Mexican, and Indian wars. At the opening of the Civil War he was appointed brigadier-general of volunteers, and on March 22, 1862, was promoted to the rank of major-general, but died in the following month of a chronic disease which had become aggravated by exposure. He was only in his fifty-fifth year at the time of his death, and, had he lived, he would undoubtedly have become one of the greatest figures of the war. General W. T. Sherman thus alludes to him in his memoirs: "He was an adjutant of the Military Academy during the early part of my career there and afterward commandant of the cadets. He was a very handsome and soldierly man, of great experience, and at the battle of Donelson had acted with so much personal bravery that to him many attributed the success of the assault."

Dr. Archibald Alexander, educator and clergyman, for forty years the leading professor of Princeton Theological Seminary,

was of Irish descent. His grandfather came from Ireland to Pennsylvania in 1736 and after a residence of two years in that State, removed to Virginia, where his son William, father of Archibald, became a farmer and trader. In 1796 Dr. Archibald Alexander became President of Hampden Sydney College, Va., and in 1810 was elected President of Union College, Georgia. He was one of the greatest writers and pulpit orators of his time and from 1829 to 1850 scarcely a number of the Princeton Review appeared without an article from his pen. Outside of his articles to this and other periodicals he published nothing until his fifty-second year, after which he gave to the world many learned works, some of which did not appear till after his death. His "Outlines of Moral Science" was pronounced by the Westminster Review to be a "calm, clear stream of abstract reasoning, flowing from a thoughtful well-instructed mind, without any parade of logic, but with an intuitive simplicity and directness which gives an almost axiomatic force." He died in Princeton, N. J., on October 22, 1851, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. He left five sons, three of whom became clergymen, writers, and educators as distinguished as himself, who, in addition to their duties as professors of Princeton College, published many learned and important works. His son, the Rev. Samuel Davies Alexander, was the author of the history of Princeton College during the eighteenth century and the History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland. Another son, William Cowper Alexander, became a lawyer and was for several years President of the New Jersey Senate. In 1859 he helped to found the Equitable Life Insurance Company of New York, which has since become one of the greatest institutions of its kind in the world, and was its first President. His son, James W. Alexander, succeeded him as President of the company.

It will not be out of place here to mention the name of Dr. John Hall, who, though not belonging to the Revolutionary era, was one of the most distinguished Presbyterian clergymen in the United States. He was born in Market Hill, County Armagh, on July 31, 1829, and was a graduate of Belfast College. He served as pastor in Armagh and Dublin and was appointed Commissioner of Education in Ireland, the duties of which he discharged with that liberality, ability, and zeal which distinguished him through life. In 1867 he was sent to the United States as the delegate of the Presbyterian General Assembly of Ireland and attended the old and new school assemblies of the Presbyterian Church in this country which were held at Cincinnati and Rochester in that year. His strong appeals in behalf of church unity at both of these assemblies made a deep impression on his audi-

tors and materially hastened the union which was then being advocated. While in New York he preached in the Fifth Avenue Church and his sermon had such a favorable effect upon the members that they sent him a call soon after his return to Ireland. He accepted it and assumed the duties of pastor on the first Sunday in November, 1867. Under his pastorate the church soon became too small for his congregation and a new edifice was built at a cost of one million dollars. He presided over it for more than thirty years and through his great charity and wisdom it became the most important Presbyterian institution in the United States, being known from one end of the country to the other as Dr. Hall's Church. In 1882 he became Chancellor of the University of the City of New York, and was the author of many religious works. He never forgot the old land of his birth. He took a deep interest in its welfare and paid a visit to it every year. He died at the residence of his sister in Bangor, County Down, Ireland, during his annual visit to that country, on September 17, 1898.

Andrew Porter, who was born in Worcester, Montgomery County, Pa., in 1743, on the advice of Dr. David Rittenhouse, who had noticed his talents, opened a mathematical school in Philadelphia in 1767 and taught successfully in it for nine years, until he was appointed captain of marines by Congress on June 19, 1776. He was the son of Robert Porter, a native of Londonderry, Ireland, who emigrated to this country in 1720 and settled in Londonderry, N. H., but afterwards removed to Montgomery County, Pa., where he purchased land and made a permanent residence and founded one of the most distinguished families in the United States. Andrew Porter fought all through the Revolutionary War, rising to the rank of colonel of the Fourth Pennsylvania Artillery, and distinguished himself at the battles of Princeton, Brandywine, and Germantown. In April, 1779, he was detached with his company to join Gen. Sullivan's campaign against the Indians, and suggested to Gen. James Clinton the idea of damming the outlet of Otsego Lake, by which means the water was raised sufficiently to convey the troops by boats to Tioga Point. After the war he retired for a while to the cultivation of the farm left by his father, declining the chair of mathematics in the University of Pennsylvania on the ground that as long as he commanded men he would not return to flogging boys. In 1801 he was made brigadier-general of the Pennsylvania Militia and soon after promoted to be major-general and in 1809 was appointed surveyor-general of the State, which position he held until his death on November 16, 1813. President Monroe tendered him the appointments of brigadier-general in the United States Army and Secretary of War, in 1812 and 1813 respec-

tively, but he declined both honors owing to his advanced age. Andrew Porter left three sons, namely, David Rittenhouse Porter, who became Governor of Pennsylvania in 1838; George Bryan Porter (named after the first Governor of Pennsylvania, the friend and fellow-countryman of his grandfather), who became Governor of Michigan, and James Madison Porter, a distinguished jurist, who founded Lafayette College at Easton, Pa., in 1826, and was President of the board of trustees for twenty-five years. General Horace Porter, ex-United States Minister to France, is the son of David Rittenhouse Porter and great-grandson of the founder of the family in America, Robert Porter, of Londonderry, Ireland. He distinguished himself as a soldier during the Civil War, was Secretary to General Grant during his first term as President, and continued to be his intimate friend till the latter's death. His latest work, which he carried on at his own expense, in discovering and honoring the remains of the naval hero, Paul Jones, reflects high credit on his patriotism and proves him to be true to the doctrines of his Revolutionary ancestors.

James Black, the grandfather of Judge Jeremiah Sullivan Black, of Pennsylvania, was the founder of a family which contributed much to the civilization and advancement of the United States. He came from the north of Ireland before the Revolution and settled in Somerset County, Pa., where his son, Henry Black, father of Jeremiah and a man of note in his day, was born in 1778. The Blacks, it is safe to say, were compelled to change their names in the penal days in order to escape the fury of England. Jeremiah Sullivan Black became one of the most distinguished lawyers in America. He was a judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania and served as Attorney-General and Secretary of State in the cabinet of President Buchanan, in both of which positions he did all in his power to save the Government from falling into the hands of the secessionists. When Abraham Lincoln became President Judge Black retired from public office and resumed the practice of his profession. He was engaged in several prominent lawsuits during the last twenty years of his life, among which were the Vanderbilt will contest and the McGarrahan claim, and retained his vigor and professional skill to the close of his career. He died at his home in York, Pa., on August 19, 1883, in the seventy-third year of his age.

Robert Bridges Patton, and William Patton, his brother, were men of prominence in the cause of education in the early part of the nineteenth century. Robert was considered the best Greek scholar of his time and was professor of that language in the University of the City of New York. William was a Presbyterian pastor in New York for twenty-six years and secretary

of the American Educational Society. He took a deep interest in literature and published many religious works.

Their father, Robert Patton, was born in Westport, Ireland, in 1755, and was brought to Philadelphia in his youth. In 1776 he enlisted as a private in the Revolutionary army and was taken prisoner by the British. After his liberation he rose to the rank of major and fought under Lafayette. He was postmaster of Philadelphia for nearly twenty years, when he resigned and removed to New York. He was intimate with President Madison and the latter offered him the Postmaster Generalship, but Patton refused it on the ground that he was unwilling to remove his family from a free to a slave community. One of his chief characteristics was his strict integrity. He refused to appoint any of his sons as clerks under him as postmaster, and when he resigned he strictly enjoined them not to apply for his position, saying that the office had been long enough in his family. When war was declared in 1812, and a government loan, which every one prophesied would be a failure, was placed on the market, he went at an early hour on the first day and subscribed \$60,000, asserting that if his country should be ruined, his property would then be valueless. He was a fit and proper man to raise educators for America.

Robert Patterson was born near Hillsborough, County Down, Ireland, on May 30, 1743, and died in Philadelphia on July 22, 1824. He emigrated to Philadelphia in 1768, found employment as a teacher and became principal of the Academy in Wilmington, Del., in 1774. He volunteered in the patriot army at the opening of the Revolution, serving successively as military instructor, adjutant, surgeon, and brigade major. He occupied the chair of mathematics in the University of Pennsylvania for thirty-five years, and was also vice-provost of that institution. Chief Justice Tilghman thus speaks of him: "Arduous as were his duties in the university he found time for other useful employments, and was President of the Council of Philadelphia in 1799. In 1805 he received from President Jefferson, with whom he had been in habits of friendship, the appointment of Director of the Mint and filled that office with great success until his last illness." His son, Robert Maskell, became a physician, and his grandson, also Robert Patterson, was a lawyer.

The claim will be made that the educators and clergymen we have described in this chapter were not true Irishmen because they were of the Presbyterian faith, and consequently had no sympathy or feeling in common with the great body of the Irish people who were Catholics—that they were in fact foreign to Ireland in all their attributes and ideas. That claim will not hold

good. In nearly all the accounts of them in current history this idea prevails, and they are put down as being born in Ireland of Scottish descent, but if that descent is traced down to its origin it will be found that all Scotchmen originally came from Ireland, as the Irish and the Scotch are the one race of people—the Gaelic race—and that Scotland was originally peopled by the Irish Gaels.

But no matter where their ancestors came from—whether from Scotland or England—they had lived for generations in Ireland and, though they worshipped at a different altar from the vast majority of the people, they had become imbued with the generous customs and manners which prevailed around them, and a great many of them, like the Geraldines and other English families of old, had become more Irish than the Irish themselves.

The revolution of 1798 proves this beyond all doubt. Dr. Madden, the historian of the United Irishmen, gives a list of 104 leaders of that organization, with the religious faith of each. Of these thirty-eight were Episcopalians, like the Emmets, Tones, Tandys, Shears, etc.; thirty-four were Presbyterians, like the Neilsons, McCrackens, Monroes, Porters, Tennants; and thirty-two were Catholics, like the McNevins, Byrnes, the Teelings, the Dwyers, and the Murphys.

The Presbyterians of the North, who so valiantly fought for Ireland in '98, bore the same names and were of the same kith and kin as those emigrants from the same section who fought against England in the American Revolution. The Tennants, the Porters, and the Monroes fought against England whether in Ireland or America, and no less than ten Presbyterian clergymen were arrested, three of whom were hanged, in Ireland in '98 for espousing the cause of the outlawed and persecuted Catholics.

In illustration of the Irish patriotism of this class we will give a sketch of one of these martyrs to liberty, the Rev. James Porter, Presbyterian clergyman, pastor of Gray Abbey, County Down, whose sons afterward rose to distinction in this country and were classed as Scotch-Irish.

James Porter was born in Donegal, where his father and mother had also been born, and received an excellent education. When he was ordained minister of Gray Abbey he was deeply versed in classic literature, proficient in the natural sciences, and a man of polished manners and high talents. He earnestly studied the political slavery of the Catholic people. He found in the Society of the United Irishmen the best means of improving their condition and joined that organization. He became one of the editors of the *Northern Star*, the patriot newspaper founded by Samuel Neilson, another Presbyterian, and although he

committed no overt act against the government he was arrested and tried by court-martial on the false charge of intercepting a dispatch which had been forwarded from Belfast to Saintfield while the insurgents were in possession of the latter town, between the 9th and 11th of June, 1798. Porter made an able and impressive defense. He declared that the accusation brought against him was utterly unfounded; that the fact of his being known to profess liberal opinions had brought on him the malice of their opponents; that these principles were never concealed, nor needed concealment—they were such as he then avowed and justified.

But his defense was in vain and the court-martial resulted in the never failing sentence of death and the order for immediate execution. In the brief interval between those events Porter's faithful wife sought the merciful interference of Lord Londonderry, the father of the infamous Castlereagh, who was the near neighbor and intimate friend of her husband. She sought in vain. Though his own daughter, then on the verge of the grave herself in consumption, besought him with tears to save Porter's life. Londonderry heartlessly refused to listen to her entreaties and no further hope remained.

Mrs. Porter was allowed to see her husband for a few minutes and while she was with him the order came for his execution. But great clemency on the part of English civilization was extended to him. He was informed at the same time that that part of his sentence which directed the mutilation of his remains would be remitted and the latter would be given up to his family. Upon hearing this the heroic Porter, unmoved by the terrors of his fate, though inwardly stricken with grief for his seven little ones and their suffering mother, consolingly turned to the latter and said: "Then, my dear, I shall lie at home to-night." That afflicted wife attended him to the place of execution and was removed from it in a state of distraction.

The place chosen for his execution was selected in a spirit of fiendish cruelty, unnecessarily wanton and outrageous to the feelings of his family and congregation. A temporary scaffold was erected close to the pathway which led from his house to his church, and there, in full view of both, he was done to death for loving Ireland.

Porter's two sons, James and Alexander, came to the United States with their uncle in 1801 and settled in Nashville, Tenn., where they studied law and were admitted to the bar. On the advice of General Andrew Jackson, who took a deep interest in their welfare, they removed to Louisiana on the eve of its being admitted as a sovereign State into the Union. There they

both achieved fame and fortune. James was for many years Attorney-General of the State. Alexander was Judge of the Supreme Court from 1821 to 1833 and was the chief agent in establishing a new system of jurisprudence which earned the praises of such men as Kent and Story. He was United States Senator from 1834 to 1837, and again from 1843 till his death on January 13, 1844. For many years before his death he resided on his estate of five thousand acres on Bayou Teche, and his large mansion, where Henry Clay was a frequent visitor, is still standing in the center of an extensive lawn.

We could cite a hundred incidents like the foregoing to prove that these so-called Scotch-Irishmen were intensely Irish in their nature. Samuel Neilson, the Irish patriot of '98, was another of these non-Catholic Irishmen. We need not pause here to explain how sincerely he labored for the emancipation of his Catholic fellow-countrymen nor recount the great sacrifices he made to restore to them their natural rights. He did everything in his power to alleviate their sufferings and we are informed by his granddaughter, Mrs. Whitman, who is still living in New York, that at one time he sheltered as many as fourteen Catholic priests in his house and saved them from the vengeance of English law and civilization. His name is therefore a household word among all Catholic Irishmen and though he did not belong to their faith he will, like all others of his noble stamp, be remembered forever in their hearts with love and gratitude.

The non-Catholic Porters and Neilsons who came to the American colonies in the eighteenth century were of the same race and class as the Porters and Neilsons who remained in Ireland. They opposed the tyranny of England in both countries and fought and died for freedom and independence.

Fifty-five years ago T. D. McGee, in his *History of the Irish Settlers of North America*, thus wrote of the services of Irishmen to the cause of education and science up to that period:

Among the first educational institutions of America, after its independence, was Pennsylvania College, over which Dr. Allison was chosen provost. He was a native of the north of Ireland, and had spent the best part of his life as a teacher in New London, New York, and subsequently, Philadelphia. He is frequently mentioned in the biographies of the men of the revolution as their master; as one who had a singular insight into character, and judgment in the management of pupils.

Charles Thomson's version of the Septuagint is a worthy landmark of the colonial learning. He was a pupil of Allison's and in his old age returned to the studies of his youth with re-

newed ardor. Every literary project of his times found in him a willing and able auxiliary.

David Ramsay, the son of Irish parents, was born at Lancaster, Pa., April 2, 1749. He settled early in South Carolina, and was one of the first advocates there for the revolution. In 1782, he was sent to Congress, and presided over that body for a year. In 1796, he published his *History of South Carolina*; in 1801, his *Life of Washington*, and, in 1808, his *History of the United States*. The British government prohibited this last work from being sold in England or Ireland—a high compliment to its truth and power. On May 8, 1815, Dr. Ramsay, in the discharge of his medical duties, was stabbed by a maniac, and almost instantly expired. He is buried at Charleston.

Governor Sullivan, of Massachusetts, the projector of the Middlesex Canal, and Governor De Witt Clinton, James Logan, and Bishop Berkely deserve special mention in this place, but men with such connections are not likely to have their honors mildew. We prefer to dwell rather upon the merits of men less known to the public memory, but not less influential in affecting the present prosperity of America.

Christopher Colles arrived from Ireland on these shores about the time Fulton was born. In 1772, he delivered a series of lectures "on the subject of Lock Navigation," at Philadelphia. "He was the first person," says De Witt Clinton, "who suggested to the government of the State (New York) the canals and improvements on the Ontario route. Unfortunately for him, and, perhaps, for the public," adds the same authority, "he was generally considered as a visionary projector, and his plans were sometimes treated with ridicule, and frequently viewed with distrust." In 1784, 1785, 1786, and for several successive years, he petitioned the Legislature of the State, on the importance and practicability of uniting the Western Lakes to the Atlantic. He was, probably, the author of the letters signed "Hibernicus," on the same subject, which were published at New York about the beginning of last century. In 1774, he proposed to supply New York with water by aqueducts, such as now bring in Croton, and of which he exhibited models at public lectures. During the War of 1812 he was "the projector and attendant of the telegraph erected on Castle Clinton." He died in obscurity and poverty, while others were growing famous and wealthy upon ideas of his failing intellect.

Robert Fulton was born of poor Irish parents at Little Britain, Lancaster County, Pa., in 1765. He early displayed artistic tastes, and painted portraits for a subsistence, in Philadelphia, before he was quite a man. In 1786 he went to London,

lived with Benjamin West, and took out several patents; in 1796 he went to Paris, and resided with the Hon. Joel Barlow where, in 1803, after many delays and mishaps, he launched the first boat propelled by steam power, on the Seine. In 1806 he returned to America, and ran a more complete model boat on the Hudson. From this time forth his fortune needed no patron's aid; but he did not live long to enjoy its sweets. He died February 23, 1815, in his forty-fourth year, too soon for his country, though not too soon for history.

It is not now possible for us to estimate how much of the growth and greatness of America is due to the canals of Colles, and the steamboats of Fulton. In fifty years this nation has increased its territory ten fold, its population seven fold, and its wealth a thousand fold. Too seldom do we remember, when borne triumphantly on the tide of all this prosperous increase, that to these humble, studious men, stout-hearted wrestlers with formidable problems, patient bearers, for truth's sake, of ridicule and reproach, we owe so much of all we most boast of and most enjoy.

Among the most distinguished mathematicians of this continent, Robert Adrain holds a conspicuous place. He was born in Carrickfergus, September 30, 1775, and was, in 1798, a United Irishman. After the failure of that memorable insurrection, he emigrated to America, poor and undistinguished. His success on these shores we transcribe from the record made by another hand:

"Robert was the eldest of five children, and lost both his parents in his fifteenth year. He was an excellent mathematician and linguist, and taught school at Ballycarry when only in his sixteenth year. Mr. Mortimer, a gentleman of great wealth and influence in Cumber, engaged him as an instructor of his children; but when the Irish people made an effort, in 1798, to shake off their ancient oppressors, Robert Adrian took the command of a company of the United Irish, while Mr. Mortimer, being an officer of the English authorities, was offering a reward of fifty pounds for his capture.

"At the battle of Saintfield, Mr. Mortimer received a mortal blow. But it so happened that Mr. Adrian, having refused his assent to some measure proposed in his division of the army, received a dangerous wound in the back from one of his own men the day before the battle, and was reported to be dead. This stopped further search for him, and after several narrow escapes from the hands of Ireland's enemies, he found a refuge in New York, then suffering from the yellow fever. He first taught an academy at Princeton, N. J., then became principal of

the York County Academy, next took charge of the academy at Reading, and became a valuable contributor to Baron's 'Mathematical Correspondent,' and afterwards editor of the *Analist*, which he continued for several years in Philadelphia.

"In 1801 he was appointed professor of mathematics and natural philosophy in Queen's (now Rutgers') College, New Brunswick, had the degree of Doctor of Laws conferred on him, and was soon after elected a member of the philosophical societies in Europe and America. He edited the third American edition of Hutton's *Course of Mathematics*, and made important corrections, adding many valuable notes, and an elementary treatise on *Descriptive Geometry*.

"On the decease of Dr. Kemp, Dr. Adrian was elected, in 1813, professor of mathematics and natural philosophy in Columbia College, New York; soon after which he published a paper on the figure and magnitude of the earth, and gravity, which obtained for him great celebrity in Europe. He contributed to the periodicals of the day, edited the *Mathematical Diary* in 1825, and was looked up to as having no superior among the mathematicians of America. The ease and facility with which he imparted instruction, his fluency in reading the Greek and Latin authors, and extensive acquaintance with general literature, his social disposition, strong understanding, and high conversational powers caused the students and professors greatly to regret his resignation of his office in 1826. The senior mathematical class had his portrait taken by the distinguished Irish artist, Ingham, an admirable likeness.

"After leaving New York, he held for several years a professorship in the University of Pennsylvania, of which institution he was vice provost. Towards the close of his life, his memory and other faculties of his mind suffered decay. Through life he was a sincere Christian, and few theologians could better explain the more difficult passages of Scripture. His strong and powerful intellect, and pure and fervent piety, were cited as a refutation of the sentiment that the study of the abstruse sciences tends to infidelity."

Nor must we omit to mention here the name of Matthew Carey, one of the first American writers on political economy. Mr. Carey was born in Ireland, in the year 1761, and removed to Philadelphia about the period of the Revolution. From 1785 till 1830, he was an unwearied student of questions affecting trade, emigration, banking, wages, public schools, benevolent societies, and the public health. He was, we believe, the first to propose a monument to Robert Fulton. He was also a consistent friend of liberty everywhere, of which his "*Vindicae Hiberniae*," "*Olive*

Branch," and "Case of the Greeks," remain as ample evidence. He died at a good old age, in Philadelphia, having reared up a numerous family, full of hereditary ability, who seem destined still further to dignify the name of Carey.

In his appendix McGee says his chapter on the services of Irishmen to education and science might have been much enlarged and adds the following:

"Among historical works we find Butler's Kentucky, Ramsay's South Carolina, Burke's Virginia, Edmund Burke's European Settlements in America, McMahon's Maryland, McSherry's Maryland, Dwyer's Buffalo, O'Reilly's Rochester, O'Callaghan's Documentary History of New York, Sullivan's Maine, Browne's Jamaica, Walsh's Jamaica, Madden's Cuba, Breen's St. Lucia, Warburton's Conquest of Canada, Bishop Burke's Tracts on Nova Scotia. All these are the writings of Irishmen on historical subjects.

"In imaginative literature we have the poems of Thomas Makin, John A. Shea, Mr. Gallagher, of Cincinnati; the Misses Carey, Miss Anna C. Lynch, daughter of an United Irishman; W. Mulchinock, and some other writers.

"In theology and politics we have done most. Bishop England's works, the several Catholic controversies of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati; the learned works of the Kendricks, brothers and archbishops; the political essays of Charles Thomson, Secretary of the Continental Congress; Matthew Carey and William Sampson, the speeches of Calhoun and Emmet, the lectures and essays of Henry Giles, the letters and lectures of Archbishop Hughes, the various journals written by Irish hands; all these make up a fair contribution to American literature of this class. In political economy we have furnished Henry C. Carey, son of Matthew Carey, certainly the most able and original American writer on that subject.

"In science, so long as we have Robert Fulton, Colles, Adrian, and Oliver Byrne, we fear no comparison. In the application of science to practical objects, De Witt Clinton, in New York, and James Sullivan in Massachusetts, from their high official positions, were mainly instrumental in the 'canalization' of their respective States. The introduction of the cotton manufacture and the first railroad in Massachusetts were also effected by Patrick Tracey Jackson."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE IRISH ANCESTRY OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

John Potts, the founder of Pottstown, Pa., was another Irishman whose name would never betray his nationality and whose family contributed not a little to the Keystone State. He left five sons, all but one of whom distinguished themselves on the side of American liberty and independence. Jonathan Potts, his eldest son, became a surgeon in 1771, graduating in that year as M. D. from the College of Philadelphia. He early espoused the cause of independence and was Secretary of the Berks County Committee of Safety in 1775. In 1776 he was appointed surgeon in the Continental Army and in 1777 was made Director-General of the hospitals of the Middle Department. From 1768 until his death in 1781 he was a member of the American Philosophical Society. His brother Thomas, also one of the members of this Society, was commissioned colonel of one of the Pennsylvania regiments in 1776. It was in the house of Isaac Potts, another brother, that Washington established his headquarters in Valley Forge. The Potts family, located in this vicinity, were extensive manufacturers of iron. Isaac Potts established a forge upon the creek which here enters the Schuylkill, and from that fact the place obtained the name of Valley Forge. It was Isaac Potts, too, who discovered Washington at prayer in the woods of Valley Forge, when his great heart was wrung with the sufferings of his soldiers and he appealed to the Most High in their behalf. According to Lossing, Isaac Potts, at whose house Washington was quartered, relates that one day while the Americans were encamped in Valley Forge, he strolled up the creek, when, not far from his dam, he heard a solemn voice. He walked quietly in the direction of it and saw Washington's horse tied to a sapling. In a thicket near by was the beloved chief upon his knees in prayer, his cheeks suffused with tears. Like Moses at the bush, Isaac felt that he was on holy ground and withdrew unobserved. He was much agitated, and on entering the room where his wife was he burst into tears. On her inquiring the cause he informed her of what he had seen, and added, "If there is any one man on this earth whom the Lord will listen to it is George Washington, and I feel a presentiment that under such a commander there can be no doubt of our eventually establishing our independence, and that God in his providence has willed it so."

John Potts, the founder of this family, is claimed by President

Roosevelt as one of his Irish ancestors. In a letter read at the banquet of the American-Irish Historical society in January, 1905, he thus writes:

"My Dear Mr. Sweeney:

"Replying to your letter of the 14th inst., I would state that my Irish ancestors came to Pennsylvania early in the seventeenth century. They included John Potts and his wife, Elizabeth McVaugh (so set down in the records—I do not know what the real name was), John Barnwell, whose wife was Sarah Craig, and a man named Lukens, who may have been a German from the Palatinate. They were all of them humble people, farmers, mechanics, etc., although Sarah Craig is put down in the book as being descended on her mother's side, through the Barnwells, from various well-known Irish families, both of the Pale and outside the Pale, the Butlers, the Fitzgeralds, O'Neills, and O'Briens. But about this more illustrious descent I fear I can not give you any specific particulars. Sincerely yours,

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

John Barnwell was born in Ireland about 1671, according to Appleton's American Biography, and came to this country toward the end of the seventeenth century. He settled in South Carolina and became prominent in public affairs. In 1712 he was appointed commander of the forces sent against the Tuscarora Indians and succeeded in driving them out of the colony. Colonel Barnwell displayed the highest military skill in this expedition, marching through an unbroken wilderness without provision trains or any regular base of supplies, and to this day he is known to his descendants as Tuscarora John. In 1722 he was sent to London as the agent of South Carolina, but did not remain long abroad. He died in Beaufort, S. C., in 1724.

His grandson, Robert Barnwell, joined the Revolutionary Army when only sixteen years old and was dangerously wounded soon after in the battle of Port Royal Island. He was taken prisoner and confined in a prison ship in Cape Fear River, but with his fellow prisoners he organized a revolt, overpowered the guards, captured the ship and made their escape. He was afterward Speaker of the South Carolina House of Representatives, President of the Senate and Member of Congress. He was married to Elizabeth Potts, granddaughter of Thomas Potts, the Irish-American Revolutionary Colonel whom we have already mentioned. Their daughter, Margaret Barnwell, became the wife of Cornelius Van Schaick Roosevelt, grandfather of President Roosevelt, and it is mainly through this union that the latter derives

the genuine Irish traits that have so often displayed themselves in his distinguished career.

Since writing the foregoing letter President Roosevelt has delivered his celebrated speech on the part taken by men of the Irish race in the establishment of the United States—as colonists in the early days who led the van of civilization, as patriotic soldiers in our various wars and as educators, professional men, merchants and general workers.

This speech, delivered by the President of the United States, is such an important pronouncement and it corroborates so strongly all that we have claimed on behalf of our people that we transcribe it here as a most valuable chapter in the history of our race in this Republic:

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S ADDRESS TO THE FRIENDLY

SONS OF ST. PATRICK, MARCH 17, 1905.

Judge Fitzgerald, and you, my fellow-members, and my fellow-Americans: I listened with the greatest pleasure to the introduction of my good and old friend the President of the Society. But he did me more than justice when he described the difficulty of my coming on here. The difficulty would have been to keep me away. All I needed was the invitation; I would do the rest.

It is, of course, a matter of peculiar pleasure to me to come to my own city and to meet so many men with whom I have been associated for the last quarter of a century, for it was nearly that time ago, Judge, that you and I first met when we were both in the New York Legislature together, and to be greeted by you, as you have greeted me to-night, I wish to express at the outset my special sense of obligation—and I know that the rest of you will not grudge my expressing it—my special sense of obligation to Colonel Duffy and the officers and men of the Sixty-ninth, who were my escort to-day. I shall write to Colonel Duffy later, to give him formal notice, and to ask him to give the regiment formal notice, of my appreciation, but I wish to express it thus publicly to-night.

Now we will pass from the present to the past. The Judge has spoken to you of the formation of the Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick in Philadelphia, in Colonial days. It was natural that it should have started in Philadelphia and at the time of which the Judge spoke. For we must not forget, in dealing with our history as a nation, that long before the outbreak of the Revolution there had begun on the soil of the Colonies, which afterward became the United States, that mixture of races

which has been and still is one of the most important features in our history as a people. At the time early in the eighteenth century, when the immigrants from Ireland first began to come in numbers to this country, the race elements were still imperfectly fused, and for some time the then new Irish strain was clearly distinguishable from the others. And there was one peculiarity about these immigrants who came from Ireland to the Colonies in the eighteenth century which has never been paralleled in the case of any other immigrants whatsoever. In all other cases since the very first settlements, the pushing westward to the frontier, the conquest of the continent has been due primarily to the men of native birth. But the immigrants from Ireland in the seventeenth century, and those alone, pushed boldly through the settled districts and planted themselves as the advance guard of the conquering civilization on the borders of the Indian-haunted wilderness.

This was true in Northern Maine and New Hampshire, in Western Pennsylvania, Virginia, and the Carolinas alike. And, inasmuch as Philadelphia was the largest city which was in touch with that extreme western frontier, it was most natural that the Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick should first be formed in that city. We had, I wish to say, in New York, frequently during Colonial days, dinners of societies of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, but apparently the society in New York did not take a permanent form; but we frequently had dinners on March 17 of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick here in New York City even in Colonial days.

By the time the Revolution had broken out the men of different race strains had begun to fuse together, and the Irish among those strains furnished their full share of leadership in the struggle. Among their number was Commodore John Barry, one of the two or three officers to whom our infant navy owed most. I had the honor in the last session of Congress to recommend that a monument to Barry should be erected in Washington. I heartily believe in economy, but I think we can afford to let up enough to let that monument through.

On land the men of this strain furnished generals like Montgomery, who fell so gloriously at Quebec, and like Sullivan, the conqueror of the Iroquois, who came of a New Hampshire family which furnished Governors to three New England States. In her old age the mother, Mrs. Sullivan, used to say that she had known what it was to work hard in the fields carrying in her arms the Governor of Massachusetts, with the Governors of New Hampshire and Vermont tagging on at her skirts.

I have spoken of the generals. Now for the rank and file.

The Continental troops of the hardest fighter among Washington's generals, Mad Anthony Wayne, were recruited so largely from this stock that Light Horse Harry Lee, of Virginia, the father of the great General Robert Lee, always referred to them as "The Line of Ireland." Nor must we forget that of this same stock there was a boy during the days of the Revolution who afterward became the chief American general of his time, and, as President, one of the public men who left his impress most deeply upon our nation, Andrew Jackson, the victor of New Orleans.

The Revolution was the first great crisis of our history. The Civil War was the second. And in this second great crisis the part played by the men of Irish birth or parentage was no less striking than it had been in the Revolution. Among the three or four great generals who led the Northern Army in the war stood Phil Sheridan. Some of those whom I am now addressing served in that immortal brigade which on the fatal day of Fredericksburg, left its dead closest to the stone wall which marked the limit that could not be overpassed even by the highest valor.

And, gentlemen, it was my good fortune when it befell me to serve as a regimental commander in a very small war—but all the war there was—to have under me more than one of the sons of those who served in Meagher's brigade. Among them was one of my two best captains, both of whom were killed, Allen Capron, and this man Bucky O'Neill. Bucky O'Neill was killed at Santiago, showing the same absolute indifference to life, the same courage, the same gallant readiness to sacrifice everything on the altar of an ideal, that his father had shown when he died in Meagher's brigade in the Civil War.

The people who have come to this country from Ireland have contributed to the stock of our common citizenship qualities which are essential to the welfare of every great nation. They are a masterful race of rugged character, a race the qualities of whose womanhood have become proverbial, while its men have the elemental, the indispensable virtues of working hard in time of peace and fighting hard in time of war.

And I want to say here, as I have said and shall say again elsewhere, as I shall say again and again, that we must never forget that no amount of material wealth, no amount of intellect, no artistic or scientific growth can avail anything to the nation which loses the elemental virtues. If the average man can not work and fight, the race is in a poor way; and it will not have, because it will not deserve, the respect of any one.

Let us avoid always, either as individuals or as a nation, brawling, speaking discourteously or acting offensively toward others, but let us make it evident that we wish peace, not because

we are weak, but because we think it right, and that while we do not intend to wrong any one, we are perfectly competent to hold our own if any one wrongs us. There has never been a time in this country when it has not been true of the average American of Irish birth or parentage that he came up to this standard, able to work and able to fight at need.

But the men of Irish birth or of Irish descent have been far more than soldiers—I will not say more than, but much in addition to soldiers. In every walk in life in this country men of this blood have stood and now stand pre-eminent, not only as soldiers, but as statesmen, on the bench, at the bar and in business. They are doing their full share toward the artistic and literary development of the country.

And right here let me make a special plea to you, to this society and kindred societies. We Americans take a just pride in the development of our great universities, and more and more we are seeking to provide for creative and original work in these universities. I hope that an earnest effort will be made to endow chairs in American universities for the study of Celtic literature and for research in Celtic antiquities. It is only of recent years that the extraordinary wealth and beauty of the old Celtic Sagas have been fully appreciated, and we of America, who have so large a Celtic strain in our blood, can not afford to be behindhand in the work of adding to modern scholarship by bringing within its ken the great Celtic literature of the past.

My fellow countrymen, I have spoken to-night especially of what has been done for this nation of ours by men of Irish blood. But after all, in speaking to you or to any other body of my fellow-citizens, no matter from what old world country they themselves or their forefathers may have come, the great thing is to remember that we are all of us Americans. Let us keep our pride in the stocks from which we have sprung, but let us show that pride, not by holding aloof from one another, least of all by preserving the old world jealousies and bitterness, but by joining in a spirit of generous rivalry to see which can do most for our great common country.

Americanism is not a matter of creed or birthplace or descent. That man is the best American who has in him the American spirit, the American soul. Such a man fears not the strong and harms not the weak. He scorns what is base or cruel or dishonest. He looks beyond the accidents of occupation or social condition and hails each of his fellow-citizens as his brother, asking nothing save that each shall treat the other on his worth as a man, and that they shall all join together to do what in them lies for the uplifting of this mighty and vigorous people. In our veins runs

the blood of many an old world nation. We are kin to each of these nations and yet identical with none.

Our policy should be one of cordial friendship for them all, and yet we should keep ever before our eyes the fact that we are ourselves a separate people with our own ideals and standards, and destined, whether for better or for worse, to work out a wholly new national type. The fate of the twentieth century will in no small degree—I ask you to think of this from the standpoint of the world—the fate of the twentieth century as it bears on the world will in no small degree depend upon the type of citizenship developed on this continent. Surely such a thought must thrill us with the resolute purpose so to bear ourselves that the name American shall stand as the symbol of just, generous and fearless treatment of all men and all nations. Let us be true to ourselves, for we can not then be false to any man.

CHAPTER XVII.

ON THE BRINK OF THE REVOLUTION.

The interval between the First and Second Congress was one of intense excitement throughout the colonies, and in many places incipient revolts occurred which paved the way for the general uprising against English misrule which was soon to spread broadcast over the land. John Sullivan had no sooner returned from the First Congress than, as we have seen, he struck the first blow in his seizure of Fort William and Mary in Portsmouth Harbor.

Without anything like a general understanding among them, there were active spirits in the various sections of the country, whose ceaseless agitation and wonderful resolution gradually brought the people to the standard of independence.

Foremost among these men of action and most earnest in pushing the movement to a physical test were the Irish and Irish-American colonists—the Sullivans, the O'Briens, the Whipples, and the Thorntons of the East; the Montgomerys, the Thomsons, the McKears, the Reids, and the Carrolls, of the Middle Colonies; and the Lewises, the Rutledges, the Lynches, the Grifiths, and the Burkes of the South. These and scores of others whom we could name were in the front rank of leadership in their various sections and without their persistent agitation and advanced ideas it is doubtful if the gage of battle would have been thrown down. Through their secret efforts, as well as by force of their open examples, they brought the wavering element into line and nerved the hesitating to action.

Their eloquence and statesmanship on the one hand and their soldiery qualities on the other were thrown into the balance against England when the crucial test came and turned the scales in favor of liberty and independence.

Among the most powerful incentives to revolution were the impassioned utterances of Patrick Henry, who was possessed of that fire of Celtic eloquence which has done so much for liberty throughout the world. His burning words found their way to the most remote settlements, and filled the people with confidence in themselves and a determination to preserve their rights. His speech on the necessity of war with England, delivered before the Virginia Convention on March 28, 1775, had more effect in bringing about the independence of this country than the most

important battle of the revolution. It was a divine message from God to man, and struck deep into the hearts of the people.

In former years this great speech, which for true eloquence has never been surpassed, was printed in our school books and every youth could repeat it from end to end, BUT IN THESE LATER AND MORE DEGENERATE DAYS, THROUGH THE SAME AGENCIES WHICH CHANGED THE "STAR-SPANGLED BANNER," IT HAS ALMOST DISAPPEARED FROM PUBLIC VIEW. In order that our youth may have the benefit of its inspired words we print it here in full as it was delivered by the immortal Henry:

THE NECESSITY OF WAR.

By PATRICK HENRY, OF VIRGINIA.

Mr. President: No man thinks more highly than I do of the patriotism, as well as abilities of the very worthy gentlemen who have just addressed the House. But different men often see the same subject in different lights; and, therefore, I hope that it will not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen if, entertaining, as I do, opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, I shall speak forth my sentiments freely and without reserve. This is no time for ceremony. The question before the House is one of awful moment to this country. For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery, and in proportion to the magnitude of the subject, ought to be the freedom of the debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfil the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offense, I should consider myself as guilty of treason toward my country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the Majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusion of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that syren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that

is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British Ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with these warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation, the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask, gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motives for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir; she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British Ministry have been so long forging.

And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer on the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplications? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—WE MUST FIGHT! I

repeat it, sir, WE MUST FIGHT. An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of the means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone, it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable, and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace; but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

Patrick Henry was acknowledged by all to be the greatest orator of his day, but yet he was modest enough to state that John Rutledge, of South Carolina, an Irish-American, was the ablest speaker on the floor of Congress and that he was second only to Washington in the confidence and esteem of its members. Patrick Henry was also one of the most liberal men of his time in religious matters. He was the warm friend of the Carrolls and years afterward when Father Dubois, a refugee from the French Revolution, arrived in Virginia, he taught him to speak English and procured for him the use of the State Capital in Richmond to hold his Catholic services. At this time Father

Dubois, who afterward became the third Bishop of New York and who was then the only Catholic priest in Virginia—the only one, in fact, between Baltimore and St. Louis—was a guest in the home of James Monroe, afterward fifth President of the United States, who also encouraged him in his holy mission.

Though John Kelly claims President Monroe as of Ulster stock, the origin of his family seems to be in doubt, but whether they came from Ireland or Scotland it is certain they were of the Celtic race. All Monroe's predilections were decidedly Irish. When he was Minister to France he was the warm friend of Wolfe Tone during his negotiations with that country in behalf of Ireland, and helped him materially in many ways, even to the extent of advancing him money out of his private funds.

In his autobiography, under date of July 23, 1796, Tone tells us that he dined most pleasantly with Mr. and Mrs. Monroe. "After dinner," he writes, "I went with Monroe into his cabinet. He tells me he is just now poor, but he offered to supply me to the amount of fifty pounds, in sums of ten or fifteen as I might want it, or else desired me to go to Skipwith, the Consul for the United States, and see if he would give me cash for my bill on Philadelphia, which he would guarantee, or for one to the same amount on himself, at a short date, which he would accept. He offered me at the same time ten louis for my current expenses. All this is very handsome in Monroe. After thanking him I told him I would avail myself of his permission to try Skipwith, but that I was not in any difficulties for some days to come, and consequently refused, with many acknowledgments, the money he offered me. He goes out of town to-night for two days; on the third I am to call on him and in the meantime see the Consul."

All his life Monroe was the inveterate foe of England. When a mere boy of eighteen years he left college and joined the Revolutionary Army as a lieutenant in the Third Virginia Regiment, and fought the battles of his country for more than three years. When England stood ready to seize the entrance to the Mississippi President Jefferson sent Monroe to France as his special envoy to conclude the purchase of Louisiana from that country. Monroe threw all his energy into the work and the matter was brought to a speedy and satisfactory settlement. When it was done, Napoleon, after giving his consent, turned to his ministers and exultantly uttered these prophetic words: "I have given to England a maritime rival that will sooner or later humble her pride."

When the second war with England took place Monroe was Secretary of State in Madison's Cabinet, and in 1814 and 1815 he also acted as Secretary of War. The public buildings in Wash-

ington were burned and it was only by the most strenuous efforts that the destroying hand of England was stayed. Monroe proved himself equal to the great emergency and gained much popularity for the enthusiasm with which he prosecuted the war and saved the capital and the country.

Among the Irishmen in Virginia most active on the eve of the Revolution were John James and William Crogan. They rendered efficient service to their own State at the most critical period and afterward distinguished themselves in the army.

William Crogan was born in Ireland in 1752 and came to America at an early age. Carroll Judson includes him in his "Sages and Heroes of the American Revolution," and tells us that as he imbibed no love for England in his native land, he detested her tyranny in America and was among the first to take up arms against it. In 1776 he received the commission of captain in the Continental Army and took command of a company of infantry in the Virginia line. He was in the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth, and won the high approbation of his superior officers. When the enemy invaded the South he was ordered to that field and raised to the rank of major. At the fall of Charleston he was among the prisoners surrendered by General Lincoln and was never exchanged during the remainder of the war. He returned to Virginia on parole and was a looker-on at the siege of Yorktown, but could not participate in that glorious victory. In 1784 he removed to Kentucky, where he resided until his death in 1822.

John James was born in Ireland in 1732. His father and several of his neighbors came to Virginia in 1733 and settled in Williamsburg. At the commencement of the Revolution all their descendants ranged themselves on the side of Independence and no one among them was more enthusiastic in the cause of liberty than John James. Being a captain of militia under the colony he resigned his commission as the time for decisive action approached. His company all threw off their allegiance to England and retained him as their commander in the patriot ranks. In 1776 he marched with his men to the defense of Charleston, where he was soon promoted to the rank of major and became one of the most efficient officers in the service owing to the knowledge of border warfare which he had acquired in the colonial service. He distinguished himself with great bravery in the many engagements in which he took part, performed many bold exploits, and had numerous hairbreadth escapes. At one time while he was alone he was attacked by two British dragoons who were in advance of their comrades, but while they were drawing their sabers to cut him down he brought them to a sudden halt by a

quick display of an empty pistol, and then leaped over a chasm which proved too broad for the Englishmen. Just before the close of the war he retired to his farm in Virginia and lived there until his death, in 1791, crowned with the honors of war and the respect and admiration of his fellow-citizens.

In no part of the colonies was the spirit of patriotism more active at this time than in the Carolinas. Both colonies were largely peopled by that class which American historians persist in calling Scotch-Irish, although they admit that they lived in Ireland since the plantation of Ulster by James the First of England—170 years before the American Revolution.

As this period of Irish history is important in consideration of those so-called "Scotch-Irish" in the American Revolution, a brief reference to it will not be out of place.

James the First of England was James the Sixth of Scotland before he ascended the English throne. The Irish placed confidence in him because while he was King of Scotland he was always their friend. Moreover, he was a descendant of Edward Bruce, who was chosen King of Ireland in the fourteenth century and fought Ireland's battles at that period. Immediately before ascending the throne of England and while he was still King of Scotland, James the Sixth expressed himself in favor of justice to Catholics and had written to Pope Clement the Eighth promising that he would embrace the Catholic faith as soon as he was established on the English throne. All this, however, was changed through the weakness of the King himself and the bigotry of his Secretary of State, Cecil, the ancestor of the late equally bigoted Lord Salisbury.

This Cecil found means to withdraw the letter to the Pope and estrange the King from his Irish and Catholic subjects. He actually formed conspiracies against his King for the purpose of betraying them and falsely accusing Catholics of their formation. It was he who concocted the conspiracy which resulted in the confiscation of Ulster. In order to turn the King against the Irish Catholics he resolved to involve them in treason. He instructed one of his tools, Christopher St. Lawrence, Baron of Howth, commonly called the One-Eyed, to invite the leading Catholics of Ulster to a secret conference in order to entrap them. The Earl of Tyrone and Tirconnell, with others, attended this conference. St. Lawrence informed them that he had learned on good authority that the Catholic religion was about to be driven out of Ireland and advised them to take measures for their defense. Instead of doing this, the noblemen, for the reasons we have stated, unanimously replied that they had confidence in the King and would remain faithful to him. Nevertheless they were

accused of having formed secret designs against the King and were brought to London for examination. Learning that their deaths were resolved upon, the Earls of Tyrone and Tirconnell sought safety in flight. Thereupon they were proclaimed rebels and not only their individual estates, but six whole counties in Ulster were confiscated by the King without examination or trial.

English historians generally, and American historians as well, attribute these confiscations to an insurrection in Ulster, but everything was peaceful there when the criminal seizures began. Owing to the severity with which they were carried out, and fearing for himself the same fate as Tyrone and Tirconnell, Sir Cahir O'Dougherty, Chief of Inishowen, a young man of twenty, took up arms in 1608 in defense of the Catholics and administered some severe blows to their persecutors. That was the only rebellion which took place in Ulster at that time and it was caused by the confiscation which had already taken place.

It was during this period, at the opening of the seventeenth century, that the ancestors of the so-called Scotch-Irish came to Ireland and they lived there for more than a hundred years before they began to emigrate to America in any numbers. During that period, they had forgotten their Scotch proclivities and had become as wholly Irish, save in religion alone, as the natives themselves. No fair-minded people could live in Ireland for any time without being amalgamated by the natives or acquiring their characteristics of generosity and love of justice.

In no part of America was this more clearly proven than in North Carolina. There the Scotch people who had never been in Ireland turned out to a man in favor of the English King, while the descendants of Scotchmen who were planted in Ireland by King James the First and had lived there for generations fought unanimously in behalf of liberty and independence.

From its earliest days Irishmen were prominent in the affairs of North Carolina. Arthur Dobbs, who was born in Ireland, was Governor of the Colony from 1754 until his death in 1765. He had been a member of the Irish Parliament and was distinguished for his attempt to discover the northwest passage. He was also an author of ability, among his works being a volume on "Trade Improvements in Ireland," which was published in Dublin in 1729. Though he was loyal to the crown of England and highly aristocratic in his ideas he became much changed by his democratic surroundings in the new country and had he lived until the Revolution the chances are that he would have espoused the cause of the people.

He was succeeded by William Tryon, another Irishman, but one who, we are sorry to say, was a disgrace to the country that

gave him birth. Naturally grasping, cruel, and bloodthirsty, he was a tyrant to those under him and a cringing slave to those above him in authority or power—a worthy representative of that Cromwellian band who scourged Ireland and America alike. Country made no difference to him. Irish in nothing but the accident of birth and an utter stranger to everything good in human nature, he was a fitting tool of England in her wars against humanity.

Among the genuine Irishmen who gave battle to Tryon and his hireling cohorts was Samuel McRee, who emigrated from County Down, Ireland, in 1740, and settled in North Carolina. He soon became a prominent man in his section, and was elected a magistrate in Bladen County. He left a family that became distinguished in the annals of his State. His son, Griffith John McRee, was a colonel in the Revolutionary army and afterward Collector of Revenue for his district. His grandsons, William and Samuel McRee, sons of Griffith John, rendered brilliant service to the United States in the war of 1812, while his great-grandson, Griffith John McRee, became a leading lawyer in Wilmington, N. C., and won fame as a scholar and historian. Fort McRee, Pensacola, Fla., was named in honor of William McRee, grandson of the Irish founder of the family.

Thomas Burke, the first Governor of North Carolina under Independence, was one of the most active spirits in the South for ten years before the Revolution. He was born in Ireland in 1747 and came to America in 1764. He at first settled in Virginia, where he studied medicine and became a physician. Then he turned to the study of law, and was admitted to the bar in Norfolk, Va. Being a fluent speaker, a writer of ability and a man of a bold and earnest temperament, he rapidly forged to the front in the councils of the patriots. In 1774 he removed to Hillsborough, N. C., where his fame preceded him and he at once became one of the most prominent men in the colony. He was a member of the Provincial Congress of 1776 and had a large share in the formation of the new Constitution of North Carolina. He was a member of the Continental Congress from 1776 to 1781, and in addition to attending to his duties in that body his great zeal in the cause of liberty impelled him to take up the sword as a volunteer at the battle of Brandywine, where he fought with all the intensity of his nature. In 1781 he was chosen first Governor of the new State, but in September of that year he was surprised and seized by the Tories and imprisoned on James Island, S. C. As he was hated by the English authorities for his patriotic course he was not only treated with their usual severity, but was in daily fear of assassination at their hands. He effected

his escape on the night of January 16, 1782, after an imprisonment of four months. He resumed his duties as Governor and continued in office until the end of his term. He died in his thirty-sixth year at Hillsboro, N. C. Had he lived he would have undoubtedly become one of the greatest leaders of his day.

Griffith Rutherford was another Irishman who labored zealously in the patriot cause in North Carolina. He was born in Ireland in 1731, emigrated to America and settled in Salisbury, N. C. From his earliest days he espoused the cause of independence and was a member of the Provincial Congress of 1775. He was also a member of the Council of Safety and was appointed a brigadier general of North Carolina troops at Halifax on June 22, 1776. In September of that year he marched at the head of 2,400 men into the country of the Cherokees, who, with the English Tories, were devastating the frontier settlements. He subdued the Indians and compelled them to sue for peace and for a while the English were deprived of their savage allies. He commanded a brigade at the battle of Sander's Creek, near Camden, on August 16, 1780, where he was taken prisoner. He was kept in prison at Charleston and St. Augustine, Fla., until the following June, when he was exchanged. Upon his release he took the field again and was in command at Wilmington, N. C., when that town was evacuated by the English at the close of the war. After independence was won he served for some years in the North Carolina Senate, but subsequently removed to Tennessee, where he was made President of the Legislative Council when that section of North Carolina was made a separate territory in September, 1794. General Rutherford was a brave and patriotic man and his name is still held in reverence in the South, where two counties are named after him, one in North Carolina and the other in Tennessee.

The western counties of North and South Carolina were mainly inhabited by Irish previous to the Revolution, and during its progress some of the most stubborn fighting was done along the Catawba River, especially in Chester County. When the English General Clinton boasted that he had the Carolinas subdued—when he wrote to the English Ministry that “there are few men in South Carolina who are not either our prisoners or in arms with us”—he had no idea of the determination that existed among the Irish in this section, who had resolved to gain their liberties or perish in the attempt.

Among the leading Irish families in Chester County immediately preceding the Revolution was that of Joseph Gaston, who was born in Ireland in 1700 and was therefore seventy-five years of age at the opening of hostilities. The Gastons were originally

French Huguenots who emigrated to Ireland on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, and had resided in that country until their emigration to America. So Irish did they become that they always alluded to that country as the land of their fathers and many of them became Catholics.

Joseph Gaston was a justice of the peace in Chester County, and though an old man in the end of his days, none exceeded him in the intensity of his patriotism or in his determination to carry on the struggle for independence as long as a single hope remained. In 1849 Lossing, while preparing his "Field Book of the American Revolution," visited the scenes of Judge Gaston's labors and thus refers to them:

"Here was the scene of exciting events during the early part of the summer of 1780. Captain Houseman, the English commander, sent forth hand-bills calling the inhabitants together in an 'old field' where Beckhamville post-office now stands, to receive protection and acknowledge allegiance to the Crown. One aged patriot, like another Tell, refused to bow to the cap of this tiny Gesler. That patriot was Joseph Gaston, who lived upon the Fishing Creek, near the Catawba. In vain Houseman, who went to his residence with an armed escort, pleaded with and menaced the patriot. His reply was 'Never!' and as soon as the British Captain had turned his back, he sent his sons out to ask the brave men among his neighbors to meet at his house that night. Under Captain John McClure, thirty-three determined men were at Judge Gaston's at midnight. Each man was armed with a butcher knife and rifle. Early in the morning they prepared for the business of the day. Silently they crept along the old Indian trail by the margin of the creek, and suddenly, with a fearful shout, surrounded and discomfited the assembled Tories upon the 'old field' at Beckhamville. The British soldiers in attendance fled precipitately to their quarters at Rocky Mount. Filled with rage, Houseman sent a party to bring the hoary-headed patriot, then eighty years of age, to his quarters, but they found his dwelling deserted. His wife, concealed in some bushes near, saw them plunder the house of everything and carry off the stock from the plantation. Nothing was left but the family bible—a precious relic yet preserved in the family.

"This movement of Justice Gaston and his neighbors was the first effort to cast back the wave of British rule which was sweeping the State and threatening to submerge all opposition east of the mountains. Judge Gaston had nine sons in the army. When they heard of the massacre of the patriots on the Waxhaw by Tarleton, these young men joined hands, pledged themselves

henceforth never to submit to oppression, and from that time they all bore arms in defense of liberty."

Dr. Alexander Gaston was another member of this family. He was a surgeon in the British navy, but resigned his commission previous to the Revolution and settled at Newbern, N. C. At the opening of hostilities he espoused the patriot cause and was appointed commander of a company of volunteers and rendered valiant service in defense of his adopted State. On August 20, 1781, while in a boat on the river, endeavoring to bring his wife and child to a place of safety, he was murdered before their eyes in the most cold-blooded manner by the Tories. The child, then only three years of age, lived to be one of the most illustrious citizens of the United States. Like Andrew Jackson, he was born and brought up in the blood of the Revolution and carried with him to his dying day memories which made him recoil with horror from the so-called civilization of England. His name was William Gaston and though the brilliant services which he rendered to his country do not properly belong to the Revolutionary era, they were the legitimate outcome of his father's death in that period and the devoted training which he received from his excellent mother, who shared all the patriotic aspirations of her husband, whose life was cruelly blotted out in her presence.

William Gaston was born in Newbern, N. C., on September 19, 1778. His proper training and education was the sole object of his mother's life and well did she accomplish her task. He was the first student who applied for entrance to Georgetown College, Washington, D. C., when that justly honored parent of Catholic education was established by Archbishop Carroll in 1789.

While a student at Georgetown College he was distinguished for his deep attachment to the Catholic faith, his love of study and the brilliant qualities of his mind. "Your son," wrote Father Plunkett to his mother at this period, "is the best scholar and the most exemplary youth we have in Georgetown." He graduated with the highest honors from Georgetown, as he did later from Princeton, where his mother sent him in order that he might get the best education in the land. While he was in the latter college he was the only Catholic in the institution, but he was never known to neglect the duties of his own faith, and on the eve of his graduation he journeyed all the way from Princeton to Philadelphia in order to ask God's blessing on his work and partake of Holy Communion. This beautiful characteristic marked his course through life and he never engaged in any task without first invoking the aid of the Creator.

William Gaston became one of the most gifted lawyers and orators in the country and was so respected by all classes that he

could command any office in the gift of the people of North Carolina. He was State Senator, President of the House of Delegates, Congressman, and Judge of the Supreme Court, and in all the positions which he occupied he labored to uproot the boasted civilization which England planted in his native State, and he succeeded in removing from her laws many relics of the dark ages which remained even after the Revolution. The civilization which we enjoy to-day, instead of being founded on that of England, is the work of the hundreds of great and liberal statesmen, who, like William Gaston, devoted their lives to the removal of the evils which England left behind. "Gaston Hall," Georgetown University, is named in honor of his memory.

Even up to Gaston's time a Catholic could not hold office in North Carolina, but owing to his great personal influence and the learning and eloquence with which he was endowed, all religious discriminations were torn from the statute books. The greatest speech of his life in defense of Catholicity was delivered before the North Carolina Constitutional Convention in 1835, in answer to assertions that the Catholic religion was unfavorable to freedom and conflicted with Republican institutions.

"Let me ask," he said, "who obtained the great charter of English freedom but the Catholic prelates and barons at Runnymede? The oldest, the purest democracy on earth is the little Catholic Republic of San Marino, not a day's journey from Rome. Was William Tell, the founder of Swiss liberty, a royalist? Are the Catholics of the Swiss Cantons in love with tyranny? Are the Irish Catholics friends to passive obedience and non-resistance? Was Lafayette, Pulaski, or Kosciusko a foe to civil freedom? Was Charles Carroll unwilling to jeopardize fortune in the cause of liberty? Were these, and such as these, foes to freedom and unfit for republicanism? Would it be dangerous to permit such men to be sheriffs and constables in the land?"

The Most Rev. John Hughes, the great Archbishop of New York, quoted from this speech in one of his addresses before the New York Board of Aldermen in behalf of Catholic education and referred to Judge Gaston as a man of as high honor, as lofty and patriotic principles and as unblemished a character as any man the nation can boast of.

Judge Gaston was as true to Ireland as he was to America or to the Catholic Church, and his heart went out to her in her struggles for liberty. Under date of September 30, 1828, he thus wrote to Dr. William J. McNevin, the '98 patriot, then a resident of New York:

"I had the honor to receive your interesting letter on the subject of the association recently founded by the friends of Ireland

in New York. The cause of civil and religious liberty, whenever it may be advocated, cannot fail to engage my warmest wishes for its success. But when it is in contestation in the LAND OF MY FATHERS, among a people only less dear to me than those of my own country, it excites an interest, the strength and ardor of which I find it difficult to express. May God speed it to a glorious and happy issue. As an earnest of my zeal in its behalf I send the enclosed mite—\$25—to be applied to the objects of the organization.”

We have given these incidents from the life of Judge Gaston to illustrate how truly Irish he and his family were, though they had come originally from France before being engrafted on the fruitful soil of Ireland. Like the Emmets and the Tones and the Scotch people who returned to Ireland, the original cradle of their race—the Gastons of North and South Carolina and Connecticut were faithful sons of Ireland and thoroughly imbued with all the characteristics of the race.

Foremost among the master spirits of the Revolution in South Carolina, previous to and during the war, were Colonel Niel and Captain John McClure, both sons of Irishmen and among the bravest of those who bore arms for independence. They gave up their lives for the American cause and we will recount some of their heroic deeds when we come to the history of the Southern campaigns.

Aedanus Burke was another Irishman who distinguished himself in South Carolina. He was born in Galway, Ireland, in 1743, and was educated for the priesthood at the College of St. Omar, France. Before he took orders, however, he visited the West Indies and came thence to South Carolina shortly before the Revolution and spent the balance of his life in that State. When the war broke out he joined the patriot army and fought bravely in the ranks. In 1778 he was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court, but when the British overran the State, he left the bench and again took up the sword.

When order was once more restored he resumed his judicial position and continued on the bench for many years. He opposed the adoption of the Federal Constitution because he feared consolidated power, but after its approval he was elected to the First Congress of the United States and served therein until compelled to resign by the passage of a law forbidding any judge from leaving the State. For many years he was a member of the South Carolina Legislature, and a short time previous to his death was appointed Chancellor of the State. Judge Burke was noted for his abundance of Irish wit and many of his sayings are quoted even to this day among the lawyers of the South. He was also an

able writer and published a pamphlet against the Society of the Cincinnati which achieved a world-wide fame and caused that society to abandon many of its aristocratic pretensions. It was translated into French by Mirabeau and used by him in the Assembly with great effect. Judge Burke was an honor to his native land and a most worthy citizen of this republic. He died at Charleston on March 30, 1802.

The men of Irish birth or blood who had risen to power and influence, as can be seen from the records, threw all their weight on the side of independence. Their knowledge of England's dealings with Ireland forced them to the conclusion that no justice could be expected from conciliation and that America's only hope lay in complete separation from England. Their efforts were therefore directed to hasten the war which they deemed inevitable and to prepare the people for the conflict.

In this they received more aid from England herself than from any other source. By the imposition of unjust taxes and the insulting manner in which they were sought to be collected, by the brutal conduct of his army here and the haughty insolence of his Parliament and Ministers at home, King George the Third did more to bring about the American Revolution than all other agencies combined.

In vain did Edmund Burke, the true friend of America, point out to them in Parliament the criminal folly of their policy and the ruinous methods to which they were resorting. In his speech on American taxation, which was considered by many as the greatest effort of oratory ever heard in the English House of Commons, he thus denounced the tax on tea which was imposed on America for the benefit of the exploiters and looters composing the English East India Company.

"This famous revenue stands at this hour, on all the debate, as a description of revenue not as yet known in all the comprehensive vocabulary of finance—a preambulatory tax. It is indeed a tax of sophistry, a tax of pedantry, a tax of disputation, a tax of war and rebellion, a tax for anything but benefit to the imposers or satisfaction to the subject. Could anything be a subject of more just alarm to America than to see you go out of the plain high-road of finance, and give up your most certain revenues and your clearest interests merely for the sake of insulting your colonies?

"No man ever doubted that the commodity of tea could bear an imposition of three pence. But no commodity will bear three pence, or will bear a penny, when the general feelings of men are irritated, and two millions of people are resolved not to pay. The feelings of the colonies were formerly the feelings of Great Brit-

ain. Theirs were formerly the feelings of Mr. Hampden when called upon for the payment of twenty shillings. Would twenty shillings have ruined Mr. Hampden's fortune? No, but the payment of half twenty shillings, on the principle it was demanded, would have made him a slave. It was the weight of that preamble of which you are so fond, and not the weight of the duty, that the Americans are unable and unwilling to bear.

"It is then, sir, upon the principle of this measure, and nothing else, that we are at issue. It is a principle of political expediency. Your act of 1767 asserts that it is expedient to raise a revenue in America; your act of 1769, which takes away that revenue, contradicts the act of 1767, and by something much stronger than words asserts that it is not expedient. It is a reflection upon your wisdom to persist in a solemn Parliamentary declaration of the expediency of any object for which at the same time you make no sort of provision. You are therefore at this moment in the awkward situation of fighting for a phantom, a quiddity, a thing that wants not only a substance but even a name—for a thing which is neither abstract right nor profitable enjoyment.

"They tell you, sir, that your dignity is tied to it. I know not how it happens, but this dignity of yours is a terrible incumbrance to you; for it has of late been ever at war with your interest, your equity, and every idea of your policy. Show the thing you contend for to be reason; show it to be common sense; show it to be the means of attaining some useful end, and then I am content to allow it what dignity you please. But what dignity is derived from perseverance in absurdity is more than ever I could discern. Every hour you continue on this ill-chosen ground your difficulties thicken on you, and therefore my conclusion is—remove from a bad position as quickly as you can. The disgrace and the necessity of yielding, both of them, grow upon you every hour of your delay."

But the English Government paid no heed to the advice or admonition of Edmund Burke. His great speech on February 22, 1775, recommending conciliatory measures toward the colonies, met with a like fate. At last he grew tired of appealing to the blunted senses of the English Parliament, for, on October 11, 1775, when the fisheries of Great Britain and Ireland were before Parliament and it was proposed to give Ireland some benefits of which the war then virtually declared would deprive America, he gave utterance to the following solemn words:

"However desirous I may be to promote any scheme for the advantage of Ireland, I would be much better pleased that the advantages thus held out should never be realized than that Ire-

land should profit at the expense of a country which was, if possible, more oppressed than herself."

Thus the British Government drifted toward her destruction in America and through her own false measures and criminal stupidity a power was born into the world that not only rebuked her insolence and checked her atrocious career, but stands to-day as the greatest nation on the earth—the hope and comfort of millions of oppressed humanity.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CULLEN'S STORY OF THE IRISH IN BOSTON.

Although the Irish people were more rigorously excluded from Massachusetts than from any other colony, they made their way there from its earliest settlement and many of them achieved distinction when it was thought there was not an Irishman in the place. Even in the house of John Winthrop, the first Colonial Governor of Massachusetts, there was an Irishman, Emanuel Downing, who represented Salem in the General Court from 1638 to 1643. He was, moreover, the brother-in-law of the Governor, being the husband of his sister, Lucy Winthrop. Their son, George Downing, was born in Dublin in 1624 and was graduated at Harvard College in the first class of that institution in 1642. George Downing returned to England in 1645 and became chaplain to Col. Okey's regiment in Cromwell's army. He represented a Scotch borough in Parliament from 1654 to 1656 and was the English agent in Holland from 1658 to 1660. Becoming a royalist, he was knighted by Charles the Second in 1660, was Member of Parliament for Morpeth in 1661, and was again sent to Holland as envoy. In this latter capacity he caused the arrest of Colonels Okey and Barksted and Miles Corbet, three of the judges who condemned Charles the First to death, and they were sent to England and executed. Principally through his agency the New Netherlands were wrested from the Dutch and annexed to the English possessions as New York. He was afterward made Secretary of the English Treasury and was looked upon as one of the most able men in Europe. Downing street, London, the home of English statesmanship, was named after him and still perpetuates his name.

James Bernard Cullen, in his history of the Irish in Boston, has accomplished for the Irish race in that city and Massachusetts what John H. Campbell did for Philadelphia and Pennsylvania. By hard and persevering work both these gentlemen have rescued from oblivion the names and histories of thousands of Irishmen who rendered distinguished services to this country, but whose deeds were in many cases blotted from the public records or at best put down in such carelessness and confusion as to be almost worthless as a reference.

Mr. Cullen found that the Irish who came to Massachusetts in the early days were hunted like wild animals from town to town and that religious and racial prejudice ran so high that

many of them were lost altogether, through change of names, after the first generation. The seed remained, however, and after a while, though crushed to earth, like truth, they arose again stronger than ever until they are now, more largely than any other nationality, the governing element of Massachusetts. By patient research and tireless effort, Mr. Cullen and his assistants managed to connect the broken threads and weave a story from them that reflects high credit on their own ability and does ample justice to the memory of men who, though ostracised and persecuted, played a noble part in laying the foundation of this country—men who ably assisted in the establishment of its trade and commerce, its arts and institutions, its science, and civilization, and who, when the crucial time came for sacrifice and devotion, did far more than their share in making it free and independent.

Mr. Cullen was ably assisted by Mr. William Taylor, Jr., who wrote that portion of the voluminous work devoted to the early history of our people in Boston and Massachusetts. When Mr. Taylor commenced the task assigned him he was most disheartened at the outlook. Turn where he would he could find no records worth speaking of, and those he found were most contradictory and misleading.

"When this sketch was first proposed," he writes, "it seemed that to begin before the Revolution with the history of the Irish here would be a profitless task. The subject has not before been treated in any publication. There are one or two church histories that deal with the question, but they, as well as all others, take it for granted, without very careful search, that an Irishman in New England was in early times as rare as a white blackbird. But on consideration of the large 'Scotch-Irish' immigration to New Hampshire and to the South, and of the occasional visits of the Puritans to Ireland, it seemed strange if, with all the exodus from that land of sorrow, so few should reach America. It was found that a large number of American colonists were of Irish descent."

Mr. Taylor found, as we have found, as all painstaking investigators will find, that the Irish came here in far greater numbers than was generally supposed and in ways entirely out of the line of ordinary emigration. They came here on the slave ships of Elizabeth and Cromwell, and many of those forced to serve as galley slaves on the warships of England deserted whenever any of those vessels touched the American shore. Many of them, too, came here as Puritans, like Emanuel Downing or Robert Treat Paine, and though they had temporarily abandoned their faith and nationality, through persecution or temptation

at home, their Irish nature was still strong within them and only awaited a favorable opportunity to reassert itself. That time came with the Revolution, when all Irishmen, regardless of creed or previous affiliations, turned against England with wonderful unanimity. Many shallow-minded writers endeavor to prove the instability of the Irish character by referring to the fact that so many of them turned to the side of England, but our wonder is, in view of the never-ending and inhuman oppressions to which they were for centuries subjected, that they survived at all.

That they survived in Massachusetts is almost as wonderful as that they lived through the successive reigns of terror in Ireland, for they met there the same heartless treatment that they experienced at home, with the exception that there were no hireling armies to run them down and that the good qualities of men were left comparatively free to expand themselves without the festering influences of corrupt institutions.

For these reasons, as Mr. Taylor asserts, many contradictions appear in the history of Massachusetts and good intentions generally resulted in evil work. Many liberal-minded men arose from time to time, but they were not powerful enough to cope with the dense bigotry that prevailed.

Even John Winthrop himself was a man of much tolerance and wisdom. He was liberal enough to send his eldest son, John Winthrop the Younger, to Trinity College, Dublin, where, in spite of the notoriously bigoted proclivities of the institution itself, and by mingling with the kindly people of Dublin, he imbibed some of the liberal principles which afterward distinguished him. He was a man of singularly winning qualities and great moderation, whose Puritanism was devoid of bigotry and who retained the esteem of those who differed from him in opinion. Yet neither his father nor himself could stay the hand of that religious hatred which darkened the early days of the colony which they established. Bitter intolerance generally prevailed and became so deep-rooted that some of it exists to this day.

No truer words of Boston were ever written than those of Mr. Taylor in his opening chapter: "Founded for the sake of an unrestrained worship of God, it was most bitter in religious persecution; giving its first thoughts to the establishment of religious education, it darkened ignorance in the days of witchcraft superstition; English of all things, it was of necessity anti-Irish and classed that unfortunate people with the heathen tribes of the forest; yet among her earliest records appear the distinctively Irish names of Cogan, Barry, Connors, McCarty, Kelly; throughout her colonial history, when the wild Irish, the

Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender were classed together and hated in the lump, the Irish were in their midst, though Irish Catholicity remained till near the Revolution almost unrepresented. And what more striking contrast than its first year and its last past (1889), when an Irish Catholic mayor (Hugh O'Brien) for the fourth time entered upon duties that none have more ably or faithfully discharged."

Well may Mr. Taylor call attention to the great transformation which occurred in Boston between the first and the last year of his chronicles. The difference between the old Boston and the new was more than striking—it was wonderful. The condemned religion of the old days had become the strongest and most respected in the new—the hunted Irishman of the earlier times, who had to give security for his good behavior, had become the honored chief magistrate in the later.

The means which brought about these changes was the simple but firm determination of the Irish people that they would not be crushed, that no matter how many times they might be defeated, they would rally again and come to the front. It is the same brave old spirit which has preserved our race through ages of persecution and which in the end, with the help of God, will confound our enemies and re-establish our independence.

The seven chapters which Mr. Taylor contributes to the history of the Irish in Boston are filled with facts from the public records which prove beyond a doubt the leading part which Irishmen took in the establishment of the town even from its earliest days. In the register of births, deaths, and marriages in Boston, from 1630 to 1700, over two hundred distinctively Irish names appear, while it is safe to say that far more than that number disguised their names in order to escape the severity of the law. Even in cases where the emigrant dared to place his own old home upon record his connections neglected to give the facts, and in the second generation there were few traces left of the nationality of the first—at least on the surface.

Many Irish Catholic families were recorded as English Protestants, and among this class was Peter Pelham, one of the earliest artists of Boston, and Robert Breck, a native of Galway, who settled in Boston in 1636, and from whose family and its collateral branch, the Brecks of Medfield, come many of the most respected citizens of Boston from that day to this.

Florence and Thaddeus Maccarty, who settled in Boston in 1686, were the heads of two families described as English, though they were Irish beyond doubt. Florence Maccarty was worth three thousand pounds at his death and two sons and three daughters survived him. Thaddeus Maccarty had four sons and one

daughter, and was also a man of considerable means. There were other Maccartys of note in Boston about this time not connected with these families, for reference is made to Thomas Maccarty, who graduated from Harvard in 1691, and died in 1698, and to Charles Maccarty, who was badly wounded in the expedition against Quebec in 1690.

David Kelly was a land-owner in Boston in 1679. His son David was born there in 1647 and his son Edward in 1664. John Kelly also lived there about the same time and had two sons, John and Samuel.

Edward Mortimer, an Irishman, was a member of one of the first fire engine companies organized in Boston, and is described as "an accomplished merchant, a person of great modesty, and could answer the most abstruse points in algebra, navigation, etc." He had three sons and three daughters, the first of whom was born in 1676.

Under Cromwell's government many Irish people were sent to New England, and on their arrival were sold as servants or slaves. In 1654 the ship *Goodfellow*, Captain George Dell, arrived at Boston with a large number of Irish immigrants who were sold into service to such of the inhabitants as needed them. It is possible, Mr. Taylor writes, that this is the episode to which Cotton Mather refers as one of the "formidable attempts of Satan and his sons to unsettle us." These immigrants must have been Irish Catholics who were torn from their homes by Cromwell's mercenaries and sold into slavery. Cotton Mather was undoubtedly right. Their coming here was the work of Satan, through his favorite son, Cromwell, and the immigrants did their share not only in unsettling but in completely upsetting the bigoted institutions which Mather upheld.

Mr. Taylor devotes a chapter to the Charitable Irish Society of Boston, to which we have already alluded at some length. He gives the personal records of the leading members and tells many interesting episodes in their careers. We would like to copy this chapter in its entirety but must content ourselves with a few of its most striking passages:

"Daniel Gibbs was probably Captain Daniel Gibbs, of the ship *Sagamore*, who brought 408 passengers from Ireland, arriving in Boston on September 7, 1737. It was doubtless in consequence of his membership that the qualification, 'or trading to these parts' was introduced into the requirements for membership.

"William Hall was president of the society in 1766 and was the first to have his name on the records in that capacity. He served the town as constable in 1730. With John Carr and Cap-

tain James Finney he executed a bond of the penalty of six hundred pounds to indemnify the town on account of one hundred and sixty-two passengers imported by the said Finney in his ship *Charming Molley*, November 7, 1737.

"Peter Pelham was a painter and engraver and the father of fine arts in New England. In 1727 he painted a portrait of Cotton Mather and afterward engraved a portrait from the painting. In 1734 he established a school in Boston for the teaching of reading, writing, needlework, dancing, and the art of painting upon glass. As to his origin there is his own description of himself, in the rules and orders of the Charitable Irish Society, as 'of the Irish nation, residing in Boston.' Besides the fact of Peter Pelham's membership in that famous first meeting of the Charitable Irish Society, the family interest in Irish affairs is noteworthy. Henry Pelham, the son of Peter by his second wife and half brother to Copley, the famous artist, engraved a mezzotint of the Countess of Desmond, and was very much interested in the antiquities of Kerry. He intended to publish a history of that county, but was cut off by accidental death in Ireland while collecting data for his work. Henry Pelham joined the Charitable Irish Society in 1774. He made a plan of Boston in 1775, a tracing of which was reproduced in the Evacuation Memorial in 1876.

"By far the most striking circumstance in this connection is the marriage of Peter Pelham, one of the founders of the Irish Society, with the widow of Richard Copley. She was the daughter of Squire Singleton, of Ireland, and had been married in Limerick. They came to Boston, and John Singleton Copley was born to them on July 3, 1737. Richard Copley died, and his widow for some time kept a tobacco store on Long Wharf. In 1748 Pelham, who had probably lost his wife in 1734, married the Widow Copley. He continued his school teaching and she her shop. John Singleton Copley, the future artist, probably learned as much from his step-father as his time would permit. We may well guess that between the teaching and the engraving and painting of pictures little was told of the secrets of art in the three and a half years that Pelham lived, and Copley afterward vainly regretted the lack of proper instruction in his early years. But in 1753 he engraved a portrait of the Rev. William Welsteed that is said to show traces of Pelham's teaching. His masterpiece was a portrait of his half brother, Henry Pelham, which was called the 'Boy and the Squirrel.' It was sent to England in 1774, and owing to the miscarriage of an accompanying letter, its author was for a time unknown, but it was received enthusiastically by the best judges of art in England, and its

phenomenal success finally drew the young artist to that country, where he was joined in a few years by his family. He never returned to America. His best pictures were painted here. One of his later paintings, executed in England, 'King Charles the First Demanding the Five Impeached Members in the House of Commons, 1641,' is in the Boston Library.

"Robert Auchmuty, father and son, members of the Charitable Irish Society in the years that preceded the Revolution, were learned lawyers, and their influence was felt in the progressive tendency of the town. The elder Robert was instrumental in bringing about the expedition for the capture of Louisburg. He was distinguished for wit and learning; he was short in stature, of crabbed manner, and had a squeaky voice. The son was highly gifted with eloquence and rose to prominence in his profession, but died in exile in London in 1788. The family were Tories. They are called Scotch by the cyclopedias, but the elder Robert was for three years President of the Irish Society and its rule as to nationality has already been mentioned.

"Captain William Mackay, described as a gentleman in the Boston Directory of 1789, lived on Fish street, now North street, and was appointed in 1772 on a committee to draw up a statement of the colony's rights and grievances. He succeeded Robert Auchmuty in the presidency of the Society and continued to hold that office till succeeded by Simon Elliot in 1788. During the Revolutionary period he enjoyed to the fullest extent the confidence of his townspeople, serving on many committees for various purposes. Among other things he was a member of the Committee of Correspondence, Safety and Inspection, appointed by the town in 1776. He died in 1801.

"Captain Robert Gardner furnished the town of Boston a ship to take home 'a true account of the horrid massacre' of November 5, 1770. This gentleman's interest in his fellow-countrymen appears from the records of the Charitable Irish Society. At his instance the Society voted, in 1794, a sum not exceeding three pounds to purchase school books for poor children of Irish extraction. Again in 1801 he advanced money from his own purse to the distressed immigrants on the brigantine Albicorne, trusting to the Society to repay him. The last record we have of him is in 1812, when he held the office of Treasurer of the Society.

"An important part of the membership of the Charitable Irish Society was the Irish Presbyterian Church, established in Boston in 1727. They first worshiped in a building which had been a barn on the corner of Berry street and Long lane, now Channing and Federal streets; and this unpretentious building

served them, with the addition of a couple of wings, till 1744, when a comfortable church was erected that bore a conspicuous part in the history of the town, and, indeed, of the nation, for it was here that the Massachusetts Convention met to debate the Federal Constitution, and finally to accept it, February 7, 1788, and to this fact Federal street owes its name. Governor Hancock presented to the new building the bell and vane of the old Brattle street meeting house. Their first pastor was John Moorehead, who was born near Belfast, Ireland, in 1703. He was described as a forcible preacher, honest, and blunt, and an 'earnest and enthusiastic young Irishman.' He maintained his connection with the church until his death, which occurred just at the beginning of the struggle for American Independence. He was elected a member of the Charitable Irish Society in 1739 and gave them sound advice upon occasion.

"Captain Daniel Malcom was a citizen of Boston of considerable prominence in the exciting times that immediately preceded the Revolution. His name first occurs in the town records in the meeting of March 10, 1766. Soon the attention of the town was attracted to an event of no common importance, in which Captain Malcom was the principal figure. The revenue officers, suspecting contraband goods to be on his premises, began a search without due warrant. The sturdy captain stopped them at the door of a room that he had his own reasons for protecting, and so stubborn and defiant was he that they were glad to postpone the affair. But when they returned their reception was even worse. Captain Malcom had his Irish temper stirred and would not suffer them to cross his threshold. Gathering his friends about him, he showed fight, and for a moment it looked as if bloodshed would follow. The British officers, however, consulted the better part of valor and let the contraband goods remain.

"Gage quartered a regiment in Boston and the frigate Romney and four other war vessels were stationed in Boston Harbor. The crews of these ships were strengthened by the fishermen of New England, who were kidnapped by the press-gang. The excitement finally culminated in the seizure of the sloop Liberty, which belonged to John Hancock, who was a large ship-owner. She arrived from Madeira in June, 1768, and made fast to Hancock's wharf, now Lewis wharf. The cargo was wine and it is said part of it was consigned to Malcom. Thomas Kirk, the tidewaiter, or customs inspector, went on board her on Friday, June 10, and was followed by Captain John Marshall, the commander of Hancock's London packet-ship, with some others. They fastened Kirk below and kept him there some hours, while

they removed part of the cargo. During the night they went on with the good work and were not interfered with, a guard of thirty or forty strapping fellows, bearing clubs, marching with the loaded carts. The next day Captain Bernard, master of the sloop, made entry of five pipes of wine as his whole cargo, and then there was trouble. The collector, Joseph Harrison, and the comptroller, Benjamin Hallowell, repaired to the wharf with the declared intention of seizing the ship. Hallowell seized the vessel and boats were sent from the Romney to bring her out under the guns of the men-o'-war. Meanwhile the streets were filling with an excited crowd. Malcom stood at the head of his friends on the wharf and protested against the removal. He and the other leaders threatened to throw the frigate's people into the sea. Suddenly the sloop's moorings were cut and she was gone from the dock. The customs officers now repented of their hasty action, for the people became utterly furious. They attacked the officials, broke their swords, and handled them without mercy. They smashed the windows in their houses, seized the collector's boat, dragged it to the common and made a bonfire of it.

"Captain Malcom was an Irishman and at the time of which we write had only recently come to Boston. He was elected a member of the Charitable Irish Society in 1766, elected on the board of managers in 1767, and vice president the next year—a position which he held until his death. He was one of the responsible representatives of the society in money matters. His store on Fleet street was the resort of many of the more energetic of the revenue haters and a constant menace to the peace of the King's officers. Ireland could not have presented to the colony a better man for the times, and if he had lived to hear the guns of Bunker Hill it needs no prophet to say that he would have won renown for himself and his race and shared gloriously in the triumph of his adopted country. His fellow-citizens appreciated him and showed their confidence by selecting him as their representative in the troublesome and dangerous crisis in which he was an actor; but there is every reason to believe that his proper sphere was not diplomacy, but active and aggressive resistance. His grave is on Copp's Hill, in the oldest of Boston burial grounds. The stone over it is of hard blue slate, two inches thick and showing about a yard above the ground. The inscription is a just statement of his merits and reputation, but an additional wreath is added to his laurels by the vindictive bullet marks of the British soldiery who peppered the gravestone of the man who feared nothing less than a British 'bloody-back.' The following is the inscription on the stone: 'Here lies buried in a stone grave ten feet deep Captain Daniel Malcom, merchant, who departed

this life October 23, 1769, aged forty-four years. A true son of Liberty, a friend to the publick, an enemy to oppression, and one of the foremost in opposing the Revenue Acts on America.'"

From the biographical sketches of distinguished men of early times, the work of J. B. Cullen himself, together with data which we have gleaned from other sources, we condense the following interesting information of the Irishmen and Irish-Americans who contributed to Boston's greatness from the very beginning of her history:

JOHN HANCOCK.—It is stated by reliable authorities that the ancestors of John Hancock emigrated from near Downpatrick, County Down, Ireland, and settled in Boston toward the close of the seventeenth century. The Tyrone, Ireland, Constitution, quoted in the Irish World Centennial number of 1876, says: "Those who are conversant with Reid's History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland are aware that multitudes of Protestants left Ulster for the plantations of North America. John Hancock's ancestor was among 'that number.'" The Hancocks have been for centuries actively and largely engaged in the foreign and domestic trade of Newry and it was doubtless in a commercial capacity that the first of the name came to Boston. The family to which President Hancock belonged is, it is said, now (1889) represented in Ireland by John Hancock, of Lurgan, and by Neilson Hancock, the founder of the Irish Statistical Society. Anthony Hancock, who came from Ireland, resided in Boston in 1681, and he was evidently the founder of the family in America. John Hancock was born at Braintree, Mass., in 1737. When quite young his father died and he was left in the care of his uncle, a wealthy merchant of Boston, who sent him soon after to Harvard College, where he was graduated in 1754. He then became a clerk in his uncle's office and was sent by him on business to England, where he became acquainted with many of the leading public men. His uncle died in 1763 and left him great wealth—the largest fortune in New England. He became a leader in public affairs and in 1766 represented Boston in the General Assembly. Incidentally his regard and generosity were bestowed upon his kindred in Boston, an example of which was his presentation of a bell and vane to the Irish Presbyterian Church. He was from the first a sturdy opponent of the methods of the London Parliament. He delivered, in 1774, the annual oration in commemoration of the Boston Massacre and was elected in the same year President of the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, and also a delegate to the Continental Congress. On June 12, 1775, he was declared an outlaw by General Gage. Martial law was proclaimed and those in arms and their friends

were pronounced rebels, but a free pardon was offered to all who would return to their allegiance except John Hancock and Samuel Adams. Hancock was again a delegate to the Continental Congress in 1775, and when Randolph, the first President, resigned through ill health fourteen days after it had met, the Massachusetts outlaw was chosen to fill his place. On July 4, 1776, Hancock, as President of Congress, and Charles Thomson, of Maghera, Ireland, as Secretary, signed the Declaration of Independence when it was adopted. With only their names attached to it—the names of an Irish-American and an Irishman—it was sent forth to the world, the other signatures not being affixed until later on. The illustrious First Signer, on account of weakened health, resigned from Congress in 1777. In the following year, however, when General Sullivan was preparing to attack the British on Rhode Island, Hancock hastened to his aid at the head of the militia of Massachusetts, and took part in the stirring events near Bristol Ferry in August, 1778. The year following he was elected Governor of Massachusetts, a position which he continued to hold for five consecutive years, when he declined a re-election. He was again chosen Governor in 1787 and re-elected annually until his death, which took place October 8, 1793.

THE CREHORE FAMILY.—Teague Crehore, who is said to have been stolen from his parents in Ireland when a mere child, was the head of a family whose representatives occupied responsible positions in Boston for six generations. Teague came to Massachusetts some time between 1640 and 1650. He married Mary, daughter of Robert Spurr, of Dorchester, about 1665, and his death is reported in the Milton Records as having occurred on January 3, 1695, in his fifty-fifth year. He left two sons and three daughters. His eldest son, Timothy, added considerably to the family estate. He had a numerous family, ten in all, but only two of them seemed to have continued the name—Timothy, third, and John. The latter, who bore the title of captain, was the head of a single line of males, all bearing the same name, who lived upon a part of the paternal estate, terminating, in the sixth generation from Teague, with the death of John Arnold Crehore, who died January 21, 1877, leaving no issue. The third Timothy, like his father, was the progenitor of all now bearing the name of Crehore. He was born December 3, 1689, married Mary Driscoll, of Dorchester, December 24, 1712, and died December 26, 1755. He left three daughters and two sons, Jedediah and William. Jedediah lived on the estate and it passed into the hands of his third son, John Shepard Crehore, whose sons, Charles C., and Jeremiah, resided on it as late as 1844. William

Crehore also had a number of descendants, one of whom, Thomas, lived in Milton and was a well-known citizen. Benjamin Crehore was also a member of this prolific family. He was noted for his inventive genius and skill in the manufacture of musical instruments. The first piano ever made in the United States was manufactured by him in his shop at Milton in 1800. He was also the first to make bass viols in this country and his instruments were superior to those imported from Europe. One of the largest and most successful piano manufactories in America sprung from his little shop in Milton.

JOHN LYFORD.—The Rev. John Lyford came from Ireland and arrived in Plymouth in 1624. He was sent out by the promoters of the colony in London, who approved of him as an able minister who was willing to risk his life in the wilderness, and with his family, who came with him, to heroically endure many hardships in a strange land that he might enjoy the liberty of his own judgment in matters of religion. But Lyford did not find that freedom of worship which he had anticipated. He discovered a great difference between religious Ireland and the religious tenets of Plymouth. It is thought that Lyford passed through Boston, preaching and exhorting persons to accept his instructions. The Pilgrims disliked his teachings and it is stated in Appleton's American Biography that he was banished from the colony by Governor Winslow for slandering the good Pilgrim Fathers in his letters to England. He must have told some plain truths about the hypocritical Puritans, but in those days truth only added to the enormity of the slander.

WILLIAM HIBBINS was one of the Irish pioneers of the New England colony. He emigrated from Ireland in the ship *Mary* and John and arrived in Boston in 1634. He married a widow named Mrs. Anne Moore, who was a sister of Richard Bellingham, Governor of Massachusetts. William Hibbins was held in high esteem by the people of Boston, and as a magistrate and agent of the colony in England he was regarded by the colonists as an important man. He died in 1654 and was reputed to have left much wealth. Two years after his death his wife was hung by order of the General Court to expiate her alleged crime of witchcraft. No jury could be found to convict her and she suffered death at the hands of the ignorant and prejudiced authorities, even though her own brother was at that time Deputy Governor of the Colony. English civilization then prevailed in Boston with a vengeance. Mrs. Hibbins bequeathed her property to her two sons in Ireland—John and Joseph Moore, of Ballyhorick, in the County of Cork.

ANTHONY GULLIVER was born in Ireland in 1619 and emigrated to Massachusetts in early life. He became possessor

of a large tract of land in the town of Milton and was the ancestor of many able and influential men and women prominent in the history of the place for nearly two hundred years. Lieutenant Jonathan Gulliver, son of Anthony, was also a prominent man in his time and was married to Theodora, daughter of the Rev. Peter Thacher, the first pastor of Milton. Captain Lemuel Gulliver, who lived at Algerine Corner, returned to Ireland in 1723, and gave a glowing description of the American country to his neighbor, Jonathan Swift. Lemuel's imagination was vivid and fanciful, and he turned it to a quaint account in this instance. He declared to Swift that "the frogs were as tall as his knees and had voices that were guitar-like in their tones; the mosquitoes' bills were as long as darning needles;" and from these exaggerated and fabulous accounts of the country, the great Swift conceived and wrote the famous *Gulliver's Travels*, which was published in 1726. In a letter dated March 23, 1727, Pope wrote as follows to Swift: "I send you a very odd thing, a paper printed in Boston, in New England, wherein you'll find a real person, a member of their Parliament, of the name of Jonathan Gulliver."

JAMES BOIES was recognized as a faithful citizen, and earnest patriot, a prominent manufacturer, and a projector of many valuable enterprises. Mr. Boies was born in Ireland in 1702 and died in Milton, Mass., July 11, 1798, at the advanced age of ninety-six years. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Jeremiah Smith, his fellow-countryman and the grandfather of Hon. Henry L. Pierce, one of Boston's most distinguished chief magistrates. Mr. Boies settled in Dorchester in the middle of the eighteenth century, and in his younger days acted as supercargo on vessels bringing emigrants from Ireland. He became familiarly known as Captain Boies and had great business capacity. On the 13th of September, 1759, he was with General Wolfe in the battle on the plains of Abraham. In 1775 General Washington appointed him to take charge of the transportation of the faggots of birch and swamp-brush which had been piled up at Little Neck the previous winter. Captain Boies directed the work and three hundred teams were engaged in transporting the material to Dorchester Heights, with which they were fortified, and the evacuation of Boston followed. The British army, numbering eight thousand troops, under General Howe, sailed for Halifax in 120 vessels. Captain Boies was one of a committee who drew up instructions for the representatives of Milton on May 28, 1776, which declared that the Colony would support the United Colonies of North America with their fortunes and their lives if Congress should declare them independent of Great

Britain. Mr. Boies was interested in paper mills and the manufacture of paper as early as 1760, and in 1778 he bought the slitting-mill property, which was the first mill started in the provinces for slitting iron. Jeremiah Smith, Hugh McLean, and James Boies may be said to be the founders and early promoters of the paper industry of Dorchester. That industry stood in greater need of American workmen than any other, and the enterprise of these three Irishmen who fathered the movement can never be overestimated.

JEREMIAH SMITH BOIES was the son of Captain James Boies and was born in Milton in 1762. In 1783 he graduated from Harvard and followed in the footsteps of his worthy Irish father, distinguishing himself in public affairs, works of benevolence, and business enterprises. He removed to Boston and served on the Board of Aldermen in 1827. He died in that city in 1851.

JEREMIAH SMITH was born in Ireland in 1705. In 1726 he came to Boston with his wife, but moved to Milton in 1737. On September 13, 1728, the General Court passed an act granting the exclusive privilege of making paper in Massachusetts for a term of ten years to some Boston merchants, among them being Thomas Hancock and Benjamin Faneuil. These gentlemen carried on the business until 1737, when it came under the superintendency of Jeremiah Smith. In 1741 he was enabled to purchase the mill, with seven acres of land lying on both sides of the Neponset River. Mr. Smith continued to carry on the business until 1775, when, having accumulated a fortune, he sold out to his son-in-law, Daniel Vose, and retired from active business. To Mr. Smith belongs the credit of being the first individual paper manufacturer, and to others of his countrymen is due the fact that the Neponset River was made by them the basis of paper manufacturing in the North American Colonies, which, in a measure, lasts to this day. Jeremiah Smith was a neighbor of Governor Hutchinson and was also very intimate with Governor Hancock, at whose hospitable board he was ever welcome. He was the grandfather of Hon. Henry L. Pierce and Edmund J. Barker, of Dorchester; also the great-grandfather of Governor Henry J. Gardner. His death occurred in Milton in 1790.

HUGH McLEAN was born in Ireland in 1724. In his younger days he followed the sea, and while in this occupation he became acquainted with his countryman, Captain Boies, who induced him to come to America and settle in Milton, Mass. He married Agnes, the daughter of Captain Boies, and entered into partnership with his father-in-law and accumulated a considerable fortune. Hugh McLean continued to live in Milton all his life, where he was looked up to as a most honorable man and

benevolent citizen. He died in Milton in December, 1799, at the age of seventy-five, and left a son, JOHN McLEAN, who proved himself worthy in every way of his Irish father and Irish-American mother, and became distinguished as a great humanitarian and public benefactor. At the time of his birth in 1761 his mother was the guest of Jeremiah Smith at Milton Lower Falls. His father was then at St. George attending to some business of importance. His mother preferred to remain among her kindred, for the Smith, Boies, and McLean families were most intimately affiliated by race ties and relationship. John McLean lived with his father at Milton until he reached his majority. He was a man of handsome countenance and commanding figure, and the magnetic quality of his social and genial nature captivated those who came in contact with him. He married Ann Amory, of Boston, daughter of the distinguished family of that name. Business adversity embarrassed him toward the close of the eighteenth century. A few years later, however, he invited all of his creditors to a supper at the Exchange Coffee House, in Boston, where the sterling integrity which was the basis of his noble character manifested itself by a most pleasing and substantial act. When his guests assembled at the table every man found under his plate a check for the full amount of his debt, principal and interest. Mr. McLean became one of the wealthiest men of his time, and the Massachusetts General Hospital and Harvard College are monumental edifices to his generosity and memory. He made the former his residuary legatee. At the time of its incorporation the Massachusetts General Hospital was given \$100,000 by the State, with the stipulation that it might bear the name of any benefactor who should contribute a large sum. Although Mr. McLean's legacy was in excess of that amount the managers unjustly refused to give his name to the General Hospital. Instead they placed it on the institution for the insane—the McLean Asylum for the Insane. Up to the year 1886 over forty-three thousand dollars had been realized from his bequests to Harvard College. He died in 1823, leaving many legacies to private charities. He possessed a generous Irish heart and no hand was ever more ready than his to extend relief to the needy and suffering.

JOHN HANNAN manufactured the first chocolate made in the British Provinces of North America. He came from Ireland to Boston in the fall of 1764 in a distressed condition, but he was aided by Captain Boies, who generously built him a chocolate mill, on the same spot where now stands the famous chocolate establishment of Henry L. Pierce, himself the descendant of an Irish settler—Jeremiah Smith. The chocolate business

is now one of the greatest industries in the United States, but it must not be forgotten that it has grown out of the humble efforts of Irish John Hannan, aided by the generosity of his distinguished fellow-countryman, Captain James Boies.

JONATHAN JACKSON was the founder of one of the most distinguished families in Massachusetts. He came from Ireland with his parents who settled in Newburyport, Mass., where Jonathan became a prosperous merchant. His eldest son Charles was born in that town on May 31, 1775. He graduated from Harvard in 1793 and became a lawyer. He removed to Boston in 1803 and was immediately recognized as one of the foremost lawyers of the bar. He formed a partnership with Samuel Hubbard and their business was said to have been the most profitable in New England up to that time. He was Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts for ten years, was a member of the State Constitutional Convention in 1820, and one of the Commissioners to revise the General Statutes of the State in 1832. He published a treatise on Pleadings and Practice in Real Actions and contributed many valuable papers to American jurisprudence.

JAMES JACKSON, second son of the founder Jonathan, was born in Newburyport on October 3, 1777. He graduated from Harvard, studied medicine, and became one of the most eminent physicians in Boston. He was professor of clinical medicine at Harvard, and was one of the principals in establishing the asylum for the insane at Somerville and the Massachusetts General Hospital, of which he was the first physician. He was made Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine at Harvard in 1812, and was for several years President of the Massachusetts Medical Society. He wrote numerous medical works and papers. In 1835 Dr. Jackson resigned his professorship and other public positions and thereafter only attended to his private practice. He died in Boston, August 27, 1867, at the age of ninety years, one of the most honored and respected citizens of Massachusetts.

PATRICK TRACY JACKSON, the third son of Jonathan, was born in Newburyport, Mass., August 14, 1780, and became one of the most eminent merchants in America. He came to Boston at an early age, established himself in the India trade, and was highly successful. He engaged with his brother-in-law, Francis C. Lowell, in the project of establishing cotton mills and of introducing the power-loom. Lowell had been in England, examining and investigating as much as possible, but failed to solve the secret process and the technique of the machine, which were not divulged to him. Jackson and himself then invented a model, from which Paul Moody constructed a machine, and in 1813 built their first mill at Waltham, near Boston, which is said

to have been the first in the world that combined all the operations of converting raw cotton into finished cloth. In 1821 Jackson organized the Merrimack Manufacturing Company and made large land purchases on the Merrimac River, where a number of mills were erected, and from this settlement generated the busy city of Lowell, which Jackson modestly named after his brother-in-law, instead of taking the honor himself as others would have done. A few years later he formed another company and built more mills, and in 1830 he secured the charter for a railroad between Lowell and Boston. The construction of the road, which was completed in 1835, was under his superintendence and direction and it was pronounced to be the most perfect of its kind then in this country. His interests were extensive and of great value, but the financial crisis of 1837 swept away his magnificent fortune in a few months. His services were eagerly sought, however, and he was the custodian of many important trusts connected with great and valuable manufacturing interests. He was one of the brightest men of his time, possessing the generosity of his race and bearing the love of his employees, for whose moral and intellectual improvement he was ever solicitous. He died August 27, 1867, in his eighty-eighth year. His maternal grandfather, from whom he derived his name, was Patrick Tracy, an opulent merchant of Newburyport—an Irishman by birth who came to this country at an early age, poor and friendless, but who had raised himself by his own exertions to a position of independence and whose character was universally esteemed by his fellow-citizens.

JAMES KAVANAGH was a native of Wexford, Ireland, and emigrated to Boston in 1780. He was a man of superior business attainments and excellent executive ability, but did not remain long in Boston. He settled in Damariscotta Mills, Me., where he engaged extensively in the lumber business and built several sailing vessels. He was the father of Edward Kavanagh, the statesman, who was born in Newcastle, Me., April 27, 1795. Edward was educated in Georgetown College and graduated from Montreal Seminary in 1820. He studied law, was admitted to the bar, and began practice in Damariscotta, Me. He was a member of the Maine Legislature in 1826-28, and again in 1842-43. He was Secretary of the State Senate in 1840 and afterward its President. He was elected to Congress as a Jackson Democrat, serving from 1831 till 1835, and then became Charge d'Affaires in Portugal, where he remained till 1842. He was afterward a member of the Commission to settle the northeastern boundary of Maine, and in 1842-43 served as Acting-Governor of Maine on the election of Governor John Fairfield to the United States

Senate. He died on January 21, 1844, at the early age of forty-nine years. Had he lived to an old age he would undoubtedly have achieved great national distinction.

JAMES DUNLAP was one of the leading merchants of Salem during the Revolution. He was a native of Ireland and was the father of Andrew Dunlap, the great orator and lawyer, who was born in Salem in 1794. Andrew Dunlap, in 1820, moved to Boston, where his eloquence made him one of the leading pleaders at the bar. He was warmly attached to the Democratic party and earnestly advocated the election of Andrew Jackson, to whose policy he remained devoted to the end of his life. He delivered orations in Boston on Independence Day in 1822 and 1832, and served as United States District Attorney from 1829 to 1835. When he resigned, in the latter year, Joseph Story and Judge Davis paid him affectionate tributes of esteem. He died in 1835 at the early age of forty-one years. His *Treatise on the Practice of Admiralty Courts* was published after his death under the editorship of Charles Sumner.

Two of the most distinguished men in Boston during the first half of the nineteenth century were Cornelius Conway Felton and James Boyd, whose lives, though not belonging to the Revolutionary period, call for notice at our hands.

Felton, who became one of the greatest scholars and writers in Massachusetts, was the son of Irish parents, and was born at Newbury on November 6, 1807. Twenty years later he graduated from Harvard and in 1829, after teaching two years in Genesee, N. Y., he was appointed Assistant Professor of Latin in Harvard, and in 1832 was made Professor of Greek. In 1834 he was promoted to the Eliot Professorship of Greek Literature and was made one of the regents of the college. He was the author of many classical works which ran through several editions, and in 1844 assisted Longfellow in preparing his work on the *Poets and Poetry of Europe*. He was intimately associated with the leaders of thought in Boston and vicinity. He was an able writer and contributed largely to the public discussions of his time.

James Boyd, whose speech of welcome to President Jackson on behalf of the Boston Irish Society we have already printed, was one of the most highly esteemed citizens of Boston, renowned alike for the sterling integrity of his public and private life. He was born at Newtownards, County Down, on November 11, 1793, and came to Boston with his wife, Mary Curry, and their infant child, in the summer of 1817. Eleven children were born to them after their arrival here, most of whom grew to manhood and womanhood and became distinguished members of society. In

1819 James Boyd started in business as a trunk and harness manufacturer, and for over thirty years carried on a most prosperous and extensive trade, not only in his own line, but in mining and cotton manufacture, his sons continuing it for thirty years more. During all this period the firm was conducted on the most honorable basis, all its notes and claims being paid with promptitude. In 1820 Mr. Boyd was granted the first patent ever issued by the United States for the manufacture of fire hose, and he became the leading manufacturer in that line and in general supplies for fire departments. In 1835 Mr. Boyd was elected to the Massachusetts Legislature. One of the most important measures considered that year was the bill for the suppression of riots, suggested by the burning and destruction of the Ursuline Convent at Charlestown, Mass., by the Know-Nothing mob in 1834. In proposing an amendment to this bill Mr. Boyd delivered a most spirited speech which attracted wide attention and voiced the sentiments of all liberal-minded men. He delivered many public speeches on important occasions, but his principal efforts were his speech of welcome to President Andrew Jackson and his centennial oration before the Boston Irish Society in 1837. The latter speech was a brilliant tribute to Ireland and America, and at the same time a stern rebuke to the spirit of Know-Nothingism then so rampant in Massachusetts. He stood always ready to defend his countrymen, but he never uttered a word in their behalf that was not founded on justice. Though differing in religious belief from the great majority of his people, he was one of the truest friends of Catholicity in its days of trouble and by voice and pen defended the right of his people to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience. Mr. Boyd retired from active business in 1852 and died three years later. His good wife survived him nearly nineteen years. Both are buried in Mount Auburn Cemetery, Boston, of which Mr. Boyd was one of the original incorporators. His name will always be held in reverence by the Irishmen and Catholics of Boston.

In his chapter on Witches, Mr. Taylor gives an interesting account of the trial and execution of Mrs. Glover, an old Irishwoman and a Catholic, and the only one of her race or creed ever accused of witchcraft. She was the fourth victim of the wild delusion that seized the people of Massachusetts in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and was, as Mr. Taylor writes, after the witch-hunter's own heart. She was old and ignorant and poor. She spoke a strange tongue, and in secret practiced the rites of her childhood's religion. She was superstitious herself, and in the crazy terror of the time she lost her poor old addled wits and really thought herself a witch.

In the summer of 1688 four of the children of John Goodwin, a mason living in Boston, were afflicted with a disease for which the doctors could not account, and witchcraft was immediately suspected. In the course of the investigation which followed it developed that Martha, the eldest of the Goodwin children, thirteen years of age, missed some of the family linen and had accused a certain laundress of stealing it. "The mother of this laundress," says Governor Hutchinson in his history, "was one of the wild Irish, of bad character, and gave the girl harsh language." The old lady actually had the effrontery to assert her wild Irishism after her daughter had been called a thief! Soon after this the "distemper" came upon the Goodwin girl and extended to her brothers and sister. The two Glover women were arrested, but only the old lady was brought to trial, it being believed that she caused the illness of the children through her agency with the devil.

At the trial there was nothing established to connect Mrs. Glover with the Evil One except the fact that she was once seen "coming down a chimney," while the whole proceedings tended to show that the old lady had simply lapsed into her second childhood and had a habit of playing with rag dolls. Nevertheless she was hanged on November 16, 1688, after being "drawn on a cart, a hated and dreadful figure, chief in importance, stared at and mocked at, through the principal streets from her prison to the gallows."

She spoke only in Irish during the trial, though it was said she was able to converse in English if she wished. Cotton Mather visited her twice while she lay in prison, and to him also she spoke only in Irish. Her interpreters told him that the Irish word for spirits was the same as that for saints. She refused to pray with him or be prayed for because her spirits or saints would not permit her, which was only another way for saying that she did not want the services of a Protestant clergyman. She could not repeat the Lord's Prayer in English, but was able to say it in Latin, which was undoubtedly the result of her early training in the Penal Days in Ireland. She gave Mr. Mather the names of four persons who were associated with her, evidently co-religionists, but he kept them to himself from a wholesome fear of "wronging the reputation of the innocent by stories not enough inquired into."

Mr. Taylor praises Cotton Mather for the humane counsels which he often interposed in behalf of those accused of witchcraft and truly states that to his moderation and good sense it is undoubtedly due that the names mentioned by the crazed old woman did not lead to further excitement and other judicial murders.

Cotton Mather was one of the most learned men of his time and possessed the largest private library in the country. No one had read so much or retained more of what he read, and he could write and speak in seven languages. Although his vision was very dim and narrow with regard to the future of Irish Catholics in America, and he sometimes acted as if he feared the devil more than he loved God, he was just and liberal in his acts and wrote many good books. Of his "Essays to Do Good" Benjamin Franklin thus writes in a letter to Samuel Mather, dated Passy, France, November 10, 1779: "When I was a boy I met a book entitled 'Essays to Do Good,' which I think was written by your father. It gave me such a turn of thinking as to have an influence on my conduct through life; for I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good than any other kind of reputation, and if I have been, as you seem to think, a useful citizen, the public owes the advantage of it to that book."

As further proof of his liberality we may state that Cotton Mather was a great admirer of Father Jacques Bruyas, the French Catholic missionary, who came from Lyons to Quebec in 1666, who afterward became chief of the Iroquois missions and Superior of his Order, and who wrote many works in the Mohawk language, including a dictionary and a catechism.

Cotton Mather's uncle, Rev. Samuel Mather, spent many years in Dublin, Ireland. Although he went there with Henry Cromwell his views were liberal and he refused to take the places of many Episcopalians whom that worthy banished. In return for his non-conformist work he was made pastor of the Church of St. Nicholas and senior fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. He was driven from Ireland on the Restoration, but returned to Dublin again and founded a Congregational Church, to which he ministered until his death. He was buried in the vaults of the Church of St. Nicholas. His brother Increase, Cotton Mather's father, was a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin. While in Ireland the Mathers evidently imbibed some of the liberal ideas which were soon afterward espoused by George Berkeley, the Protestant Bishop of Cloyne; Dean Swift, Molyneux, and others.

Cullen devotes a lengthy chapter to the history of the Catholic Church in Boston, from which we extract the following passages in reference to its struggles for existence in the days immediately following the Revolution:

"A book devoted to the history of the Irish race in Boston would be woefully incomplete without a sketch of that Church to which at least four-fifths of the race, at home or abroad, belong. The loyalty of the Catholic Irish to their faith is a proverb, and in New England especially 'Irish' and 'Catholic' are, for all prac-

tical purposes, convertible terms. Indeed, humanly speaking, the strength and importance of the Catholic Church in these parts to-day are due to the influx of the Irish element, and to the large and attractive personalities of the Irishmen who became prominent in her episcopate and priesthood. It remains, therefore, but to outline Catholic progress, as a whole, in Boston.

"The first Catholic ever to set foot in Boston was, doubtless, the Jesuit missionary, the Rev. Gabriel Druillettes. He had been a successful missionary among the Abnaki Indians in Maine. In 1650, Canada being anxious to open a free intercolonial trade and association, for mutual defense against the Iroquois with New England, Father Druillettes was sent in quality of ambassador, so to speak, by the Canadian authorities to the governing powers in New England. The Jesuit was courteously received by Major-General Gibbons, who gave him a room in his house where he could be free to say his prayers and perform the exercises of his religion. Whence Dr. John Gilmary Shea thinks we may infer that Father Druillettes celebrated Mass in Boston, December, 1650. At Roxbury he visited Eliot (the Pilgrim missionary to the Indians), who pressed him to remain under his roof until spring. The Jesuit did not prolong his stay. Be it remembered that only three years before, 1647, a law had been enacted in New England expelling every Jesuit from the colonies, and dooming him to the gallows if he returned.

"A French Protestant refugee, who was in Boston in 1687, found eight or ten Catholics, three of whom were French, the others Irish. None were permanently settled, however, except the surgeon, who was, Dr. Shea thinks, Dr. Le Baron.

"From 1711-13, Father Justinian Durant, one of the priests who had tried to labor among the oppressed Acadians in Nova Scotia, was a prisoner in Boston.

"In 1775, when Washington took command of the American forces at Cambridge, and forbade the observance of 'Pope Day,' there were evidently a few Catholics permanently located in Boston, Charlestown, and the towns in the vicinity. The Abbe Robin, a French priest, was in Boston in 1781; Father Lacy, an Irish priest, made a short visit to Boston about the same year. The Tories in Boston tried to excite anti-Catholic prejudice in New England against the American cause, on account of the alliance of Congress with France, and in their journals—how history repeats itself!—published imaginary items, dated ten years ahead, detailing the terrible things which would happen now that Popery was suffered to exist.

"In 1788 the Boston Catholics, under the direction of Father de la Poterie, a priest from the diocese of Arien, France, acquired

a site of a French Huguenot church on School street, and erected a small brick church under the title of the Holy Cross. The Archbishop of Paris, on an appeal from the French Catholics in Boston, sent to the little church a needed outfit. There was, however, scant spiritual comfort for the Catholics in Boston till 1799, when Bishop Carroll sent them Father John Thayer, a native of Boston, who had been converted while traveling in Europe, received into the church in Rome in 1783, and ordained about three years later. When he took charge of his flock he found it numbered about one hundred—French, Irish, and American.

"Bishop Carroll visited Boston for the first time in the spring of 1791, to heal the Division made in the little congregation by the disedifying French priest Rousselet. The Bishop was courteously received by Bostonians generally, and having been invited to the annual dinner of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, pronounced the thanksgiving at the close of the banquet.

"Catholic growth in Boston was greatly quickened by the advent thither, in 1792, of the Rev. Francis A. Matignon, formerly professor in the College of Navarre, France, and experienced among English Catholics. He was joined, four years later, by his friend and countryman, the Rev. John Cheverus, like himself a refugee from the French revolution. These two priests by their exemplary lives, unwearied devotion to the duties of their office, profound, learning, kindness, and tact, disarmed, by degrees, the prejudice and suspicion with which all things Catholic were regarded in Boston. The sermons of Father Cheverus attracted crowds of Protestants. His devotion to his fellow-citizens—whose nurse and spiritual consoler he became, without distinction of race or creed, when the yellow fever scourge visited Boston, completed his victory.

"The Legislature of Massachusetts was preparing the formula of an oath to be taken by all the citizens of the State before voting at elections; but, fearing it might contain something objectionable to the Catholic conscience, they submitted it to Father Cheverus, accepted his revision, and enacted it into a law.

"In 1799 the Catholics felt the need of a new church. A subscription list was opened, which John Adams, President of the United States, headed with a generous offering. James Bullfinch, Esq., drew the plans and declined remuneration therefor. On St. Patrick's Day, 1800, ground was broken on the site acquired on Franklin street.

"The same year, however, witnessed a revival of the old anti-Catholic spirit, and Father Cheverus was prosecuted by Attorney-

General Sullivan on the charge that he had violated the law, which was held to permit his ministrations only in Boston, by marrying two Catholics in Maine. Judges Bradbury and Strong were especially hostile to Father Cheverus; but Judge Sewall, grandfather, we believe, of Samuel Sewall, the eminent abolitionist, lately deceased, was unprejudiced. The pillory and a fine were threatened; Bradbury would have the law carried out to the letter; but he was thrown from his horse and prevented from attending court, and the Attorney-General was absent when the case was reached. The prosecution lapsed.

"In 1803 Bishop Carroll came on and dedicated the church of the Holy Cross, assisted by Doctors Matignon and Cheverus. The late Honorable E. Hasket Derby presented this church with a bell from Spain. His son, the famous oculist, Dr. Hasket Derby, became a Catholic and is a devoted attendant at the Cathedral. The bell is in the mortuary chapel at Holyhood.

"The humble and unpromising beginnings of the church in Boston have been dwelt on thus minutely only for the sake of contrast with its magnificent development of to-day—a development which sets it in the front rank of American Catholic Sees—second only in numerical strength, riches, enterprise, and last but not far from least, steadfast faith and loyalty of religious spirit, to the great See of New York itself.

"In 1808 Pope Pius VII erected four new Episcopal Sees in the United States, one of which was Boston, with Dr. Cheverus as first Bishop. He was consecrated in Baltimore, by Archbishop Carroll, November 1, 1810. Bishop Cheverus established a little theological seminary under his own roof for candidates for the priesthood, and founded an Ursuline Convent in Boston for the education of young girls. Boston's second Catholic parish—St. Augustine's, South Boston—was created by Bishop Cheverus. In 1823 his failing health obliged him to return to his native France, where he became successively Bishop of Montauban and Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux, dying in 1836. His departure from Boston was mourned as much by Protestants as by Catholics. A Protestant lady, Mrs. John Gore, had his portrait painted by Gilbert Stuart. This portrait, now the property of Mrs. Horatio Greengough, adorns the Boston Art Museum. During his administration many converts were received into the church, members of the most distinguished New England families.

"Bishop Cheverus was succeeded in Boston by the Right Rev. Benedict Joseph Fenwick, a lineal descendant of Cuthbert Fenwick, one of the Catholics who came to Maryland with Lord Baltimore. At the time he assumed control there was only one diocese and four Catholic Churches in all New England, but dur-

ing his episcopate Irish Catholics commenced to arrive in great numbers and new churches and schools were rapidly established. At his death, in 1846, there were fifty churches, an orphan asylum and numerous schools, colleges, and academies in his diocese.

"When Bishop Fenwick was a young priest he was sent for by Thomas Paine, the celebrated author, who was then suffering from the illness of which he died, and afterward described the visit in an interesting letter to his brother, the Rev. Enoch Fenwick. The Right Rev. Edward D. Fenwick, another brother of the Bishop of Boston, was the first Bishop of Cincinnati.

"When Bishop Fenwick first went to Boston he had but one priest in the city to share his labors—the Rev. P. Byrne, a native of Kilkenny, Ireland. With the Rev. Dennis Ryan, also a Kilkenny man, he rendered inestimable services during the infancy of the church in New England. Father Ryan was then the only priest in the present State of Maine and his name will be always held in tender memory by the Catholics of that section.

"We cannot here repeat the vast number of Irish and Irish-American priests who, under Bishop Fitzpatrick and the present illustrious head of the archdiocese, labored zealously to bring the Catholic Church to its present magnificent standing. The fact that the archdiocese of Boston now contains over 700,000 Catholics, and that there are six flourishing dioceses in New England, is due mainly to their faithful and devoted services. And they were not alone true to the interests of their Mother Church, but they proved themselves worthy and useful citizens of the State and nation. Instead of being a menace to American institutions, as many men of bigoted minds freely avowed in the past and even in the present, they have ever been, and ever will continue to be, the chief supporters of the laws and liberties of the United States."

While John Bernard Cullen has minutely described the services of his Catholic fellow-countrymen to Boston and Massachusetts, he has not allowed religious prejudice to mar the records of non-Catholic Irishmen, or even of those who in the stress of persecution lapsed from their faith or changed their Irish names. All have received justice at his hands, and he has brought to light names and services that but for his devoted labor would have been lost to the credit of Ireland. Through him we have learned that it was an Irish-American who did most to establish the Massachusetts General Hospital, and an Irish-American who was its first physician; that Irish-Americans made the first chocolate and the first musical instruments; that they manufactured the first cotton, and built the first railroad between Lowell and Boston, and that three native born Irishmen were instrumental

in making Massachusetts the leading State in the manufacture of paper.

These achievements and the many others of a like nature which we have already recorded, show that the Irish people were well represented in Boston at the opening of the Revolution. Though there were a few Tories among them, like the Auchmutys, the vast majority of them threw themselves with enthusiasm into the American cause and distinguished themselves with the greatest bravery during the long continued struggle. Even during the darkest hours of the conflict, when hope was seemingly banished from the stoutest hearts, they never lost courage and their fortunes and their lives were freely sacrificed on the altar of American liberty and independence.

The Scot's Charitable Society absconded in a body with the British Army to Halifax, carrying with them the records of the society. After the war was all over they returned in 1786 and reorganized and incorporated their society with eleven members. This shows the wide difference between real Scotchmen and those native born sons of Ireland whom prejudiced historians falsely distinguish with the prefix Scotch.

But the Boston Irish Society remained, and having cut off the few rotten Tory branches that disfigured them, they stepped forward like true liberty-loving men in answer to the gun that was heard around the world."

CHAPTER XIX.

LEXINGTON AND CONCORD.

On the night of April 18, 1775, the people of Boston retired to their wonted rest entirely unaware that a foray into the country toward Lexington and Concord was being prepared by the British soldiers which was destined to mark the opening of the Revolution so long pending.

The object of the expedition was to destroy the stores collected by the patriots at Concord and to strike terror into the people along the route by the usual methods of English warfare—murder and the torch.

The British soldiers, 800 in number, left Boston at midnight, embarking at the Common and landing at Phipp's Farm. They marched with the greatest secrecy, arresting every person they met to prevent the spread of information as to their movements. They were under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn.

Many of the leaders of the Revolution, fearing arrest and transportation to England, had already left Boston and betaken themselves to places of safety beyond the reach of the British troops. John Hancock and Samuel Adams were staying at Lexington, thirteen miles from Boston, at the residence of the Rev. Jonas Clarke. This house was built by Thomas Hancock, in 1718 for his father, the Rev. John Hancock, who was minister at Lexington for fifty-two years, and who was succeeded by Mr. Clarke.

It was the intention of General Gage to capture the two patriots at Lexington, but Dr. Joseph Warren, who had remained in Boston to watch the movements of the English, learned his design and dispatched Paul Revere to warn Hancock and Adams.

Crossing to Charlestown by boat, long before the British, Revere procured a horse and rode through Medford, rousing the Minutemen by the way, and after barely escaping capture by some British officers reached Lexington at midnight and delivered his message. Hancock and Adams having been persuaded to retire to Woburn, Revere, accompanied by Dr. Samuel Prescott and William Dawes, continued his ride toward Concord. Revere and Dawes were captured at Lincoln, and brought back to Lexington, but Prescott escaped by leaping over a wall and rode on to Concord, where he alarmed the inhabitants.

Longfellow made the ride of Paul Revere the subject of a spirited poem, but it is now left out of the popular editions of that poet. This is only one of the signs of the tendency of modern American literature—the productions of what is called the philosophical or English-paid school—to belittle or ignore the characters of Revolutionary heroes. In the same spirit Dwight Tilton, in his historical novel “My Lady Laughter,” endeavors to blast the reputation of John Hancock, a man who on countless occasions staked his fortune and his life on the American cause.

As a contrast to this decadence in our modern literature we take up the Sixth Reader of Lewis B. Monroe, Dean of the Boston University School of Oratory, published in 1872 for the public schools, and find in it not only Longfellow’s immortal poem on Paul Revere’s Ride and many other American patriotic productions, but also many beautiful selections from Irish authors—four from Moore and one each from Goldsmith, Griffin, Allingham, Ferguson, and Edmund Burke, together with a touching article on the Irish famine. As all our young people should know Paul Revere’s Ride by heart, we print it here in full for their benefit:

PAUL REVERE’S RIDE.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April in Seventy-five:
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend—“If the British march
By land or see from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower, as a signal light—
One if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm,
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm.”

Then he said “Good night!” and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where, swinging wide at her mooring, lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar

Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection on the tide.
Meanwhile his friend, through alley and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,

Till, in the silence around he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch.

On the somber rafters that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade—
Up the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen, and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.
Beneath, in the church-yard lay the dead
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence, so deep and still
That he could hear, like the sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"

A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay—
A line of black, that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and somber and still.

And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second light in the belfry burns!
A hurry of hoofs in the village street.

A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying, fearless, and fleet;
That was all! and yet, through the gloom and the light
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the sparks struck out by that steed in his flight
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town,
He heard the crowing of the cock
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog
That rises after the sun goes down.
It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington,

He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town;
He heard the bleating of the flock
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall
Chasing the redcoats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere,
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm—
A cry of defiance and not of fear—
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forever more!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

When the British arrived in Lexington they found about one hundred of the militia collected upon the green under the command of Captain Jonas Parker. The British, in overwhelming numbers, rushed upon them, their commander, Major Pitcairn, shouting, "Disperse, you villians; Lay down your arms! Disperse, ye rebels, disperse!"

As the patriots did not immediately lay down their arms Pitcairn, waving his sword, gave orders to surround them. At the same moment some random shots were fired by the British, but without effect, which were promptly returned by the Americans. Pitcairn then drew his pistol and discharged it, at the same time giving the word Fire!

A general discharge of musketry ensued. The patriots were compelled to fall back by overwhelming numbers and four of their number were killed. Fired upon while retreating, several of them halted and returned the shots. Altogether eight Americans were killed, among them the brave Captain Parker, who had repeatedly said that he never would run from the British. He was wounded at the first fire, but continuing to discharge his gun without retreating he was bayoneted to death by the overpowering English. As soon as the patriots were dispersed the British, now joined by Colonel Smith and his whole force, pushed on toward Concord, six miles distant. Confident of success, the whole party were in high spirits. But Concord had been aroused and the minute-men were gathering to receive the invaders. The bells were rung and before daylight the people were in arms under the command of Colonel James Barrett. The whole population, including the women, assisted in removing the stores to a place of safety.

About 7 o'clock in the morning the British soldiers were seen advancing along the Lexington road. Their strength being more than three times that of the Americans, Colonel Barrett thought it prudent to temporarily retire to the high ground over the North Bridge, about a mile from the Common.

The British entered Concord unopposed. The main body remained in the town, but six companies were sent to secure the North and South Bridges. The moment they arrived the torch was applied and the work of destruction was commenced. They destroyed a quantity of flour, burned sixteen new carriage wheels, cut down the Liberty Pole, and set fire to the courthouse.

Most of their operations could be seen by the patriots from their point of vantage on the heights and when the fires were lighted in the center of the village they became greatly excited, and they immediately resolved to dislodge the enemy at the North Bridge. Wheeling into marching order, under the command of

Major John Buttrick, four companies of the militia advanced on the bridge. When the Americans were within a few rods of the river they were fired upon by the British and three of their number slain. "Fire, fellow-soldiers! for God's sake, fire," shouted the brave Buttrick on seeing his companions fall, and immediately a full volley was poured into the ranks of the invaders. Three of the British were killed and several wounded and taken prisoners. Some other shots were fired, but in a few minutes Captain Lawrie, the British commander, ordered a retreat and the Americans took possession of the bridge. The British fled with so much haste that they left two of their dead upon the field.

Colonel Smith, in the village, on hearing the firing at the bridge, sent reinforcements. These met the retreating detachment of Lawrie, but, observing the increasing force of the militia, wheeled and joined in the retreat. Colonel Smith, too, thought it prudent to return with his troops to Boston as speedily as possible, and a little after 12 o'clock started homeward on his inglorious march.

Then commenced a succession of desultory attacks—the colonists rushing from all quarters to the scene of action, and without concert, organization, or orders, and utterly disregarding the counsels of the morning not to attack the enemy without provocation, maintained a galling fire upon the confused troops from house and wall and hedge. In the midst of their perplexities the British soldiers commenced that fatal retreat, which would probably have been their last, had not Gage, apprehensive for the fate of the expedition, dispatched Lord Percy in the morning with strong reinforcements to support Colonel Smith. The retreating and advancing detachments entered Lexington at different points together, and the latter temporarily checked the fierce pursuit of the Americans, while the former were resuming order and putting themselves in a better posture of defense.

Percy's brigade met the wearied troops between 2 and 3 o'clock. He formed a hollow square, planted his cannon for its defense, and received within it the worn-out companies of Colonel Smith. Many of the soldiers fell upon the ground completely overcome. "They were," writes Stedman, "so much exhausted with fatigue that they were obliged to lie down for rest on the ground, their tongues hanging out of their mouths like those of dogs after a chase."

Tired as the British were they managed to indulge in their usual acts of vengeance. Three houses, two shops, and a barn were laid in ashes in Lexington, and many buildings were defaced or destroyed, and numbers of helpless persons were abused and

killed along the route. A swift and terrible vengeance, however, overtook the cowardly perpetrators of these deeds.

"But brief, indeed," writes Michael Doheny, "was the pause of the retreating columns. Hurriedly they again resumed their backward route, and with their first step was recommenced the telling fire from flanks, rear, and front, whenever a hillside, a safe defile, or a parallel stone fence afforded shelter to the pursuers. As the troops entered Charlestown Common, thinned in ranks and subdued in courage, at set of sun, the avenging and lately despised citizen soldiers were hot upon their track, pressing them till the last man found shelter as he crossed the Neck to Bunker Hill, under the protecting guns of the ships of war.

"The loss of the British in killed, wounded, and prisoners was 273; that of the Americans 90. But greater advantages accrued to the latter from their victory, than the disparity of their dead.

"They had met in open conflict the proud army of England and overthrown it. They had come to that conflict on a sudden summons, without arrangement, discipline, or experience, every one obeying the impulse of his own patriotism and courage; and though some were roused from their sleep at dead of night, others hurried, half armed, from long distances, and others mingled in the fray without well knowing how it commenced or what its object—all fought without shrinking until the night closed upon vanquished and victors, when they first had time to consider the consequences of the unforeseen battle and the un hoped for triumph they had won.

"Out of victory thus gained in the first encounter arose a new hope for the whole land. The cannon of Lexington dispelled the apathy, as it lighted the indignation of every man from the St. Lawrence to the James River; and though peace was still assumed to be the condition, both England and America felt that their differences were from that hour committed to the arbitrament of the sword, and each prepared at once, with the utmost diligence, for the bloody trial that appeared imminent and inevitable."

This was the first battle of the Revolution and we are proud to say the Irish people nobly took their part in it. It is hard to trace the nationality of many of those who were undoubtedly of Irish origin, but we have sufficient data to prove that at least one hundred and fifty of our countrymen were enrolled among the minutemen of Lexington, while Concord and the other towns through which the English passed were equally as well represented. The brave Captain Parker, who commanded at Lexington and who gave up his life there, was the son of an Irishwoman from

Clare, while Colonel James Barrett, who commanded at Concord, was also an Irish-American, as were also Colonel William Smith and Captain Isaac Davis, the latter being among the first killed at Concord.

Hugh Cargill, a member of Engine Company No. 6, of Boston, was present at the Concord fight and did good work in saving the town records. He was a sergeant in Colonel Nixon's Regiment at Bunker Hill. He afterward moved to Concord and died there in 1799. He bequeathed to the town of Concord the Stratton Farm and other lands valued in 1800 at \$5,000, for the establishment of a poor-house, for which purpose it is still used. His tomb is marked by a plain slab, on which is the following epitaph:

"Here lies interred the remains of Hugh Cargill, late of Boston, who died in Concord, January 12, 1799, in the 60th year of his age. Mr. Cargill was born in Ballyshannon, Ireland, came to this country in 1774, destitute of the comforts of life, but by his industry and good economy he acquired a good estate, demised to his wife, Rebecca Cargill; likewise a large and generous donation to the town of Concord for benevolent purposes."

Another prominent name in the accounts of Concord and Lexington is Dr. Thomas Welsh, an Irish-American, who was army surgeon to the patriots. He met Dr. Joseph Warren, the hero of Bunker Hill, as he rode through Charlestown, at about 10 o'clock on the morning of that memorable April day and was informed by him that the reports of the murderous work of the regulars were true.

"Well," said Dr. Welsh, "they are gone out."

"Yes," replied Dr. Warren, "and we'll be up with them before night."

Dr. Welsh was born at Charlestown in 1754. He performed great service in attending to the wounded at Lexington and Bunker Hill, and at the latter battle assisted in arresting the retreat of the New Hampshire troops. He occupied many of the most responsible positions in the medical profession in Boston, and was Vice President of the Massachusetts Medical Society in 1814. He was also one of the most accomplished orators of his time and delivered the last address in commemoration of the Boston Massacre in 1783, the year peace was proclaimed. He died in 1831.

The following is a list of Irish names taken from the official rolls of the Lexington Minutemen:

Daniel Bagley, John Barrett, John Boyd, Daniel Bradley, John Bradlee, William Bradley, Edward Breck, Joseph Burke, Richard Burke, Daniel Collins, William Connors, John Crehore, Timothy Crehore, William Crehore, James Dempsey, Philip Donehue, Benjamin Donnell, James Donnell, Joseph Donnell, John

Donnelly, John Downing, Andrew Dunningan, John Fadden, Thomas Fanning, William Fanning, John Farley, Michael Farley, John Fay, Thomas Fay, Timothy Fay, William Fay, John Fife, Robert Fife, John Flood, William Flood, John Foley, Mathew Gilligen, Richard Gilpatrick, James Gleeson, John Gleason, Thomas Gleason, John Golden, Joseph Golden, James Gooly, John Grace, Daniel Griffin, Joseph Griffin, John Hacket, Joseph Hacket, Wait Burke, Daniel Carey, Joseph Carey, Peter Carey, William Carey, Silas Carty, John Carroll, Patrick Carrell, Jonathan Carroll, Richard Hacket, Thomas Hacket, William Hacket, Joel Hogan, John Haley, Thomas Haley, William Haley, John Healy, John Holland, John Hugh, David Kelly, George Kelly, John Kelly, Patrick Kelly, Peter Kelly, Richard Kelly, Stephen Kelly, Samuel Kelly, James Kenny, David Kenny, John Kenny, Nathaniel Kenny, Thomas Kenny, William Kenny, Jeremiah Kinney, Daniel Lary, Samuel Lauchlin, James Logan, Joseph McAnnell, Thomas McBride, John McCarty, Andrew McCauseland, John McCullin, Michael McDonnell, James McFadden, Ebenezer McFarley, Thomas McFarley, Henry McDonegal, John McGrah, Daniel McGuire, Joseph Carroll, Cornelius Cochran, William Cochran, Henry Cogen, John Collins, Jeremiah Collins, Mark Collins, Nathaniel Collins, Samuel Collins, John Mack, Patrick McKeen, James McKenny, Joseph McKenny, John McLeary, David McLeary, John McMullen, Thomas McMullen, John Madden, Daniel Mahon, James Mallone, John Manning, Robert Manning, Samuel Manning, Thomas Manning, Timothy Manning, William Manning, Benjamin Maxy, James Magoone, John Mehoney, Daniel Mullikin, Ebenezer Mullikin, John Murphy, Patrick Newjent, Patrick O'Brien, Richard O'Brien, Daniel Shay, John Shea, Edward Tappan, Michael Tappan, John Walsh, Joseph Walsh, Benjamin Walsh, Edward Welsh, John Welsh, Joseph Welsh, Samuel Welsh, Thomas Welsh, Walter Welsh, and William Welsh.

In glancing over this formidable array of Irish names we do not wonder that Hutchinson, the last royal Governor in Massachusetts, exclaimed: "Without the Irish rebels in Massachusetts the opponents of the King could not have succeeded in wresting that noble province from our Sovereign Lord the King!"

The British force which left Boston on the night before Lexington "to drive the miserable and cowardly Yankees and Irish rebels to cover," as Major Pitcairn said, were themselves compelled, through the aid of these brave Irishmen, to flee for their lives before the aroused but undisciplined people.

CHAPTER XX.

BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL, TICONDEROGA, AND THE SEIGE OF BOSTON.

In his Concord Hymn, sung at the dedication of the Battle Monument, near Concord North Bridge, April 19, 1836, Ralph Waldo Emerson thus writes:

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmer stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward sweeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To Die, or leave their children free
Bid time and nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

As a first response to this momentous shot Boston was speedily surrounded by an army of thirty thousand freemen determined not only to avenge Lexington and Concord, but to destroy the power of England in America and drive her soldiers into the sea.

Poorly armed, entirely undisciplined, without supplies or munitions of war, they took no time to consider the chances of success and rushed eagerly into the fray. As Michael Doheny writes, they neither received nor expected pay for their dangerous service, and were kept together solely by virtuous patriotism. The troops, if such they may be called, acknowledged no control, and though they sat down before the city prepared to brave danger and death, they were bound by no obligation save their own courageous purpose. The army was, in fact, a multitude of men brought together by the impulsive enthusiasm of sudden emergency, but there was no instance of devotion in ancient or modern

times to suggest a hope that without provisions, ammunition, clothing, or pay, beyond the uncertain supplies of patriotism, they could be maintained after the first flush of victory subsided or necessity began to press upon them. They had scarcely any of the agencies which in all ages enabled nations to wage successful war.

On the other hand, the British were supplied to repletion with all that the Americans lacked. They had able generals and disciplined troops, and their army was well stored and provided with all the requirements for aggression or defense. Their vessels of war, too, were moored around the town, so placed as to prevent approach or destroy it at a moment's notice. And behind all stood the most unscrupulous and powerful nation in the world on land or sea.

At first General Gage, the British commander, now backed up by fresh reinforcements and new generals in the persons of Howe, Clinton, and Burgoyne—made an agreement with the Select Men of Boston that all who wished might leave town with their families and properties, but the movement became so general that he grew alarmed, fearing that when all the patriots had left the besiegers would not scruple to burn the town. Finally he violated his agreement and would not allow women or children to leave, but kept them as hostages for the good behavior of the patriots. This was a virtual declaration of war against the women and children, an old policy of England, which was repeated in our own day by the horrors of the concentration camps of South Africa.

Thus the perplexities of the Americans were increased. They had not only to risk their own lives in the struggles forced upon them, but the existence of those dearest to them on earth.

"Perhaps," continues Doheny, "that great struggle presented in all vicissitudes no feature so singular and admirable as the mutual faith and trust which kept those thousands of colonists, with their chiefs, knit together during the long and doubtful period that intervened between the battle of Lexington and the appointment by Congress of a commander in chief who was to reduce to order, discipline, and efficiency the elements of resistance which his country presented, and lead these raw troops at first to desperate struggles sure of defeat and finally to victory and glory.

"In the provincial army were many men of eminent abilities and the most tried patriotism but not among them all was there any one moulding mind having confidence and power to undertake the management of the whole, so as to secure the means of making a permanent stand for the liberties of the country. The salvation of America at this juncture depended on the cordiality of co-opera-

tion that prevailed in the camp. Each chief confined the sphere of his action to his own immediate duties, and none thought of supplanting or overruling his brother officer, while every man in the army must have felt that his personal responsibility extended to the entire defense of his country. Hence, he was indifferent where or under whom he served, and was eager to perform any duty, the only emulation between him and his fellows being who could do best service and incur most peril.

"There is no trial of a man's courage so severe as uncertainty; nor was there ever on earth an instance where uncertainty prevailed to as great an extent as during the first struggle of the people of Massachusetts. They knew not what resolve the people of other colonies had come to. From the great extent of the country and the delays and difficulties of holding communications, the people of New England might have been scattered by the invading army long ere those of Virginia or the Carolinas had intelligence of their first resistance, or could even determine on giving or refusing aid. Yet there was none found to falter or to hesitate, and all trusted that the same just cause, in defense of which they took up arms, would find volunteers throughout every part of the continent. They calculated truly, for while the camp was recruited by every young man in the colony, and even the old and feeble attended them with whatever means they could spare, and drove to the camp from hamlet and farm carts of provisions which were bestowed not only without a price but with a benediction—the committees of correspondence in every other colony were actively preparing for the common defense."

Such was the condition of affairs when on the morning of the 17th of June, 1775, a strange and wonderful sight presented itself to the British, right under their very guns. During the preceding night, without a word of warning or a sound of alarm, and within ear-shot of the British sentinels and ships of war, Breed's Hill had been strongly fortified and its peaceful slopes turned into a frowning battery.

The Provincial Congress, which had previously ordered the raising of an army of 30,000 men and appointed General Artemus Ward to its chief command, suggested to the Council of War that Bunker Hill should be fortified. Forthwith the suggestion was carried out and on the night of the 16th of June a detachment of 1,000 men, under the command of Major Prescott, was ordered to take possession of Bunker Hill and throw up, with the greatest expedition, field fortifications for the defense of the position.

The detachment took up their station on Breed's Hill, instead of Bunker Hill, the former being nearer Boston and the British and more adapted to the work in hand. The main fortifications

were therefore erected on Breed's Hill, and the battle was fought there, but from that day to this the place has been called Bunker Hill, and will forever be known by that glorious title.

The eminence then known as Breed's Hill had really no settled name, its title shifting with that of its proprietor, but the name of Bunker Hill was as firmly moored as the eminence itself, and had long been used in legal documents and town history. Froude says it is of Irish origin, there being a Bunker's Hill in the vicinity of Belfast. "Massachusetts tradition," he writes, "has forgotten how the name came to the Charlestown peninsula. It is possible that the connection with Ireland is a coincidence. It is possible that the name of a spot so memorable in American history was brought over by one of those Irish exiles."

As the patriots labored with their picks and spades they were cheered on in their work by the distant signals of "All's well" that came from the British ships of war and their sentinels on shore. They proclaimed that they were still undiscovered, and at every cry of the grateful words the patriots plied their tools with increased vigor.

At the dawn of day, when the new fortifications were discovered by the British, orders were instantly given to the batteries and vessels to commence a simultaneous fire upon the works and workmen. But this heavy cannonade seemed only to stimulate the young soldiers, nor did they pause until they had constructed a line of breastworks from the right of the redoubt to the bottom of the hill.

Towards noon, General Gage finding all his efforts to arrest these formidable preparations unavailing, determined on dislodging the Americans by assault, and during the next two hours four thousand picked British soldiers under the command of Generals Howe and Pigott, were landed on the shores of Charlestown peninsula at Morton's Point, right under the American works. Here they formed in battle array in all the pomp and panoply of war, but the imposing display did not, as was intended, strike terror into the American forces, who continued their labors with remarkable coolness and persistency.

General Warren, who was President of the Provincial Congress, then sitting at Watertown, seven miles distant, on hearing of the landing of the enemy, hastened to Charlestown, though suffering from sickness and exhaustion. He had been commissioned major-general four days before, and thought his proper place was on the firing line. Though advised against going into the battle, Warren was not to be diverted from his purpose. Mounting a horse he sped across the Neck under the fierce fire of the British ships and batteries and entered the redoubt, amid the loud

cheers of the patriots, just as Howe gave orders to advance. Colonel Prescott offered the command to Warren as his superior, but the latter declined, saying "I am come to fight as a volunteer and feel honor in being allowed to serve under so brave an officer."

It was three in the afternoon when the British advanced. Slowly and steadily they climbed the hill, under cover of their guns, which poured into the American entrenchments a continuous and destructive fire, pausing occasionally to give their field pieces time to play on the newly constructed works.

Just then orders were given by the British general to set fire to Charlestown, which was built almost entirely of wood. Suddenly one wild flame enveloped the whole town, and curling high in air shed its unnatural light over the scene of havoc, adding to the broil and suffocation of the sultry summer day. The inhabitants of Boston, the disengaged soldiers, the American army from their camp, witnessed this terrible spectacle; but they soon lost interest in the reeking homes and temples, to watch the progress of the advancing columns, while amid the roar of cannon and the glare of the blazing town, they moved up to the declivity where so many of them were to find gory graves.

The Americans, calmly, unmovedly, and in silence, regarded the steady onset of discipline and courage. Colonel Prescott charged his untrained warriors to withhold their fire until they could distinguish the whites of their assailants' eyes, and then to fire low. Well was that order obeyed. When the prescribed distance was at length reached, Prescott, waving his sword over his head, shouted the word Fire! Terrible was the effect of that deadly discharge. Whole platoons of the British regulars were laid upon the earth like grass before the scythe, while the rest reeled under the shock, wavered, and suddenly fled.

They were again rallied by their officers and again they advanced to the charge, but again the same unerring stream of fire continued to pour in upon them from the redoubt and breastworks until a second time their lines broke and they fled precipitately.

General Clinton, seeing this disaster from the camp, and burning with shame at the defeat of the British arms, volunteered to lead a fresh detachment to their aid. His presence once more inspired the British officers, and by wonderful exertions, amounting in some cases to goading the men, they prevailed on them again to face those terrible and immovable lines. This third attack was even more cautious than the others, and the artillery had raked the entire breastwork before the troops reached it. By this time the ammunition of the brave Americans was nearly ex-

hausted, but they reserved their last fire until the enemy was at the works. This fire was as true and telling as the former, but it had not the same effect, for the British soldiers, charging fiercely, attacked the redoubt on three sides and carried it by storm. The Americans who had been ordered to retire when their powder was spent, continued to defend it and dealt death around them with the butt ends of their arms until the redoubt was filled with the enemy.

The Americans at the rail-fence breastwork, under Stark, distinguished themselves as nobly as their brothers in the redoubt, and only retired when their ammunition was spent, the battle ending in a virtual victory for the despised farmers. The British halted on Bunker Hill and the Americans took up their position immediately opposite them, only a mile distant, on Prospect Hill, where they commenced that line of fortifications around Boston which was never afterwards approached by the British.

The loss to the Americans in the battle was 115 killed and missing, 305 wounded, and 30 taken prisoners—in all 450, while the total loss of the British, as computed by the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, amounted to about 1,500 men.

Colonel Prescott and General Warren were the last to leave the redoubt. The former had the clothes torn from his back by bayonet thrusts, but escaped uninjured. The brave General Warren was killed soon after leaving the fort. He was deeply loved by the people of Massachusetts for his eminent abilities and the purity of his patriotism, and his untimely death was long and sincerely mourned.

It is generally stated by Irish writers that Colonel John Stark, the leader of the New Hampshire troops, who so nobly distinguished himself at Bunker Hill and elsewhere in the revolution, was an Irish-American. Such, however, is not a fact, though the great majority of his command, including his brave Major, Andrew McCleary, were Irish, and he was born and brought up in the midst of Irishmen and became thoroughly imbued with their spirit and feeling.

"John Stark," writes Edward Everett in his life of the General, "was born at Nutfield, now Londonderry, in New Hampshire, on August 28, 1728. His father, Archibald Stark, was a native of Glasgow, in Scotland, and emigrated while young to Londonderry in Ireland. In 1720 he embarked with a numerous company for New Hampshire. These emigrants were descended from the Scotch Presbyterians, who, in the reign of James the First (120 years before) were established in Ireland, but who, professing with national tenacity a religious belief neither in accordance with the popular faith in Ireland nor with that of its English masters,

and disliking the institutions of tithes and rent, determined to seek a settlement in America. The first party came over in 1718 and led the way in a settlement on the Merrimac River. They were shortly succeeded by large numbers of their countrymen, who brought with them the art of weaving linen, and first introduced the culture of the potato in this part of America. They furnished from their families a large number of the pioneers of civilization in New Hampshire, Vermont, and Maine, and some of the most distinguished and useful citizens of these States. The party of Irish immigrants with whom General Stark's father came to America were refused admission to land at Boston owing to a smallpox panic which existed at the time, and they passed the winter on the banks of the Kennebec in Maine. The following year they removed to Nutfield, N. H. Here they founded a permanent and flourishing colony and gave it the name of Londonderry, in memory of the place of their abode in Ireland."

Under date of June 19, 1775, Stark wrote to the Irish President of New Hampshire, Matthew Thornton, officially reporting the Battle of Bunker Hill, giving an account of the killed and wounded, and particularly mentioning the fate of Major Andrew McCleary, who was killed by a cannon ball.

"The fate of Major McCreary," writes Everett, "demands a brief commemoration. He was a person of commanding stature and stentorian voice which was heard amidst the roar of cannon and musketry, exhorting his men to the discharge of their duty. After the retreat he hastened to Medford to procure a supply of dressings for the wounded. Returning from this benevolent errand he crossed again over Charlestown Neck to reconnoiter the British troops which had now taken possession of the heights. On his way back to join his regiment, in company with other officers, to some remark made on the danger of crossing the Neck replied, 'the ball is not yet cast which is commissioned to kill me.' At that moment a shot from the Glasgow ship of war destroyed him."

Though we had no doubt as to the origin of General Stark, in order to make assurance doubly sure, we wrote last winter to the late lamented John C. Linehan, Insurance Commissioner of New Hampshire, asking his opinion on the matter, and promptly received the following reply:

State of New Hampshire, Insurance Dept.,
John C. Linehan, Commissioner,
Concord, February 28, 1905.

Dear Sir: Yours of the 27th is at hand, and in relation to the question asked I would say that a life of Stark was written

by his son. Therein he said that the father of General Stark was born in Glasgow; from thence he went in early years to Londonderry, and later married Eleanor Nichols, who, he said, was the daughter of a Scottish immigrant. General Stark cannot be classed as an Irishman. His father came here to New Hampshire and here the General was born. I congratulate you on the work you are engaged in. Respectfully yours,

JOHN C. LINEHAN.

Since writing the above, we are deeply grieved to say Mr. Linehan has passed to his reward. We sincerely deplore his death as a leading American citizen and a most worthy and patriotic Irishman. We are deprived of an able aid in the prosecution of this work, in which he took the deepest interest. For the past quarter of a century he devoted himself with untiring zeal to the history of his countrymen in New England, and established innumerable facts in relation thereto of paramount importance to the Irish race.

The loss of Commissioner Linehan will undoubtedly be a heavy one, but we are cheered by the hope that his honored mantle will fall on worthy shoulders in the person of the Honorable James F. Brennan, of Peterborough, one of the trustees of the New Hampshire State Library, who has himself already accomplished much in the same field.

As an evidence of what he has already done, and as a means of showing the vast numbers of our people who settled in New Hampshire and fought not only at Bunker Hill, but throughout the Revolution generally, we here transcribe an address which he delivered at the celebration of the 150th anniversary of Peterborough, N. H., on October the 24th, 1889:

JAMES F. BRENNAN'S ADDRESS.

My memory leads me back over a comparatively brief period of the time covered by the recollections of the gray haired men and women who are here present. I was born in this beautiful village; my first hallowed recollections cluster here; its territory is familiar to me; I know its people and something of its history, and wherever I go my mind reverts with pride to this good old town.

It is with great pleasure that I accept the honor of responding to this toast, and in what I have to say shall not refer to the comparatively modern generation of Irishmen—Murphy, Brennan, Hamill, Noone, and scores of others—and their descendants, who have helped to build up this town, and whose history should be left for a resume of fifty years hence, but to those early set-

tlers who came across the ocean, and their descendants; men who risked all, even life itself, to make this spot a fit place for the abode of man.

They were composed in a very small part of Scotchmen, Englishmen, and other nationalities, but the essential part of the pioneers of our town, in fact nearly all of them, were Irishmen, for I assume that where men were born in Ireland, as they were, where many of their fathers, perhaps, also, some of their grandfathers were born, they were men who can unqualifiedly be called Irishmen. Adopt any other standard and a large part of the inhabitants of Ireland at the time they emigrated would not be considered Irishmen, and probably few persons in this town to-day would be considered Americans.

The Scotchmen who came to Ireland, and from whom some of the pioneers of this town trace their ancestry, landed on that Emerald Isle, as our town history records it, in 1610, more than a century and a quarter before their descendants came to this country in 1736. These immigrant descendants were indeed Irishmen to the manor born, with all the traits, impulses, and characteristics of that people, having, as the Rev. Dr. Morrison said in his centennial address, the "comic humor and pathos of the Irish," and to their severe character and habits "another comforter came in, of Irish parentage; the long countenance became short, the broad Irish humor began to rise," etc. Need I ask the indulgence of my hearers if I occupy a part of the time allotted me in naming some of these men who were the founders of this town and the inaugurators of civilization in this section?

Samuel Gordon and wife (Eleanor Mitchell) were born in the County Tyrone, Ireland, as were also his father and mother; they are all buried in the old cemetery on the hill. By marriage the blood intermixed with Holden, Kimball, Barnes, Pierce, Cochran, Dickey, White, Brooks, and Hurd.

William Alld was born in Ireland in 1723, and was one of the early settlers. The blood mixed by marriage with Swan, Metcalf, Worcester, Way, and Whitten.

John McKean was born in Ballymony, Ireland, in 1714, and was the ancestor of all the McKeans in this section. His son James lived and died on the David Blanchard place.

John Ferguson was born in Ireland in 1704, and came to this country with the Smiths, Wilsons, and Littles. The blood infused into Morison, Stuart, Duncan, Miller, Moore, Evans, and Whiting.

George Duncan was born in Ireland and was the ancestor of all of that name in this section. Shortly after immigrating he married Mary Bell, of Ballymony, and their progeny married

into the Taggart, Todd, Black, McClellan, Moore, Wallace, Wells, and Cummings families.

John Swan came from Ireland, and the family mixed by marriage with Parker, Stuart, Gilchrest, Morse, Caldwell, Alld, Sawyer, Graham, Chamberlin, Nay, Hoyt, Steele, Hannaford, Moore, Mitchell, Cutter, and White.

Joseph Turner and wife immigrated from Ireland with their sons Thomas, Joseph, and William, who were all born there. The blood by marriage went into Wellman, Sanders, Shedd, Converse, Nichols, Goodhue, Nutting, Taggart, Davis, and Preston.

John Moore immigrated from Ireland in 1718, and is the ancestor of all of the same name here. The blood mixed by marriage with Jewett, Priest, Taggart, Woodward, Smith, Gregg, Dinsmore, Wood, Steele, Turner, Holmes, Burnham, Jordan, and Phelps.

Andrew Todd was born in Ireland in 1697, and married a daughter of John Moore. Their progeny married with Morison, Miller, Taggart, and Brown.

John Smiley, after his marriage, immigrated from Ireland. The blood by marriage went into Miller, Hovey, Parker, McCoy, Wilson, and Leonard.

Abial Sawyer was born in Ireland in 1721, where also his wife was born in 1726. From them all of the name about here trace their origin, intermixing by marriage with Gregg, Bailey, Scott, Farnsworth, Howard, and Nichols.

Matthew and James Templeton came from Ireland, and their blood intermixed by marriage with Holmes, Miller, Robbe, Wilder, and McCoy.

William Robbe, both of his wives, and seven children were all born in Ireland, three generations of the family having lived there. From them all of the name in town trace their origin. They mixed by marriage with Taggart, Whittemore, Farnsworth, Mussey, White, Redding, Chapman, Gowing, Livingston, Morison, Moore, Follansbee, and Swallow.

Thomas Steele was born in Ireland in 1694, and came here in 1718. The blood mixed by marriage with Gregg, Mitchell, Wilson, Smith, Ramsey, Swan, Senter, Willey, and Rice. With another branch of the Steeles which emigrated from Ireland was the father of the late John H. Steele, governor of our State in 1844-45.

William Wilson immigrated from County Tyrone, Ireland, in 1737, with his wife, daughter, and son Robert, who was born in that county, and commanded a party of men organized to go to Lexington, armed, as our town history says, with guns, pitchforks, and shillelahs. The blood by marriage went into Swan,

Steele, Johnson, Hunter, Lee, Gibbon, Scott, Jackson, Sherwood, Fisk, and Taintor.

Thomas Davidson immigrated from Ireland with his brother John Davidson, and Matthew Wright. By marriage the blood went into Patrick, Hoar, Dodge, Clark, Cutter, and Nichols.

Thomas Cunningham was a native of Ireland. The blood mixed by marriage with Robbe, McKean, Treadwell, Hale, Goodhue, Jackson, Caldwell, Porter, and Bishop.

John Wallace came to Londonderry from County Antrim, Ireland, in 1719, and was the ancestor of the name here. The blood is mixed with Mitchell, Noone, and Spline.

James Gregg emigrated from Ireland to Londonderry in 1718, and was the ancestor of all of the name in this section. The family intermixed with Steele, Gibbs, Hutchins, Nelson, Macy, and Wright.

William McNee, born in Ireland in 1711, was one of the settlers of the town. Before he came to this country he married Mary E. Brownley, by whom he had all his children. His descendants have now reached the eighth generation, but unfortunately the name is entirely lost. The first and second generations retained the name, but the third changed it to Nay. They intermixed with Cunningham, Taggart, Millikin, Swan, Upton, Weston, Davidson, Turner, Miller, Gilbert, Frost, Buss, Wood, Felt, Cross, Porter, Jaquith, Vose, Adams, Young, Balch, Perkins, and Hapgood.

Nathaniel Holmes (the ancestor of our able orator, Judge Nathaniel Holmes, of Cambridge, Mass., here to-day, and of all of the name in this section) was born in Coleraine, Ireland, as was also his father. Thus we have three generations of this family which lived in Ireland. He was an early settler and by marriage the blood mixed with Whittemore, Adams, Clement, Swasey, Leach, Kimball, Dickey, Hall, Griffin, Gregg, Miller, Aiken, Bruce, Sewall, Smith, Newton, and Livingston.

There were two distinct families of Millers in town, remotely related; the ancestors of both, however, came from Ireland. Back to these people our president of this day (Hon John R. Miller) and all of the name hereabouts trace their ancestry. They intermarried with Patterson, Burns, Campbell, Vickery, Johnson, Mead, Shipman, Templeton, McFarland, White, Duncan, Davis, Ropes, Wilkins, Phelps, McCoy, Thompson, Cunningham, Taggart, Gowing, Clark, Gregg, Holt, Sanderson, Wilder, and Scott.

All the Whites in town, including the marshal of this day (Gen. Daniel M. White), are descendants of Patrick White, who was born in Ireland in 1710. By marriage they intermixed with

Stuart, Shearer, Gregg, Upton, Cram, Stearns, Carley, Parker, Grant, Dennis, Goodwin, Farmer, Perry, Swan, Pierce, Fisk, Washburn, Whittemore, Shattuck, Leighton, Burns, Alld, Grimes, Loring, Holmes, Mitchell, Scott, Cunningham, Lakin, Spafford, Longley, Kyes, and Tenney.

Samuel Morison and wife emigrated from Ireland, leaving their parents, but taking with them eight children, who were all born there. From them descended all that family in this section who spell their names with one *r*, including our poet of to-day (Prof. Nathaniel H. Morison, Provost of Peabody Institute, Baltimore, Md.), and the venerable gentleman (Rev. John H. Morison, D. D.), whom we are proud to have with us here, who delivered the oration at our centennial fifty years ago. By marriage their blood went into the following named families: Steele, Mack, Knight, Johnson, Bassett, Williams, Mitchell, Smith, Moore, Todd, Wallace, Hale, Graham, Felt, Wilcox, Holmes, Buxton, and Wells.

James Smith, the progenitor of all the Smiths in this section, was from Ireland. His son Robert was born in Moneymore, Ireland, and with his four children, John, Sarah, Mary, and William, all born near Lough Neagh, came to this country in 1736. Thus we find that three generations of this family were from Ireland. Dr. Smith, the historian of our town, was a descendant of this family. By marriage the blood went into Bell, McNee, Morison, White, Annan, Dunshee, Fletcher, Smiley, Burns, McCrillis, Emery, Findley, Pierce, Russell, Barker, Fifield, Caven-der, Walker, Gordon, Fox, Foster, Reynolds, Kilbourne, Jones, Leonard, Blanchard, Lewis, Cheney, and Dearborn.

William Scott immigrated in 1736 from Coleraine, Ireland, where all his children were born, among them William, who settled here the same year. This man and his father were Irish, as was also Alexander Scott, progenitor of another branch which settled here and immigrated at the same time. From these families sprang every person of the name in town, among them our efficient toastmaster (Colonel Charles Scott), and by marriage the blood has mingled with Cochran, Robbe, Wills, Maxfield, Cummings, Ramsey, Whitney, Lincoln, Loomis, Gray, Bullard, Jewett, Fuller, Bowers, Orr, Allyn, Blanchard, Clark, and Ramsdel.

This is only a partial list of the Irishmen who were the founders and builders of Peterborough—which may be completed at some future time. It could be extended considerably, but sufficient names are here given to show the nationality of the men to whom this town owes its existence. All the brief facts

here given are taken from the history of this town and that of Londonderry, N. H.

Thus we see that there are comparatively few persons in town to-day, with the exception of recent comers, who have not coursing in their veins the blood of those sturdy Irishmen who made this town what it is, whose bodies have long since returned to clay in the old cemetery on the hill, and whose history is the history of the town itself. Long may their memory be cherished! Long may the pride which exists in such ancestry be retained. They were brave, honest, manly men, who broke down the barriers that civilization might enter. Their lot was a life of hardship; it is ours to enjoy the fruits of their work.

Not only the privations of this cold, uninviting country were theirs to suffer, but intolerance and bigotry met them at the threshold of the country to which they were about to bring a blessing. Rev. Dr. Morison, in his centennial address, said that when the Smiths, Wilsons, Littles, and others arrived, "It was noised about that a pack of Irishmen had landed." They were denied even lodgings. Mr. Winship, of Lexington, who extended a welcome to them, however, said, "If this house reached from here to Charlestown, and I could find such Irish as these, I would have it filled up with Irish, and none but Irish."

If there is a town or city in this broad land owing a greater debt of gratitude to that green isle over the sea than does this town, I know it not. If there is a place which should extend more earnest and loving sympathy to Ireland in her struggles, I know not where it is. It was there that your forefathers and mine were born; there where their infant feet were directed; there where they were educated in those grand principles of honesty, sturdy manhood and bravery well fitting them to become the pioneers of any country, and fortunate it was for that land toward which they turned their faces.

Here they built their log cabins and shrines to worship God, and reared families of from eight to sixteen children, for they were people among whom large families were popular, and the more modern aversion to a large number of children had not taken possession of these God-fearing men and women. Happy it was that the duty of populating this country was theirs, and not that of the present generation, whose disposition to do this might be doubted. Dr. Smith writes in our town history: "Of the large and influential families of Todd, Templeton, Swan, Alld, Stuart, Cunningham, Mitchell, Ritchie, Ferguson, and many more, not a single individual of their family remains in town; and of the large families of Steele, Robbe, Smith, Morison, Moore, and Holmes, their numbers are greatly lessened, and they are growing less every year."

In reviewing the character of these men, we should not, as a first essential, go into an inquiry of how they worshipped God; or what were their religious or political beliefs; whether Protestant or Catholic, Whig or Tory. We only ask were they honest men, holding fast to those principles which they believed right? The answer to this will not bring the blush of shame upon our cheek, nor the consciousness of regret that their blood is part and parcel of our bodies. If we follow in their footsteps in our dealings with men; if we are as honest and courageous as they; if we do an equal share to make the world better and more attractive to future generations, we can, when the toil of this life is over, rest in the secure belief of duty well done.

What Mr. Brennan says in reference to the town of Peterboro may be applied with equal force to all parts of New Hampshire and the bordering States of Vermont, Massachusetts, and Maine, for the Irish people gradually overspread the whole Eastern territory and contributed more than any other race to the settlement and upbuilding of that section. When the Revolutionary war took place they were among the first to swell the ranks of the patriot army and the last to lay down their arms. The short terms of enlistment which occasioned so much embarrassment to Washington in his organization of the army around Boston, did not count as far as the Irish were concerned, for they invariably re-enlisted when their periods of service expired and continued in the army throughout the entire war.

The small town of Bedford, near Londonderry, N. H., supplied no less than fifteen Irishmen at the battle of Bunker Hill, and all the other towns and settlements in that whole section sent forward detachments equally as strong, and in many cases stronger, in proportion to their population.

The brave Andrew McClary was only a type of the Irish soldier in the war of the Revolution. He was the second son of Andrew McClary, who came to this country from Ireland in 1726, and he was the man to whom Daniel Webster, in his oration at the dedication of the Bunker Hill Monument, thus feelingly alluded:

"Thus fell Major McClary, the highest American officer killed at the battle, the handsomest man in the army, and the favorite of the New Hampshire troops. His dust still slumbers where it was laid by his sorrowing companions in Medford, unhonored by any adequate memorial to tell where lies one of the heroes who ushered in the Revolution with such auspicious omens. His death spread a gloom not only over the hearts of his men, but all through the Suncook Valley; his sun went down on the day that ushered in the nation's birth."

Had Major McClary lived he would undoubtedly have risen to the front rank in his country's service, but even as it was, his untimely death at the opening of the conflict inspired many other brave men to take up the cause for which he so willingly gave up his young and promising life.

Michael Jackson, of Newton, Mass., also an Irish-American, as his name denotes, fought at Bunker Hill as Major in Colonel Gardner's regiment and killed a British officer in a personal encounter. Afterward he was Lieutenant-Colonel of Bond's regiment and was seriously wounded at Montrossor's Island, on the Hudson, on September 24, 1776, in making a descent upon the British. He was Colonel of the Eighth Massachusetts Regiment of the Continental Line from January, 1777, until the close of the war, and took an active part in many of the most severe engagements. His five brothers and five sons were also in the patriot army—making eleven of one Irish-American family who fought for the independence of the country and leaving a record which cannot be surpassed in the whole history of war.

In addition to all the men of the Irish race who responded to the shots at Lexington and Concord from the sections surrounding Boston, like Major McClary and his New Hampshire comrades, the following purely Irish names are found on the rolls of Bunker Hill, as given in the Massachusetts archives:

2d Lt. Chas. Dougherty	William Dougherty	Edward Conner
Capt. Samuel Dunn	Lieut. Chas. Dougherty	Luther Carey
Col. John Patterson	William Dunn	John McCartney
Ebenezer Sullivan	William Dunn	John McCoy
Lieut. Joseph Welsh	Thomas Dougherty	Thomas McLaughlin
John Burk	John Dougherty	Thomas McCullough
John Barry	John Dun	George McCleary
Joseph Barry	James Dunn	Robert McCleary
Wait Burk	James Donnell	Daniel Maguire
Tilly Burk	Jotham Donnell	John Morrison
William Connor	Thomas Doyl	Israel Murphy
John Cronyn	Patrick Doyle	Pierce Murphy
John Connor	Edward Finiken	Peter McGee
David Connor	John Flynn	Terrance McMahon
Isaac Collins	John Foy	James McCormick
Stephen Collins	Thomas Finn	Daniel McNamara
Aaron Carey	Edward Fogerty	Thomas Mahoney
Demerel Collins	David Fling	William Murphy
John Coy	James Fitzgerald	Daniel Morrison
Lieut. Daniel Collins	John Foye	John McDonald
Daniel Callahan	Jacob Flynn	Joseph McDonnell
Joseph Cavanaugh	John Bryan	Joseph McLallin
Robert Callaghan	Arthur Collamore	William McKenny
Lemuel Collins	Samuel Carr	James Milliken
Josiah Cummings	John Collins	John McCullough
Charles Casity	Edward Connor	John McGrath

David Coye	David Collins	John McGuire
Richard Collins	Peter Collins	John Mitchell
Henry Collins	Daniel Collins	James McFadden
Ambrose Collins	Sergt. Hugh Cargill	John Madden
John Cummings	Col. John Nixon	Lawrence McLaughlin
James Conner	Mathew Gilligan	Michael Minihan
John Collins	John Gleason	David McElroy
Arthur Carey	William Gilman	William McCleary
Ambrose Craggin	William Gilmore	James McCoy
Joshua Carey	Joseph Griffin	Edward Manning
Josiah Carey	Richard Gilpatrick	John Fitchjeril
Edward Casey	Joshua Gilpatrick	Kendel Farley
Jesse Carey	James Gilpatrick	Thomas Gleason
Michael Clary	John Gilmor	Daniel Griffin
Jeremiah Cady	Joseph Griffin	Joseph Griffin
Jeremiah Collins	Joseph Gleason	Nathaniel Griffin
Ebenezer Craggen	Daniel Lomasney	James McCullough
Samuel Craggen	William Linnehan	Daniel McCarty
John Coner	Daniel Leary	Peter Martin
Daniel Carmical	Capt. Timothy Carey	Patrick Mahoney
Richard Burk	Capt. Michael Gleason	Eben Sullivan
Michael Berry	Bartholomew Lynch	John Noonan
William Burke	James Milliken	John O'Conner
Josiah Burk	Joseph Manning	Dennis O'Brien
Edward Burk	John Laughton	Capt. Jeremiah Gilman
Thomas Burn	Peter Martin	Bryant Ryan
John Bogan	Hugh McCarthy	Cornelius Ryan
William Bogan	Capt. Nathaniel Healy	John Ryan
James Barry	James McGraw	Thomas Ryan
Joseph Burne	William McCleary	Martin Rourke
Daniel Collins	Richard Murphy	Dennis Ryan
William Carrall	Edward Madden	Daniel Rioden
James Carrall	Michael McDonald	John Rogers
Caleb Carey	Daniel Murphy	James Ryan
William Casey	Robert McCormick	John Roach
Laurence Carrol	James McCorrer	Timothy Roach
John Connelly	Morris McCleary	Capt. Daniel Gallusha
Daniel Collins	John Manning	Capt. John Ford
Timothy Carny	William McClure	James Ryan
Patrick Connelly	David McCleary	Thomas Roach
Francis Crowley	John McDonald	James Richey
John Cummings	John Carrel	Fred Roach
Charles Doroughty	Caleb Comings	John Rannor
John Dougharty	John Calahan	John Rickey
Elijah Doyle	Solomon Collins	Augustus Ryan
Oliver Sullivan	Robert Steel	Peter Welch
Patrick Shea	John Shanahan	James Welch
Richard Shea	James Shay	James Wall
Michael Stewart	Patrick Scandalin	Jonas Welch
John Shield	Thomas Savage	Silas Welch
John McLarty	Ebenezer Sullivan	John Wolley
Daniel Moore	Daniel Shay	Joseph Welch
William Murphy	John Shay	Walter Welch
Daniel Maley	Patrick Tracey	Isaac Welch
Hugh Morrison	Thomas Tobin	Richard Welch ..
John Meacham	Mathew Tobin	John Welch

John Savage	Mathias Welch	William Welch
Jeremiah Scanlan	Benjamin Welch	Edmund Welch
John Sullivan	John Welch	Joseph Welch
Timothy Sullivan	William Welch	William Welch

The burning of Charlestown during the battle of Bunker Hill is generally alluded to as an unforeseen incident of the conflict, but it was deliberately planned beforehand by the British General Gage in the hope that behind the clouds of smoke which it created the British soldiers would be enabled to rush unobserved up to the breastworks, scale them, and drive the Americans out at the point of the bayonet.

Dr. Gordon, in his history, says Gage's resolution to destroy the town was known to his family before the battle and was assigned, by a near female relative of his to a lady named Cary, with whom she had become acquainted at school, as a reason why the latter, upon obtaining a pass to quit Boston, should not tarry at her father's house in Charlestown.

The Battle of Bunker Hill has been immortalized in many a song and story and it will always live in American history no matter what so-called philosophical writers may do to blur the glory of its achievement; but in no form has it been apostrophized with more patriotic fervor or grandeur of expression than in the National Hymn of William Ross Wallace, with whom the writer had the honor of being intimately acquainted.

When we knew him he was in his declining years, a sad and melancholy figure, often in need, but most patient and uncomplaining in his poverty.

Although millions of his immortal song has been purchased by the American people and it had enriched his publishers, all he ever received from it was the paltry sum of ten dollars. But the glory of being the author of such a noble hymn and the fact that it aroused patriotic sentiments throughout the world were worth more than millions to poor Wallace and enabled him to bear the gloom of his later years with exalted resignation.

In his early years he visited Ireland during the Repeal movement and became acquainted with O'Connell, Davis, Duffy, and the other patriots of that period. Thereafter he was as much an Irishman as any of them and took the deepest interest in all Irish movements. Like all true Americans, he felt profoundly and personally aggrieved at the sad condition of Ireland and never let an opportunity pass without endeavoring to uplift her.

Wallace was a gifted writer. William Cullen Bryant said his works are marked by a splendor of imagination and an affluence of diction which show him to be a born poet. He was

most gentle and retiring in his disposition, his heart overflowed with the kindest feelings and to him all things were beautiful and pure.

Here is his immortal song. Though he died in poverty his name will live forever in the hearts of his countrymen:

THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.

He lay upon his dying bed,
His eyes were growing dim,
And with a feeble voice he called
His weeping son to him.
"Weep not, my boy,"
The veteran said,
"I bow to Heaven's high will,
But quickly from yon antlers
bring
The sword of Bunker Hill."

The sword was brought, the old
man's eye
Lit with a sudden flame,
And as he grasped that ancient
blade
He murmured Warren's name.
Then said, "My boy, I leave you
gold,
But what is richer still,
I leave you, mark me, mark me
well!
The sword of Bunker Hill.

"'Twas on the field that glorious
day,
I dared the Briton's band.
A Captain raised this blade on me,
I tore it from his hand.
And while the dreadful battle
waged
It lightened Freedom's will,
For by the God of freedom
blessed,
The sword of Bunker Hill.

"Oh, keep this sword!" his accents
broke,
A smile, and he was dead,
But his wrinkled hand still
grasped the blade
Upon that dying bed.
The son remains, the sword re-
mains,
Its glory growing still,
And ninety millions bless that
sire,
And sword of Bunker Hill.

TICONDEROGA AND THE SIEGE OF BOSTON.

For the sake of continuity in our record of the scenes around Boston we passed from Concord to Bunker Hill and made no mention of the achievement of Ethan Allen at Ticonderoga. We now return to that important event in order to do justice to the great Vermonter and his brave companions.

The design to capture Ticonderoga was formed in Connecticut less than ten days after the battle of Lexington. Ethan Allen was a Connecticut boy, but had early emigrated to the New Hampshire Grants, as Vermont was then called. He was accompanied by his brothers and several neighbors. The grants of land given by New Hampshire were questioned by New York and officers from that colony tried to oust the settlers. In their resistance Allen was the leader, and Matthew Lyon, who was

married to Allen's first cousin and who had emigrated there in 1774, was one of his principal supporters.

Parsons, of Connecticut, conferred with Benedict Arnold on the scheme of capturing the old fortress, and communication was also had with Ethan Allen, who being familiar with the Lake George Region, and at the same time a Connecticut man, was esteemed the best leader for the enterprise.

Benedict Arnold, however, wanted the command for himself and secured a commission from Massachusetts giving him that power. Parsons and a few others raised money on their personal account and set out for the North, gathering companions as they went. Allen met them at Bennington with his company of Green Mountain Boys and was chosen leader. Arnold claimed the leadership on the strength of his Massachusetts commission, though he came to the camp alone, but was ignored. Even here, on the very threshold of his career, Arnold showed the evil disposition which possessed him and endeavored to disorganize the expedition because he failed to get its command.

On the 9th of May, 1775, Allen and his party, numbering about eighty men, landed on the shore near the fortress and on the following morning at sunrise they assembled for the attack. "We must this morning," said Allen, addressing them, "either quit our pretensions to valor or possess ourselves of this fortress; and inasmuch as it is a desperate attempt, I do not urge it, contrary to your will. You that will undertake it voluntarily, poise your firelocks!" The response was unanimous.

The wicket of the stronghold was found open, the guards were overpowered, and Allen was soon knocking on the bedroom door of the commanding officer, Delaplace. "Come forth instantly or I will sacrifice the whole garrison," thundered Allen. Delaplace, half asleep, appeared in his night clothes and demanded his disturber's errand. "I order you instantly to surrender," exclaimed Allen. "By what authority do you demand it," said Delaplace. "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," shouted Allen, and raising his sword over the Captain, ordered him to surrender immediately. There was no alternative and Captain Delaplace and forty-eight men were made prisoners of war. With the fort were captured 176 pieces of ordnance of all kinds, one hundred stand of small arms, and many tons of war materials, provisions, and supplies.

One of the principal leaders under Allen at the capture of Ticonderoga was Matthew Lyon, to whose services on the occasion we have already alluded and who had led into the enterprise many of his countrymen then resident in that section.

After the battle of Bunker Hill the American troops closed around Boston and placed it in a state of siege. As soon as he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the United Colonies Washington hastened to Boston with all possible speed. He was accompanied by the Philadelphia Light Horse Troop, to which, as we have already noted, so many Irishmen and Irish-Americans belonged. While passing through New York Washington was presented with an address, in which the hope was expressed that if an accommodation with England was effected he would at once be willing to resign his appointment. "Having drawn the sword," he replied, "I postpone all thought of private life until American liberty has been established on most firm and solid foundations." And most nobly did he keep his word.

In New York Washington first heard of the battle of Bunker Hill, and became all the more eager to get to the scene of action. Toward evening, on the 26th of June, 1775, he left that city under the escort of several military companies, passed the night at Kingsbridge, at the upper end of Manhattan Island, and next morning, bidding adieu to the Philadelphia Light Horse, pressed on to Boston.

Washington arrived at Cambridge on July 2, 1775, and the next morning formally took command of the army. On the Fourth of July, a day rendered immortal in the history of America, he issued the following General Order to the Army:

"The Continental Congress, having now taken all the troops of the several colonies, which have been raised or may hereafter be raised for the support and defense of the liberties of America, into their pay and service, they are now the troops of the United Provinces of North America; and it is hoped that all distinction of colonies will be laid aside, so that one and the same spirit may animate the whole, and the only contest be, who shall render, on this great and trying occasion, the most essential service to the great and common cause in which we are all engaged. It is required and expected that exact discipline will be observed and due subordination prevail through the whole army, as a failure in these most essential points must necessarily produce extreme hazard, disorder, and confusion, and end in shameful disappointment and disgrace. The General most earnestly desires and expects a due observance of those articles of war established by the government of the army, which forbid profane cursing, swearing, and drunkenness; and in like manner he requires and expects of all officers and soldiers, not engaged in actual duty, a punctual attendance on divine service, to implore the blessings of Heaven upon the means used for our safety and defense."

These were the holy principles which guided Washington from the beginning to the end and finally enabled him, after years of weary and many times almost hopeless warfare, to bring his heroic efforts to a triumphant conclusion.

Joseph Reed, a brief sketch of whose life we have already given, accompanied Washington to Cambridge as his Secretary. Referring to this brave Irish-American, Washington Irving, in his *Life of Washington*, thus writes:

"The member of Washington's family most deserving of mention at present was his Secretary, Mr. Joseph Reed. With this gentleman he had formed an intimacy in the course of his visits to Philadelphia to attend the sessions of the Continental Congress. Mr. Reed was an accomplished man, had studied law in America and in London, and had gained a high reputation at the Philadelphia bar. In the dawning of the Revolution he had embraced the popular cause and had been highly instrumental in rousing the Philadelphians to co-operate with the patriots of Boston. A sympathy of views and feelings had attached him to Washington and induced him to accompany him to the camp. His friends in Philadelphia were surprised to find that he had accepted the post of secretary to the Commander-in-Chief. They expostulated with him by letter. That a man in the thirty-fifth year of his age, with a lucrative profession, a young wife and growing family, and a happy home, should suddenly abandon all to join the hazardous fortunes of a revolutionary camp, appeared to them the height of infatuation. They remonstrated on the peril of the step.

"'I have no inclination,' replied Reed, 'to be hanged for half treason. When a subject draws his sword against his prince, he must cut his way through if he means to sit down in safety. I have taken too active a part in what may be called the civil part of opposition to renounce, without disgrace, the public cause when it seems to lead to danger, and have a most sovereign contempt for the man who can plan measures he has not the spirit to execute.'

"Washington has occasionally been represented as cold and reserved, yet his intercourse with Mr. Reed is a proof to the contrary. His friendship towards him was frank and cordial, and the confidence he reposed in him full and implicit. Reed, in fact, became in a little time the intimate companion of his thoughts, his bosom counselor. He felt the need of such a friend in the present exigency, placed as he was in a new and untried situation and having to act with persons hitherto unknown to him."

Stephen Moylan was another Irishman in whom Washington placed the greatest confidence. Moylan had enlisted on the first

opportunity and hastened to the camp, but Washington quickly transferred him to the commissariat department and placed him on his staff, so as to have the benefit of his advice and counsel. From the Boston camp, in January, 1776, Moylan thus wrote of General Putnam: "Everything thaws here except Old Put. He is still as hard as ever crying out for powder—powder—ye Gods, give us powder!" Moylan street, in the highlands, keeps his memory green in Boston.

But of all the Irish-Americans who became intimate with Washington when he first assumed command of the patriot army Henry Knox, afterwards Secretary of War and Major-General, rendered the most efficient aid. He served on the staff of General Ward at the battle of Bunker Hill and was the only aid at his service during the progress of the battle.

In the siege of Boston, Knox held the rank of Colonel of artillery. After Washington took command of the army he found himself embarrassed by the want of a sufficient number of heavy guns and young Knox conceived the idea of obtaining a supply from Ticonderoga and the forts on the Canadian frontier. The peril and difficulty of transporting heavy guns that great distance through the woods were so great that his proposition was unfavorably received. But, after an interview with the enthusiastic young officer, Washington, who readily formed an estimate of the man, gave his consent, and Knox set out in November on his hazardous enterprise. He started in November so as to be ready to move when snow covered the ground, as it was only then that heavy guns could be transported down the lakes and across the State.

Setting out on horseback with a squad of men, he reached Lake Champlain when ice had formed and by extraordinary efforts was able to return in December. He had gathered forty-two sleds on which he loaded fifty-five guns and many tons of lead, powder, and flints. The long procession moved slowly, but at last it reached Boston, and as it passed through the American lines it was received with shouts of joy by the troops. Knox was warmly complimented by Washington, and Congress, as a reward for his services, made him brigadier-general of the artillery. The addition of fifty-five cannon was a great re-enforcement in these times, and Washington at once began preparations for a bombardment of the city, but circumstances caused him to change his plans and the guns were reserved for service on Dorchester Heights and throughout the war. From this time Knox was the constant companion of Washington throughout the war and his warm personal friend and counsellor.

We will not here follow Knox's brilliant military career, leaving that for the accounts of the various actions in which he distinguished himself. He was appointed Secretary of War by Congress, in 1785, and held that office, together with the Secretaryship of the Navy, which was added to it, for eleven years, discharging the duties of both offices with marked ability. The meager salary he received not being sufficient to support his family, he was at length compelled to resign and remove to Maine, where his wife owned a large tract of land. He continued to take an active interest in public affairs and frequently served in the Legislature and Council of State, and when a war with France seemed probable in 1798 he was again called upon to take his place in the army. The war cloud passed over, however, and he again returned to his home in Thomaston, Me.

Knox was married to Miss Lucy Flucker, daughter of the Secretary of the Province of Massachusetts, and when she betrayed an attachment for a poor tradesman, who was moreover a Whig and an officer in the Provincial Militia, her parents were greatly incensed, and her father told her she must choose between her family and her lover. The family left the country soon after the battle of Lexington, but the lovers had already been joined in wedlock. They escaped together from Boston when it was occupied by the British, Mrs. Knox carrying her husband's sword in the folds of her dress, and thereafter she followed him through all the campaigns. Her spirit and gayety encouraged the soldiers to endure hardships which they saw her bear with patience. Not only her husband, but General Washington himself, relied on her judgment in affairs of moment, while in social and ceremonial matters she was the arbiter in the army, and afterwards the chief adviser of Mrs. Washington in New York and Philadelphia. Her activity never abated and her conversational talents and power of management gave her great influence in social and political circles. After her husband had retired to private life Mme. Knox, as she was generally called, continued to exercise a bounteous hospitality, frequently entertaining a hundred guests in her mansion, which was built near the head of St. George's River, on an estate skirting Penobscott Bay that she inherited from her maternal grandfather, General Samuel Waldo. She was a faithful, loving wife, and was always the source of pride and happiness to her husband.

During his entire career General Knox was amiable, upright, and pure in his private life, and though ardent, impulsive, and enthusiastic, he was yet sound in judgment and cool in action. His death, which occurred on the 25th of October, 1806, in his fifty-sixth year, was occasioned by his accidentally swallowing a

chicken-bone, which caused internal inflammation. His wife survived him eighteen years, departing this life in 1824, in her seventieth year.

General William Sullivan, son of Governor James Sullivan, of Massachusetts, and nephew of General John Sullivan, in his "Public Men of the Revolution," tells the following anecdote of the embarrassments of General Knox, which were occasioned by his too bountiful generosity:

"Generals Knox, Lincoln, and Jackson had been companions in the Revolution—had laughed, eaten, and drunk, fought and lived together, and were on the most intimate terms. They loved each other to a degree but little known to men of the present day. After the struggle of the war they retired to their homes, and were all comfortable in their worldly circumstances, if not rich; but Knox possessed large tracts of land in the State of Maine, upon the rapid sales of which he confidently relied; imagined himself more wealthy than he was, and lived in luxurious style. He built himself a superb mansion at Thomaston, Me., where all his friends met with a cordial welcome and enjoyed the most liberal hospitality. It was not an unusual thing for Knox to kill, in summer, when great numbers of friends visited him, an ox and twenty sheep on every Monday morning, and to make up one hundred beds daily in his house. He kept for his own use and that of his friends twenty saddle-horses and several carriages in his stables. His expensive living was too much for his means, as he was disappointed in the sale of his lands, and was forced to borrow sums of money on the credit of his friends, Generals Lincoln and Jackson. He soon found himself involved to a large amount, and was obliged to acquaint his friends of the embarrassments into which he had unfortunately drawn them. Lincoln was at that time Collector of the Port of Boston, and occupied a house in State street, now torn down, part of which he used for the Custom House and part he occupied as his dwelling. It was agreed that the three should meet there, and a full exposition of Knox's affairs be made known. I was applied to as counsel on the occasion, and was the first one who came at the time appointed. Jackson soon entered; after him, Knox; and almost immediately Lincoln came in. They seated themselves in a semi-circle, whilst I took my place at the table for the purpose of drawing up the necessary papers and taking the notes of this melancholy disclosure. These men had often met before, but never in a moment of such sorrow. Both Lincoln and Jackson knew and felt that Knox, the kindest heart in the world, had unwittingly involved them. They were all too full to speak, and maintained for some minutes a sorrowful silence. At last, as if moved

by the same impulse, they raised their eyes. Their glances met, and Knox burst into tears. Soon, however, Lincoln rose, brushed a tear from his eye, and exclaimed, 'Gentlemen, this will never do! We come hither to transact business! let us attend to it.' This aroused the others, and Knox made a full disclosure of his affairs. Although Lincoln and Jackson suffered severe losses, it never disturbed the feelings of friendship and intimacy which had existed between these generous-hearted men."

General William Sullivan, the author of the foregoing anecdote, was one of the most prominent lawyers of Boston in his time, and was many years President of the Suffolk Bar Association. He was frequently a member of the State Legislature and Council of Massachusetts and brigadier-general of militia. He was noted for his scholarly attainments and oratorical abilities and belonged to the principal literary and art societies in Boston.

His father, Governor James Sullivan, was a lawyer of high reputation and did active service during the siege of Boston. He was intended for a military career, but was prevented from following it by the fracture of a limb. He studied law under his brother, General John Sullivan, began practice at Biddeford, Me., and in 1770 received the appointment of King's Attorney for York County. He early took an active part in the Revolution, was a member of the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts in 1775, and with two others executed a difficult mission to Ticonderoga. He was a member of the Continental Congress in 1784 and 1785, and repeatedly represented Boston in the State Assembly. He served as Attorney-General from 1790 till 1807, when he was elected Governor of Massachusetts and re-elected the following year. He was one of the commissioners appointed by Washington to settle the boundary line between this country and British North America and the projector of the Middlesex Canal, which was constructed under the superintendence of his son, John Langdon Sullivan. Governor Sullivan was the author of many valuable historic works, and was one of the principal founders of the Massachusetts Historical Society, of which he was president for many years. He died at Boston on December 10, 1808, in his sixty-fourth year.

Daniel Morgan, the son of an Irishman from the County of Londonderry, was among the first soldiers to arrive in Boston from the South after Washington took command. He was one of the most noted leaders of the Revolution, but we look in vain for any mention of his Irish nationality in any American histories we have read. But James Bernard Cullen, in his history of the Irish in Boston, and Colonel Michael Doheny, in his history of the American Revolution, written in Ireland in 1846, leave no doubt

as to his Irish origin. Even Appleton's *Cyclopedia of American Biography* makes a mistake in this regard, and while admitting that little or nothing is known of his parents or his own childhood, states that he was of Welsh extraction. According to Appleton's account of his career, which, with this exception, is an admirable one, Morgan was born in New Jersey about 1736 and removed to Charlestown, Va., in 1754. In 1755 he began his military life as a teamster in General Braddock's army, and even in that humble position did good service in bringing away the wounded during the rout at the Monongahela. It was during this expedition that Morgan first became acquainted with Washington. While connected with the quartermaster's department he knocked down a British lieutenant, who had struck him with the flat of his sword, and was punished with five hundred lashes for the offense. Soon after, at the head of a few backwoodsmen, he defeated a force of Frenchmen and Indians, for which he was commissioned an ensign. Later he became engaged in a fierce woodland fight with Indians in which nearly all his comrades were slain and Morgan himself was shot through the neck with a musket ball. Almost fainting with the wound, which at the moment he supposed to be fatal, he resolved not to leave his scalp in the hands of an Indian, and falling forward with his arms tightly clasped about the neck of his stalwart horse, though mists were gathering before his eyes, he spurred away through the forest paths until his foremost Indian pursuer, unable to come up with him, hurled his tomahawk after him with a yell of baffled rage and gave up the chase. This was the only wound Morgan ever received.

About 1762 Morgan received a grant of land a few miles east of Winchester, Va., and devoted himself to farming. He married Abigail Bailey, daughter of a farmer in that section, a woman of rare beauty and lofty character. He named his home the *Soldiers' Rest*, but was soon called away from it by Pontiac's Indian War, in which he served as a lieutenant. From 1765 till 1775 he prospered as a farmer and acquired considerable property, though in the meantime he was commissioned captain of militia and served in Lord Dunmore's war on the frontier in 1773.

In June, 1775, Congress called for ten companies of riflemen from Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Maryland, to join the Continental Army besieging Boston. Morgan was chosen captain of one of the Virginia companies, consisting of ninety-six men, and with it arrived in Cambridge about the middle of July, 1775.

In our descriptions of the various battles through which he passed it will be seen how valiantly he distinguished himself and what inestimable services he rendered to his country.

He was forced to leave the army through a violent attack of rheumatism in August, 1781, and for the next thirteen years he led a quiet life upon his estate. He became wealthy and entertained many eminent and interesting guests with truly Irish hospitality. In spite of the defects of early education his native qualities were such as to make his conversation charming and instructive.

In 1795 he held the rank of major-general in the army raised to quell the Whiskey Insurrection. In the following year he was elected to Congress, but was unable to serve his full term through failing health, and from that time until his death, in 1802, he seldom left his home.

General Morgan was considerably over six feet in height and weighed more than two hundred pounds. His strength and endurance were remarkable and in beauty of feature and expression he was equalled by few men of his time. His manners were quiet and refined, his bearing was noble, though his wrath was easily aroused by injustice. He was noted for truthfulness and candor and throughout life his conduct was regulated by the most rigid code of honor. In the procession that accompanied his remains to the tomb were seven members of the rifle company he had led to Boston seven and twenty years before.

He was buried in the Presbyterian graveyard of Winchester, and over his remains was placed a plain, horizontal slab, with the following inscription: "Major-general Daniel Morgan departed this life on July 6, 1802, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. Patriotism and valor were the prominent features of his character, and the honorable services he rendered to his country during the Revolutionary war crowned him with glory, and will remain in the hearts of his countrymen a perpetual monument to his memory."

His grave to-day, we learn from an article in the Four-Track News of a recent date, is sadly neglected, and nothing remains of the flat stone which originally covered it but a few scattering fragments, the rest having been carried away by vandal hands. "General Morgan," the writer of the article, Mr. J. Cleveland King, patriotically continues, "for his distinguished services to his country, deserves more than a neglected grave. He sleeps near thousands of those who wore the blue and the gray, and stately shafts commemorate their bravery, but over his lonely resting place lies but a broken stone, and a tattered flag flutters lonesomely in the wind. In vain has Congress been appealed to, to appropriately mark the last resting-place of this hero of the Revolution, and the State of Virginia, whose sons he led in many a battle, has as yet refused to honor Morgan as he deserves. It is sincerely to be

hoped that the time is not far distant when a handsome shaft will rise, proclaiming to all lovers of their country that beneath it lies one of the tried and trusted companions of Washington—one of the heroes of that heroic age.”

Benson J. Lossing, in his *Field Book of the Revolution*, thus describes the arrival of Morgan and his riflemen at the camp around Boston: “Some riflemen from Maryland, Virginia, and Western Pennsylvania, enlisted under the orders of Congress, and led by Daniel Morgan, a man of powerful frame and sterling courage, soon joined the camp. Upon their breasts they wore the motto ‘Liberty or Death.’ A large proportion of them were Irishmen, and were not very agreeable to the New Englanders. These men attracted much attention, and, on account of their sure and deadly aim, they became a terror to the British. Wonderful stories of their exploits went to England, and one of the riflemen, who was carried there a prisoner, was gazed at as a great curiosity.”

Washington Irving, in his *Life of Washington*, thus refers to these wonderful Irish riflemen, although, unlike Lossing, he does not refer to their nationality:

“Nothing excited more gaze and wonder among the rustic visitors to the camp than the arrival of several rifle companies, fourteen hundred men in all, from Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia—such stalwart fellows as Washington had known in his early campaigns. Stark hunters and bush fighters; many of them upwards of six feet high, and of vigorous frame; dressed in fringed frocks, or rifle shirts, and round hats. Their displays of sharpshooting were soon among the marvels of the camp. We are told that while advancing at quick step they could hit a mark of seven inches in diameter, at the distance of two hundred and fifty yards. One of these companies was commanded by Captain Daniel Morgan, a native of New Jersey, whose first experience in war had been to accompany Braddock’s army as a wagoner. He had since carried arms on the frontier and obtained a command. He and his riflemen, in coming to camp, had marched six hundred miles in three weeks. They will be found of signal efficiency in the sharpest conflicts of the revolutionary war.”

Julian Hawthorne, in his history of the United States, makes the same omission as Irving with regard to the nationality of the riflemen, though his writings are more just to Irishmen, more thoroughly American, and more patriotic in their lessons and conclusions than any writer of the present day. In his picture of the Boston Camp he thus graphically describes Morgan and his men:

“And then there are the fourteen hundred riflemen from the South, the first troops of the war to respond to a regular call for

enlisted men. A magnificent body of men they are; all six-footers, athletic and vigorous, clad in fringed hunting shirts of deerskin, with cape on the shoulders, and with moccasins on their light-stepping feet. Clear-eyed, spirited, sun-tanned faces they have, and long hair that hangs to their shoulders; and with those rifles of theirs they can hit the bulls' eye at three hundred yards. These fellows march with a swing and a stride; they camp on the bare earth and account nothing a hardship but inaction. They are led by a superb giant near seven feet tall, Daniel Morgan, the Virginian, and by Hendricks, of Pennsylvania, another Agamemnon. Though enlisted for a year only, **THESE RIFLEMEN STAYED THROUGH THE WAR**; their motto was trenchant and explicit—"Liberty or Death;" and there were no troops in the army that better served their country."

We have dwelt at length on General Morgan and his riflemen because of the disposition to ignore them, as well as all other Irishmen who fought in the Revolution, which exists at the present day. The reception which the Irish riflemen met in Boston, after coming hundreds of miles from their own homes to fight and die in behalf of its people—and were the first, as Hawthorne says, to respond to the call of freedom—was typical of the noxious bigotry which then existed in New England, and which is not yet thoroughly eradicated from its soil, though our people have wonderfully grown in numbers, wealth, and power in spite of it. Washington himself, when he went to Massachusetts as Commander-in-Chief, was shocked at the rancor of this deep-seated prejudice and did all in his power to stamp it out. In a general order to his army, dated November 5, 1775, he thus set the seal of his stern condemnation on one of its meanest features—the celebration of "Pope's Night," which annually occurred on that date, and wound up by burning the effigy of the Pope:

"November 5.—As the Commander-in-Chief has been apprised of a design formed for the observance of that ridiculous and childish custom of burning the effigy of the Pope, he cannot help expressing his surprise that there should be officers and soldiers in this army so void of common sense as not to see the impropriety of such a step at this juncture; at a time when we are soliciting, and have already obtained, the friendship and alliance of the people of Canada, whom we ought to consider as brethren embarked on the same cause—the defense of the liberty of America; at this juncture, and under such circumstances, to be insulting their religion is so monstrous as not to be suffered or excused; indeed, instead of offering the most remote insult, it is our duty to address public thanks to these our brethren, as to them we are indebted for every late happy success over the common enemy in Canada."

This diabolical custom, which was the offspring of Guy Fawkes Day in England, received its death blow at the hands of the noble Washington while laying siege to Boston and entirely disappeared after the Revolution.

Washington painted a true picture of those New England bigots in his letter to his business agent at Mount Vernon, dated at the camp, August 20, 1775, which Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet recently discovered and published, and now holds the original in his possession. Here is Washington's estimate of the men mean enough to insult the brave soldiers who hastened to their aid and were willing to die in their behalf:

"The people of this government have obtained a character which they by no means deserved—their officers, generally speaking, are the most indifferent kind of people I ever saw. I have already broke one colonel and five captains for cowardice, and for drawing more pay and provisions than they had men in their companies—there are two more colonels now under arrest, to be tried for the same offenses—in short, they are by no means such troops, in any respect, as you are led to believe of them from the accounts which are published, but I need not make myself enemies among them, by this declaration, although it is consistent with truth. I dare say the men would fight very well (if properly officered) although they are an exceedingly dirty and nasty people. Had they been properly conducted at Bunker Hill (on the 17th of June), or those that were there properly supported, the regulars would have met with a shameful defeat; and a much more considerable loss than they did, which is now known to be exactly 1,057, killed and wounded—it was for their behavior on that occasion that the above officers were broke, for I never spared one that was accused of cowardice, but brought them to immediate trial."

If the fate of the United States rested in the hands of such cravens as Washington describes it is safe to say that they would still be in the merciless grasp of England. AND IT IS ALSO BUT GOD'S TRUTH TO ASSERT, WITHOUT FEAR OF SUCCESSFUL CONTRADICTION, THAT TO THE IRISH PEOPLE AND THE WHOLE-HEARTED MANNER IN WHICH THEY THREW THEMSELVES INTO THE BREACH AT THE CRUCIAL MOMENT, IS MAINLY DUE THE INDEPENDENCE OF THIS COUNTRY.

This is the fact which so deeply galls England and makes her go to such extremes to change the history of the United States. But for the Irish in the Revolution she would have triumphed over the colonists, and but for the Irish of to-day she would enmesh this Republic in her wars against humanity. Eng-

land drove the Irish from their homes and mercilessly scattered them to the four winds of heaven, but they left their country with a just vengeance in their hearts that will yet humble her in every country on the globe.

While Washington was organizing his army around Boston King George and his Parliament were busy with schemes to crush the struggling colonists. Having no soldiers of his own to spare for the American conflict, the King made an urgent appeal to Catherine of Russia to sell him the use of twenty thousand of her soldiers, but that good Queen indignantly denied his impudent request and roundly rated him for his inhuman proposal. Even at that distant day Russia proved the friend of America.

Not deeming it in any way out of place to hire mercenaries to kill his own subjects, King George turned with success to the petty German Princes, who were hungering for his money. In vain was he reminded by such men as Burke and Barre of the barbarity of his action, and the British Parliament likewise turned a deaf ear to all protest and passed the motion to hire the German troops by a vote of 242 to 48. An army of 17,526 fierce Hessians, at a cost to England of \$775,000, was thus procured and let loose on the colonists—as brutal a horde of ruffians as ever outraged humanity.

With the savage Indian on one side and the ferocious Hessian on the other England was in congenial company, and she not only equalled both in their inhuman excesses, but she was more guilty than either, as she was in nearly every instance the instigator of their monstrous crimes.

As an evidence of how heartless, mercenary, and entirely void of Christian feeling the Hessian princes were, in bartering the blood of their people, we print the following letter written by the Electoral Prince of Hesse-Cassel after the battle of Trenton:

“You cannot think how much pleased I was to hear that, out of the nineteen hundred and fifty-five Hessians who took part in the battle, no more than three hundred and forty-five remain. There are, accordingly, sixteen hundred and ten dead—no more and no less, and so the treasury owes me, according to our contract, 634,000 florins. The Court of London says, it is true, that some hundred of them are ONLY WOUNDED, WHO CAN NOT BE PAID FOR LIKE THE DEAD; but I hope that, remindful of the instructions given to you at Cassel, you have not tried to save with human help, those poor fellows who could have bought life only at the sacrifice of a leg or an arm. That would be a sad present to them, and I am sure they prefer to die gloriously rather than live lamed and unfit for my service. Remember

that out of the three hundred Spartans but one remained in life. Oh, how happy would I be if I could say the same of my brave Hessians."

"The English Government," writes Julian Hawthorne, "embarked in the war with every accompaniment of tyranny, injustice, cruelty, and dishonor; but perhaps nothing less was needed to emancipate the colonists from their chains of loyalty. Mrs. John Adams spoke to the point when she said: 'Let us separate; they are unworthy to be our brethren. Let us renounce them, and instead of supplications as formerly, for their prosperity and happiness, let us beseech the Almighty to blast their counsels and bring to naught all their devices.'"

Of the action of the British within Boston, where they had the people at their mercy, Hawthorne is equally as severe. "North Church," he writes, "from whose tower had hung the signal lanterns that told Paul Revere what message he must carry, was torn down by the soldiers and its fragments used for fuel. In the Old South, where the meeting had been held previous to the throwing of the tea into Boston harbor, a dragoon regiment was domiciled and the troopers were drilled in riding evolutions. Liberty Tree was cut down by the order of Gage, who perhaps hoped as easily to cut down the aspirations for freedom with the inceptions of so many of which the Tree had been associated. Many of the citizens of Boston had left the town, but there remained, of loyalists and others, more than six thousand. After Bunker Hill, life in Boston became intolerable. Property was liable to confiscation on frivolous grounds, or none at all; drunken soldiers committed robberies in the public streets, while their officers passed indifferently by; loyalists, or tories, were snubbed, and despised, and patriots were persecuted. The wounded brought from Bunker Hill were lodged in private houses from which their rightful owners were driven or allowed to remain only on the footing of servants. The prisoners which the British troops had taken were thrown into the common jail and the wounded among them were neglected, or worse. In short, the English army in Boston behaved like ill-conditioned savages, wreaking upon the helpless the injuries which they could not, and dared not to inflict upon their enemies in the open field. It was time they were expelled."

In addition to the cruelties which the British practiced within Boston they also sent their warships to destroy the surrounding seaports. We turn to Washington Irving for an example of these crimes.

"Among the sturdy little New England seaports," he writes, "which had become obnoxious by resistance to nautical exactions

was Falmouth, now Portland, Me. On the evening of the 11th of October, 1775, Lieutenant Mowatt, of the Royal Navy, appeared before it with several armed vessels, and sent a letter on shore apprising the inhabitants that he had come to execute a just punishment on them for their premeditated attacks on the legal prerogatives of the best of sovereigns. Two hours were given them 'to remove the human species out of the town,' at the period of which a red pendant hoisted at the main-topgallant masthead and a gun would be the signal for destruction.

"The letter brought a deputation of three persons on board. The lieutenant informed them verbally that he had orders from Admiral Graves to set fire to all the seaport towns between Boston and Halifax; and he expected New York, at the present moment, was in ashes. With much difficulty, and on the surrendering of some arms, the committee obtained a respite until 9 o'clock the next morning, and the inhabitants employed the interval in removing their families and effects.

"The next morning the committee returned on board before 9 o'clock. The lieutenant now offered to spare the town on certain conditions, which were refused. About 9:30 o'clock the red pendant was run up to the masthead and the signal gun fired. Within five minutes several houses were in flames from a discharge of carcasses and bombshells, which continued throughout the day. The inhabitants, standing on the heights, were spectators of the conflagration, which reduced many of them to penury and despair. One hundred and thirty-nine dwelling houses and two hundred and twenty-eight stores are said to have been burnt. All the vessels in the harbor, likewise, were destroyed or carried away as prizes.

"Having satisfied his sense of justice with respect to Falmouth, the gallant lieutenant left it a smoking ruin, and made sail, as was said, for Boston, to supply himself with more ammunition, having the intention to destroy Portsmouth also. The conflagration of Falmouth was as a bale-fire throughout the country. Lieutenant Mowatt was said to have informed the committee at that place that orders had come from England to burn all seaport towns that would not lay down and deliver up their arms, and give hostages for their good behavior."

General Greene, in a letter to a friend, expresses himself with warmth on these outrages. "Oh," he writes, "could the Congress behold the distresses and wretched condition of the poor inhabitants driven from the seaport towns, it must, it would, kindle a blaze of indignation against the commissioned pirates and licensed robbers. People begin heartily to wish a declaration of independence."

General Sullivan was sent to Portsmouth, whose strong fortification he had captured four months before Lexington, to give the inhabitants his advice and assistance. Had the British gone there they would have received a warmer welcome than they bargained for.

General Washington branded the warfare of the British as void of every principle of humanity and wrote a strong but dignified letter to General Gage on the matter. The latter answered in true English style—arrogant, untruthful, and insulting. As Washington's final letter to Gage on this subject contains an epitome of the pure principles of his compatriots, the lofty motives which personally actuated him and the humane manner in which hostilities on his part would be conducted, we print it here as one of the most exalted documents of modern times:

"I addressed you, sir, in terms which gave the fairest scope for that humanity and politeness which were supposed to form part of your character. I remonstrated with you on the unworthy treatment shown to the officers and citizens of America, whom the fortune of war, chance or a mistaken confidence, had thrown into your hands. Whether British or American, mercy, fortitude, and patience are most pre-eminent; whether our virtuous citizens, whom the hand of tyranny has forced into arms to defend their wives, their children, and their property, or the merciless instruments of lawless domination, avarice, and revenge, best deserve the appellation of rebels and the punishment of that cord which your affected clemency has forborne to inflict; whether the authority under which I act is usurped, or founded upon the genuine principles of liberty, were altogether foreign to the subject. I purposely avoided all political disquisition; nor shall I now avail myself of those advantages which the sacred cause of my country, of liberty and of human nature give me over you; much less shall I stoop to retort an invective; but the intelligence you say you have received from our army requires a reply. I have taken time, sir, to make a strict inquiry, and find it has not the least foundation in truth. Not only your officers and soldiers have been treated with the tenderness due to fellow-citizens and brethren, but even those execrable parricides, whose counsels and aid have deluged their country with blood, have been protected from the fury of a justly enraged people.

"You affect, sir, to despise all rank not derived from the same source with your own. I cannot conceive one more honorable than that which flows from the uncorrupted choice of a brave and free people, the purest source and original fountain of all power. Far from making it a plea for cruelty, a mind of

true magnanimity and enlarged ideas would comprehend and respect it.

"What may have been the ministerial views which have precipitated the present crisis, Lexington, Concord, and Charlestown can best declare. May that God, to whom you, too, appeal, judge between America and you. Under His providence, those who influence the councils of America, and all the other inhabitants of the united colonies, at the hazard of their lives, are determined to hand down to posterity those just and invaluable privileges which they have received from their ancestors. I shall now, sir, close my correspondence with you, perhaps forever. If your officers, our prisoners, receive a treatment from me different from that which I wished to show them, they and you will remember the occasion of it."

Soon after this correspondence Gage was recalled to England and never returned. General Howe was appointed in his place as Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces, and under him the same infamous policy was continued.

On October 15, 1775, a committee from Congress, consisting of Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Lynch, and Colonel Harrison, arrived in camp to hold a conference with Washington. A Board of Conference was accordingly organized, with Washington as President and Joseph Reed as Secretary. Of these five members, on whose conclusions the future destinies of this nation may be said to have rested, two were Irish-Americans—a fact which proves the great influence wielded by our people at the opening of the Revolution.

It took Washington eight months to get his forces into shape to drive the British out of Boston, and just as he was proceeding to do so, the British themselves, fearing the results of the encounter, took to their ships and slunk away to Halifax.

On St. Patrick's Day, 1776, with General Sullivan, an Irish-American, as officer of the day and "St. Patrick" as the countersign of his victorious army, Washington triumphantly entered Boston and took possession of the town. Thus, on the most eventful day in the history of Boston, the Commander-in-Chief of the American army paid a most graceful compliment to the Irish people.

The British never afterwards returned to Boston, but they continued to wage their merciless and inhuman war in other parts of the country.

One of the last acts of the British in Boston was typical of their whole course throughout that war. Dr. Gordon, in his history, asserts that "in the hospital at Boston a large quantity of

medicine was left, in which it was discovered that white and yellow arsenic was mixed. The object can be easily guessed."

Neither the Indians or the Hessians, in their most barbarous moments, could have surpassed the fiendishness of that terrible act. Americans should remember it when an alliance with England is proposed.

CHAPTER XXI.

GENERAL RICHARD MONTGOMERY AND THE INVASION OF CANADA.

While the siege of Boston was in progress it was deemed advisable to send an army into Canada in order to take advantage of the good feeling prevailing in that country for the American cause and to offset a threatened expedition of the British from that quarter. Washington appointed General Philip Schuyler as chief of the American forces, but as his health failed him the command fell to the lot of General Richard Montgomery. Washington also sent Benedict Arnold, with eleven hundred men, by way of the Kennebec River, to co-operate with Montgomery. Three companies of the Irish riflemen, numbering nearly five hundred men, under the command of Captain Daniel Morgan, accompanied Arnold in his perilous march through the wilderness.

As the history of the invasion of Canada is coincident with Montgomery's connection with the American army, it can best be told in the life-sketch of that illustrious commander.

Authorities differ as to the birth-place of Montgomery. In Appleton's *Cyclopedia of American Biography* it is stated that he was born in Swords, near Feltrim, Ireland, on December 2, 1736, but this does not agree with the *Life of Richard Montgomery*, by John Armstrong, in *Sparks' American Biography*, published in Boston in 1834, which is referred to by Appleton's as one of its authorities.

John Armstrong, Jr., a brave soldier in the Revolution and a brilliant writer of its memories, an account of whose life we have already given in these records, states that Montgomery was born in Convoy House, the name given to his father's seat, near Raphoe, in the North of Ireland. His parents and connections were highly respectable and such as secured him an early and liberal education in the College of Dublin.

His father, Thomas Montgomery, of Convoy House, had three sons—Alexander, John, and Richard, and one daughter. Alexander commanded a grenadier company in Wolfe's army and was present at the capture of Quebec. On the death of his father he withdrew to his estate and for many years in succession represented the County of Donegal in the Irish Parliament. John lived and died in Portugal, and the daughter married Lord Ranelagh and was the mother of two sons, Charles and Thomas, who, in turn, succeeded to the title.

The difference in these accounts may be ascribed to the fact that the elder Montgomery resided for a while at Feltrim House, near Swords, in the County of Dublin, and Richard may have been born there during that period. But whether he was born in Dublin or Donegal, the fact remains that he was a genuine Irishman, as his fathers were before him for many generations. Nearly one hundred years after his death, however, one of his degenerate descendants tried to prove the Scottish origin of the family, evidently not knowing that if he went far enough in that direction, he would eventually trace it back again to Ireland, the place from which it originally sprung.

In like manner one of the Clintons of the present day recently resented the statement that the founder of his family in this country—Charles Clinton—was an Irishman, on the ground that, although he was born and brought up in Ireland, where his family had lived for three generations, his ancestors originally came to England with the Normans.

Gratitude alone should have prevented this degenerate son of the Clintons from disowning his Irish origin, for when De Witt Clinton, in 1824, retired from the Governorship of New York and found himself without office or means, it was the Irish people, led by such '98 patriots as Thomas Addis Emmet and Dr. William J. McNevin, who, justly claiming him as one of their own race, rallied to his support and re-elected him Governor by the greatest majority ever given to a candidate.

If this modern Clinton, who resents the imputation of being Irish, would only study the history of these Normans he would not be so ready to claim them as ancestors. The following earnest words of Ralph Waldo Emerson, one of America's greatest thinkers and writers, will enlighten him as to their character and antecedents:

"The Normans," writes Emerson, "came out of France into England worse men than when they went into it 160 years before. They had lost their own language and learned the barbarous Latin of the Gauls, and had acquired with the language all the vices it had names for. The Conquest has obtained in the chronicles the name of the 'memory of sorrows.' Twenty thousand thieves landed at Hastings. These founders of the House of Lords were greedy and ferocious dragoons, sons of greedy and ferocious pirates. They were all alike. They took everything they could carry; they burned, harried, violated, tortured, and killed until everything English was brought to the verge of ruin. Such, however, is the illusion of antiquity and wealth, that decent and dignified men now existing boast their descent from these filthy thieves, who showed a far juster conviction of their own

merits by assuming for types the swine, goat, jackal, leopard, wolf, and snake, which they severally resembled."

A decent man should be ashamed of his descent from these filthy thieves.

At the age of eighteen, in conformity to his own tastes, a commission in the British army was secured for Richard Montgomery, and as an ensign in the Seventeenth Regiment of Infantry he was sent to Canada, where, from 1757 to 1762, he distinguished himself in the principal military movements in that country, rising in the meantime to the rank of captain. In the latter year he was ordered to the West Indies, where he fought in the campaigns against Martinique and Havana.

Soon after the treaty of peace between France and England, in February, 1763, Montgomery, with his regiment, returned to New York, and sought and obtained permission to return home, where he remained until the close of the year 1772. "Of his occupation during these nine years," writes Armstrong, "the details we possess are very imperfect; a circumstance the more to be regretted, as it may be presumed that what remained of his life took much of its color and character during this period. Such were the origin and progress of the controversy between Great Britain and her American Colonies; the intimacy formed between himself and those members of the English Parliament, like Burke, Fox, and Barre, who most favored the pretensions of the latter; his abandonment of the King's service in 1772, and lastly, his determination to seek in America a future and permanent home. On these points nothing written by himself has been found, nor have we any better authority than tradition for stating that finding himself twice circumvented in the purchase of a majority, and being satisfied that there was a government agency in both cases, he promptly determined to quit at once the country and the service, and retire to America."

Having sold his commission he returned to New York in January, 1773, and bought a farm of sixty-seven acres in Kingsbridge, then twelve miles from the outskirts of New York, but now well included within its bounds. In July of the same year he married Janet, the eldest daughter of Robert R. Livingston, then one of the Judges of the New York Supreme Court. Soon after his marriage he purchased a handsome estate on the banks of the Hudson, near Barrytown, and commenced the erection of a suitable home, but he spent the brief period of his married life at his wife's residence in the same vicinity.

In April, 1775, he was sent as a delegate from Dutchess County to the First Provincial Congress of New York. Of his labors in that body we have his own estimate, which, as Arm-

strong writes, may be usefully offered as an example of unaffected modesty and an admonition to the unfledged statesman of the present day. In a letter to his father-in-law he says:

"For all the good I can do here I might as well and much better have been left at home to direct the labors of my people. On the simple question between us and England, I am, I hope, sufficiently instructed, and will not go wrong; but how many may be the views growing out of that and subordinate to it, of which, in the present state of my knowledge, I am not able to judge correctly? Inquiry and reflection may, in the long run, supply this defect; but the long run requires time, and time stops for no man. It is but justice to the convention to say that it has in it both talents and knowledge sufficient for its purposes; and, on the whole, no unwillingness to do business, which, notwithstanding, is a good deal obstructed by long, useless speeches, an opinion which after all may be mere prejudice, arising from my own taciturn habits."

On June 15, 1775, Montgomery was appointed brigadier-general by the Continental Congress, being the second on the list of eight appointed at the same time and the only one not residing in New England. The spirit of self-sacrifice and patriotism with which Montgomery left his happy home and parted with his loving wife, though he was but two years in the country, may be judged from the following letter which he wrote to a friend soon after his appointment:

"The Congress having done me the honor of electing me a brigadier-general in their service is an event which must put an end for a while, if not forever, to the quiet scheme of life I had prescribed for myself; for though entirely unexpected and undesired by me, the will of an oppressed people, compelled to choose between liberty and slavery, must be obeyed."

It is safe to say that had the man who penned that letter remained in Ireland till 1798, he would be found in the ranks of the United Irishmen, like so many of his class, fighting side by side with the Emmets and Wolfe Tones of that period.

As compared with Generals Lee and Gates, two other officers, who, like him, had served in the British army, it was said that Montgomery, though perhaps inferior to Charles Lee in quickness of mind, was much superior to both him and Gates in all the great qualities which adorn the soldier.

As we have said, the entire command of the Canadian expedition devolved upon Montgomery. Proceeding by way of the Sorel River, and notwithstanding the mutinous conduct of his soldiers, the lack of proper munitions and incidental suffering, he made the brilliant campaign that resulted in the reduction of the

fortresses of St. John's and Chambly and the capture of Montreal during the latter part of 1775. At St. John's he had the honor of capturing the first British colors in the Revolutionary War—those of the Seventh Fusiliers.

In the early part of the campaign, in order to quiet the restless activity of Ethan Allen, who, without commission or command, had attached himself to the army as a volunteer, Montgomery sent him to Laprairie with an escort of thirty men and orders "to mingle with the inhabitants and so to treat them as would best conciliate their friendship and induce them to join the American standard."

Allen succeeded in inducing fifty Canadians to join him, but unwisely concluded to attack Montreal on his own account without taking his commanding officer into his confidence. He crossed the St. Lawrence on the night of September 24, 1775, and was met in the morning by a British party, who, after a short and slight conflict, during which his Canadian volunteers ran away, captured him and thirty-eight of his followers.

Although Montgomery censured Allen for his rash conduct, he went quickly to his aid when he learned that he was being cruelly treated by his captors.

When the British General Prescott heard that Allen was the man who captured Ticonderoga he flew into a great rage, shook his cane over his head and called him many hard names, among which he frequently used the word rebel.

Allen answered with such spirit that he was immediately hustled into the hold of a warship, heavily ironed, to be transported, with all his fellow-prisoners, to England for trial; Prescott giving him the parting assurance, sealed with a brutal oath, that he would grace a halter at Tyburn.

General Montgomery immediately wrote to General Carleton, then Governor of Quebec, protesting against the inhuman severity with which Allen and his men were treated. "Your character, sir," he writes, "induces me to hope that I am ill-informed. Nevertheless, the duty I owe to the troops committed to my charge lays me under the necessity of acquainting your Excellency that, if you allow this conduct and persist in it, I shall, though with the most painful regret, execute with rigor the just and necessary law of retaliation upon the garrison of Chambly, now in my possession, and upon all others who may hereafter fall into my hands. I shall expect your Excellency's answer in six days. Should the bearer not return in that time, I must interpret your silence into a declaration of a barbarous war. I cannot pass this opportunity without lamenting the melancholy and fatal necessity, which obliges the firmest friends of

the constitution to oppose one of the most respectable officers of the crown."

These latter words were drawn from Montgomery by the fact that he and Carleton were formerly warm friends and companions and that he knew him to be possessed of a generous and sympathetic nature. Carleton, moreover, was an Irishman like himself, having been born in Strabane, County Tyrone, within a short distance of Montgomery's own home.

While resting in Montreal, waiting for Arnold to come up, Montgomery addressed a letter to Congress on his future operations and detailing the many things of which he was in need. "For the good fortune," he says, "which has hitherto attended us, I am, I hope, sufficiently thankful; but this very fortune, good as it has been, will become a serious and unsurmountable evil should it lead Congress either to overrate our means or to under-rate the difficulties we have yet to contend with. I need not tell you that until Quebec is taken Canada is unconquered, and that, to accomplish this, we must resort to siege, investment, or storm." Montgomery then discusses each of these alternatives in a manner which showed his thorough knowledge of military science and concluded his able letter as follows: "In reviewing what I have said you will find my list of wants is a long one; men, money, artillery, and clothing accommodated to the climate. Of ammunition Carleton took care to leave little behind him at this place. What I wish and expect is that all this be made known to Congress, with a full assurance that, if I fail to execute their wishes or commands, it shall not be from any negligence of duty or infirmity of purpose on my part."

In Appleton's *Cyclopedia of American Biography* full justice is done to the character and career of General Montgomery—that brave and noble Irishman who fought and died for American liberty and whose place in the hearts of Americans is next to that of Washington himself. It thus describes his storming of Quebec in the midst of snow and ice, his heroic death before its walls, the great sorrow which it occasioned, and the universal and heartfelt manner in which it was expressed:

"His little army of scarcely 300 men joined that of Benedict Arnold, consisting of about 600 men, before Quebec early in December, and for his past services Montgomery was made Major-General on December 9. The term of enlistment of his men was about to expire, the smallpox was prevalent in the camp, and, with the winter before them, a prolonged siege was impossible, and therefore the immediate capture of Quebec became a necessity. Montgomery called a council of war at which it was



GENERAL RICHARD MONTGOMERY.

decided to carry the city by assault, and to him was intrusted the advance on the southern part of the lower town.

"The attack was made early in the morning of December 31, 1775, during a heavy snowstorm, Montgomery himself leading his men from Wolfe's Cove, along the side of the cliff beneath Cape Diamond, to a point where a fortified block-house stood protected by a stockade. The first barrier was soon carried, and Montgomery, exclaiming, 'Men of New York, you will not fear to follow where your General leads,' pushed forward, when with his two aids he was killed by the first and only discharge of British artillery.

"His soldiers, discouraged by his fall, retreated, and the enemy, able to concentrate their attention on the forces under Colonel Arnold, soon drove the Americans from the city, besides capturing 400 of his men. Enemies and friends paid tribute to Montgomery's valor. The governor, lieutenant-governor, the council of Quebec, and all the principal officers of the garrison buried him with the honors of war.

"At the news of his death, 'the city of Philadelphia was in tears; every person seemed to have lost his nearest friend.' Congress proclaimed for him their 'grateful remembrance, respect, and high veneration; and desiring to transmit to future ages a truly worthy example of patriotism, conduct, boldness of enterprise, insuperable perseverance and contempt of danger and death,' they reared a marble monument in the front of St. Paul's Church, New York City, in honor 'of the patriotic conduct, enterprise, and perseverance of Major-General Richard Montgomery.'

"In the British Parliament Edmund Burke contrasted the condition of the 8,000 men, starved, disgraced, and shut up within the single town of Boston, with the movements of the hero who in one campaign conquered two-thirds of Canada. To which Lord North replied: 'I cannot join in lamenting the death of Montgomery as a public loss. Curse on his virtues! they've undone his country. He was brave, he was able, he was humane, he was generous; but still he was only a brave, able, humane, and generous rebel.' 'The term of rebel,' retorted Fox, 'is no certain mark of disgrace. The great assertors of liberty, the saviors of their country, the benefactors of mankind in all ages, have been called rebels.'

"High on the rocks over Cape Diamond, along which this brave officer led his troops on that fatal winter morning, has been placed the inscription: 'Here Major-General Montgomery fell, December 31st, 1775.' He is described, when about to start from Saratoga on his Canadian campaign, as tall, of fine military pres-

ence, of graceful address, with a bright, magnetic face, winning manners, and the bearing of a prince; and it was here that he parted with his wife after her two brief years of happiness with her soldier, as she always afterward called him.

"Many of the letters that he wrote to her during the winter months of 1775 have been preserved, and in one of the last he writes: 'I long to see you in your new home,' referring to Montgomery Place, a mansion that he had projected before his departure on the property purchased by him near Barrytown, and that was completed during the following spring.

"In 1818, by an Act of Honor passed by the New York Legislature in behalf of Mrs. Montgomery, Sir John Sherbrooke, Governor-General of Canada, was requested to allow her husband's remains to be disinterred and conveyed to New York. This being granted, De Witt Clinton, then Governor of the State, appointed her nephew, Lewis, son of Edward Livingston, to take charge of the body while it was on its way. As the funeral cortege moved down the Hudson, nearing the home that he had left in the prime of life to fight for his adopted country, Mrs. Montgomery took her place on the broad veranda of the mansion and requested that she be left alone as the body passed. She was found unconscious, stretched upon the floor, where she had fallen, overcome with emotion. General Montgomery's remains found their last resting place in St. Paul's Chapel, in New York City, near the monument that was ordered in France by Benjamin Franklin."

Mrs. Montgomery survived her chivalrous husband fifty-two years, and in all that long lapse of time his beloved form was ever before her eyes. Her life was an age of sorrow, but she bore it with patience and resignation as her share in the great sacrifices of the mighty struggle for her country's redemption, and she stands out to-day as the most heroic figure of even that heroic age. Her noble form as she stood upon the broad veranda, her bosom heaving with the pent-up love of five and forty years, and watched the body of her soldier-lover pass down the beautiful stream—when she swooned and fell insensible in the intensity of her emotions—presents a picture that will live forever in the hearts of true Americans. Her life was given, as truly as that of her husband, to the noble cause for which he died.

Michael Doheny, in his *History of the American Revolution*, gives a graphic description of the storming of Quebec and pays a loving tribute to the heroism of his countryman, Montgomery. Without fear of tiring the patience of our readers we give them the benefit of his glowing words:

"The besiegers resolved to risk the storming of the garrison

at every hazard. That attempt was made at 5 o'clock in the morning on the last day of the year, their forces being divided into four parties, the two principal of which were led in person by Montgomery and Arnold. A heavy snowstorm enveloped besiegers and besieged, amid the fury of which the devoted bands and their gallant leaders groped their way to the destined points of attack. Montgomery chose that around Cape Diamond, by the banks of the river, which was guarded by an outpost. The pathway leading to this post was narrow and difficult, being under the steep precipice and covered by large masses of ice, washed in upon it by the over-gorged river. Along this the storming party advanced with extreme difficulty in single file, and the General himself, leading the way, had more than once to halt for those who followed. Reaching the outposts, its guards, after a few random shots, fled to the battery; but being in advance of his men, the General again halted to give time to his followers to collect, and as soon as about two hundred were collected he rushed forward, animating them by his voice and example, when one of the sentinels who had fled, astonished at the delay, returned to his post, and slowly applying a match to a gun mounted there, fired it without any immediate design. This single and chance shot decided the fate of the assault. Its first victim was General Montgomery. He fell dead where he stood, and two young and gallant officers, who shared his peril and daring, shared also his untimely fate. Colonel Campbell, on whom devolved the command, hesitated to advance, and the troops, whom no danger could deter when following their beloved General, seeing him lying dead, retreated their steps with confusion and consternation.

"Arnold, to whom this disaster was unknown, approached the opposite battery, along the suburb of St. Roques, about the same time. He, too, found all in readiness to meet him, and in assaulting the first battery received a wound which obliged him to retire to hospital. The battery was, however, taken, and Captain Morgan, of the Virginia riflemen, who were leading the assault, was called on by a unanimous shout to assume the command and rush forward. That dauntless officer accepted with eagerness the post of danger and of honor; and at the same moment Lieutenant Anderson, issuing from the gate with a view of attacking the Americans, challenged Captain Morgan, and received a ball through his head from Morgan's hand in reply. His troops fell back and closed the gate. The besiegers, instantly scaling the wall, saw inside a large force, with their guns fixed to the earth, ready to receive any who descended on their bayonets, and at the same time a most destructive fire was poured upon them from windows and port-holes, beneath which they retired into the stone

houses outside the barriers, where the dawning day discovered them endeavoring to answer, but ineffectually, the terrible fire from the barrier and surrounding posts. To appear even an instant outside their precarious shelter was instant death, and so depressed were the men by defeat, disaster, and cold that they refused to attempt a retreat in face of the murderous barrier. Meantime, troops issuing from another gate made their rear guard prisoners and completely surrounded them. But even in this situation the resolution which still upheld the American leaders prompted the desperate attempt of cutting their way, sword in hand, through the town backwards. While preparing, however, for this last enterprise, they were completely encompassed and surrendered prisoners of war. Many officers of this detachment were killed, and all the rest, including the intrepid Morgan, except the few who accompanied Arnold, were taken prisoners.

"Thus ended this assault upon Quebec, which many have described as rash and desperate, but which all admit to be one of the most gallant upon record. Its failure supplies the readiest proof that it was ill-advised and unmilitary, but if the random shot discharged by a trembling hand at a forsaken post had not deprived the army of its General, success might have changed the reasoning, and generated a host of critics stout to assert that the enterprise was as wisely and surely planned as it was daring and chivalrous.

"Upon Arnold's camp the new year opened with gloomy prospects; yet, himself badly wounded, the army dispirited by defeat and suffering, his bravest chiefs dead or captured, and the winter closing around him with its frozen terrors—he did not hesitate to prosecute, boldly, the blockade. And the distress to which he reduced the garrison, which once or twice barely escaped falling into his hands, ere he was superseded in command, proves that his energy was indomitable and his operations those of a consummate military genius.

"But in all that surrounded it of gloom and horror, in this season of snow and storms, nothing pressed so heavily on the American army as the fate of their too gallant general. No thought had they for calculating harshness in judging the enterprise which cost his life. And indeed if want of foresight, to any extent, dimmed the luster of that stupendous undertaking, it was amply redeemed by his personal contempt for danger and in his chivalrous fall. Nor does it well become the nation on whose armies victory smiled to insult his memory on this ground; for, had he lived to divide their strength, or share in the encounter, history may be compelled to restrict the praises which British valor justly claims from the triumph of that eventful day. Nor

was the voice of unkind criticism much heeded by the generous ear. No man fell in, or, perhaps, survived the war, save one, to whose virtue and courage so large a tribute of homage was offered—of hearty admiration by his enemies, of deepest mourning by his adopted country. His monument, the first voted by Congress, attests the estimation in which that country held his eminent services, his purity and his genius. But, perhaps, the most solid testimony to his worth and valor was the cheer which echoed through the British Senate when the baffled minister ‘cursed his virtues for having undone his country.’

“We have dwelt on this closing scene of Montgomerys’ bright career longer than our prescribed limits, in justice, admit of, lingering fondly over details of personal heroism. We have done so because the storming of Quebec, although unsuccessful, appears an exploit of unparalleled daring and magnitude, and because the genius that planned it and fell in its execution was the greatest sacrifice that was offered to liberty. And, good reader, we have had another, perhaps a more powerful reason—Richard Montgomery was an Irishman.”

Julian Hawthorne, Washington Irving, Lossing, Armstrong, and, in fact, all fair historians unite in praise of Montgomery not only as a brave soldier and able general, but also as a citizen and a man.

“While Washington was standing before Boston,” writes Hawthorne, “affairs in the North indicated the expediency of attempting to win Canada. Washington’s plan was to send Benedict Arnold in command of an expedition by the Kennebec route, while Richard Montgomery, a young Irishman who was deservedly loved and respected, was to advance upon St. John’s and Montreal. He was to act with Schuyler, but the latter, owing to illness or hesitation, was of little use in the campaign, retiring to Albany before the first blow was struck. Montgomery was never wanted where and when he was needed most; he had a genius for strategy and perfect courage; and he had the tact and self-command to exert authority over a body of men who would yield obedience only at their own good pleasure. Yet Montgomery was a warrior from principle, not choice; he was happily married and wished only to live at home on his farm, with his loving wife and his books. ‘But you will never have cause to blush for your Montgomery,’ he assured her, at parting. ‘They never met again; but before he died, he had achieved an immortal name.’”

“At the time of receiving his commission,” writes Irving, “Montgomery was about thirty-nine years of age and the beau ideal of a soldier. His form was well-proportioned and vigorous; his countenance expressive and prepossessing; he was cool and

discriminating in council, energetic and fearless in action. His principles commanded the respect of friends and foes, and he was noted for winning the affections of the soldiery."

As an instance of the love his men bore him Irving describes Montgomery's visit to Captain Lamb, of New York, who commanded one of the batteries before Quebec. Just as he arrived at the battery a shot from the fortress dismounted one of the guns and disabled many of the men. A second shot, immediately following, was almost as destructive. "This is warm work, sir," said Montgomery to Captain Lamb. "It is, indeed, and certainly no place for you, sir." "Why so, Captain?" "Because there are enough of us here to be killed, without the loss of you, which would be irreparable."

John Armstrong concludes his deeply appreciative Life of Montgomery with the following glowing eulogy: "In this brief story of a short and useful life, we find all the elements which enter into the composition of a great man and distinguished soldier; 'a happy physical organization, combining strength and activity, and enabling its possessor to encounter laborious days and sleepless nights, hunger and thirst, all changes of weather, and every variation of climate.' To these corporeal advantages was added a mind, cool, discriminating, energetic, and fearless; thoroughly acquainted with mankind, not uninstructed in the literature and science of the day, and habitually directed by a high and unchangeable moral sense. That a man so constituted should have won the golden opinions of friends and foes is not extraordinary. The most eloquent men of the British Senate became his panegyrists; and the American Congress hastened to testify for him 'their grateful remembrance, profound respect, and high veneration.' A monument to his memory was accordingly erected, on which might justly be inscribed the impressive lines of the poet:

"Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career;
His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes;
And fitly may the stranger, lingering here,
Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose;
For he was Freedom's champion, one of those,
The few in number, who had not o'erstept
The charter to chastise, which she bestows
On such as wield her weapons; he had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept."

Like Michael Doheny, we have lingered lovingly over the memory of Montgomery because his name is one of the brightest in history and sheds equal luster on Ireland and America. After

his death the American cause never prospered in Canada. The great depression which it caused amongst the remnant of the American forces, their exposure, without proper food or clothing, to all the rigors of that awful winter, and the consequent rapid spread of sickness through their ranks, rendered them an easy prey to the increased army of England.

Congress did much in the way of sending forward reinforcements and supplies, and thousands of brave men eagerly marched to the aid of their brothers in Canada, but they were compelled to fall back before the overwhelming force which time had enabled England to bring against them.

In all that was done in Canada to win the people to the American cause Irishmen took a most prominent part. Of the four Commissioners sent there by Congress to advocate the principles of liberty and independence, two were Irish-Americans and Catholics—Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, and his cousin, the Rev. John Carroll, afterwards Archbishop of Baltimore. The latter, owing to his influence among the Catholics, did the greatest part of all that was accomplished, and earned, through his work, the life-long friendship of Benjamin Franklin, who was also one of the Commissioners.

In the army, too, the Irish element prevailed far more than any other race. On the death of General Thomas, General John Sullivan was appointed commander-in-chief of the American army in Canada, and under him were Brigadier-General William Thompson and Colonels Maxwell, Irving, and Wayne. As we have already recorded, three of these—Thompson, Maxwell, and Irving—were born in Ireland, and two—Sullivan and Wayne—were the sons of Irishmen. The great majority of the rank and file were men of the Irish race, as were also the minor officers, among the latter being Lieutenant Andrew Irving, a brother of the Colonel, and Lieutenant Francis Nichols, both natives of Ireland.

In Canada, as elsewhere, throughout the entire Revolution, the Irish people did their full duty to the land of their adoption and were always found in the forefront of the fight for its freedom and independence.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BATTLES AROUND NEW YORK IN 1776 AND THE EVENTS WHICH LED UP TO THEM.

In the decade between 1765 and 1775, New York had much the same experience as Boston as far as local excitement went. When the Stamp Act was repealed great demonstrations of joy took place, statues were erected to George the Third, and his Minister, Pitt, and even the Sons of Liberty, after feasting at a banquet where twenty-eight loyal toasts were drunk, resolved to discontinue their meetings. As their final act, they erected a mast, afterwards called the Liberty Pole, a little to the northeast of the present City Hall, which they inscribed "to His Most Gracious Majesty George the Third, Mr. Pitt, and Liberty."

Within a month, however, the jubilation of the people received a fatal check. When intelligence of the Stamp Act riots reached England, Parliament passed the Mutiny Act, which provided for the quartering of troops in America at the expense of the colonists themselves. The troops came, angry feelings were soon engendered between them and the people, and thirty-six days after the Liberty Pole was erected with so much loyalty, it was cut down by the insolent soldiery. The Sons of Liberty were again aroused and a new pole was erected, only to meet the same fate as its predecessor. This was repeated three times during the next four years, and only the fifth pole was allowed to stand, when the British soldiers were ordered to Boston, on March 24, 1770, and even this was destroyed when they returned again some six years later.

The last conflict over the Liberty Pole occurred on Golden Hill, now Cliff street, between Fulton street and Maiden lane, in January, 1770, and almost assumed the proportions of a pitched battle. In this, as in all other skirmishes, the soldiers were badly worsted and many of them were disarmed. Lossing relates that Colonel Michael Smith, who died in New York in April, 1846, at the age of ninety-six years, was engaged in the affray, where the first blood of the Revolution was spilled. "He was one of those," writes Lossing, "who disarmed the soldiers. I have seen the musket which he seized at the time and which, as a soldier, he bore through the war that soon followed. It is a very heavy Tower gun and is preserved by his family as a very precious heirloom."

Although we have no evidence to prove that Colonel Michael Smith was of Irish origin, his name is almost a guarantee that he belonged to that race, and the same may be said in reference to hundreds of others who were prominent in New York at the opening of the Revolution. At first, the organization known as the Sons of Liberty was rather narrow-minded in its principles and "No Popery" designs appeared upon its banners, but as time wore on and the true American patriots assumed control, a more liberal feeling prevailed and no bar was raised on account of religion.

William Mooney, the Founder of Tammany Hall, about whose Irish origin there is no doubt, was one of the prominent members of the Sons of Liberty in New York, and his ancestry, like the rest, might have remained unknown but for the fact that he rose to prominence in after life and lived far into the nineteenth century, when it was no longer a disgrace to be Irish or Catholic and when the men of our race had become prominent and powerful in the affairs of the metropolis.

Mr. James Mooney, of the Bureau of American Ethnology, in addition to his many other good works in behalf of his race and creed, has closely studied the history of his illustrious kinsman, William Mooney, and to him we are indebted for much valuable information concerning him.

The National Cyclopaedia of American Biography has a long article on Mooney, from which we take the following facts: William Mooney, first Grand Sachem of the Tammany Society, New York, was an Irishman by descent, but was born in America. When he first became known it was as a leader among the Sons of Liberty. He joined the Whigs after the war ended and the Sons of Liberty disbanded, and went into business as an upholsterer. He was alive as late as 1831, being at that time the only survivor of the original members of the Tammany Society, of whom he was the first to sign the constitution. In an address delivered on the occasion of the forty-second anniversary of the Tammany Society, the following language was used in reference to its first Grand Sachem: "This venerable man must have been a Democrat; for surely if unwearied zeal, untiring perseverance, and a holy devotion to the cause of national liberty did ever make up one entire character in man, it is to be found in him." As an organizer of the Tammany Society he intended to counteract the aristocratic tendencies of the Cincinnati order. When Mooney undertook the task of organizing the society his idea was to name it in honor of Columbus, and it was to be called the Columbian Order. The organization was formed on May 12, 1789. Many of its founders had, long anterior to that period,

been induced from patriotic ardor to associate together for the purpose of counteracting the base designs of the remnant of the disaffected, who, taking advantage of the magnanimity that permitted them to remain among us, were endeavoring to weaken the attachments of the people and to undermine the temporary institutions of our unsettled Government.

On the corner-stone of the first Tammany Hall, at the corner of Park Row and Frankfort street, which is now occupied by the offices of the *New York Sun*, was the following inscription:

"Tammany Society or Columbian Order, founded by William Mooney, in 1786; organized under a constitution and laws in 1789. William Mooney, First Grand Sachem. New York, May 12, 1811."

The Washington Post, on July 16, 1900, published an article entitled, "A Century of Tammany," in which the following tribute is paid to Mooney: "To William Mooney, a noted citizen of old New York, belongs the credit of having organized the Tammany Society of New York. Mooney was an Irishman by descent, an American by birth. During the Revolution he was a leader among the famous Liberty Boys. After the war he went into business as an upholsterer in Nassau street. Toward the close of his life he was appointed Keeper of the Alms House. It was Mooney's idea to call the Society the Columbian Order."

The *Encyclopedia Americana*, in an article by the Hon. Charles F. Murphy, the official representative of the Democracy of Greater New York, says: "The Tammany Society or Columbian Order was founded May 12, 1789, by William Mooney, ex-Revolutionary soldier, two years after the National Government was established, as a fraternity of patriots solemnly consecrated to the independence, the popular liberty, and the federal union of the country. The membership was composed of those who were known before the Revolution as Sons of Liberty and Sons of St. Tammany, societies formed to promote the cause of independence. The Society was opposed to the St. George, St. David, and St. Andrew Societies, whose Tory members proclaimed fealty to George the Third."

Mooney must have been a Catholic as well as an Irishman. His determination to call the Society after Columbus bears out that conclusion. At all events he was a man highly honored in his day and generation and the organization which he founded will live as long as America. Like all things human, Tammany Hall errs occasionally and unscrupulous men sometimes get control of its councils, but it always has the manliness to correct itself and is generally supported by the people. An organization

which has outlived the fierce political storms of more than one hundred and twenty years must be founded on just and honorable principles and be closely allied to the best interests of the great body of the people.

Owing to the activity of the Sons of Liberty and the general disposition of the people of New York to ignore his authority, Tryon, the Royal Governor, took refuge on board the British sloop of war, *Halifax*, on October 19, 1775, and from there attempted to exercise his authority. His chief aid in doing so was James Rivington, an Englishman, editor of the *Royal Gazetteer*, who continued to denounce and misrepresent the patriots until his printing office was destroyed by Captain Isaac Sears, one of the leaders of the New York Sons of Liberty. That patriot, according to Lossing, fired by personal insult and patriotic zeal, came from Connecticut, where he had gone to plan schemes for the future, and entered New York at noon, on November 23, 1775, at the head of seventy-five light horsemen. He proceeded to the printing office of Rivington, at the foot of Wall street, placed a guard with fixed bayonets around it, and put all his types in bags, destroyed his press, and other apparatus, and then, in the same order, amid the shouts of the populace, and to the tune of Yankee Doodle, left the city. They carried off the types and made bullets of them. On their way back to Connecticut they disarmed all the Tories in their route, and at the village of West Chester seized and took with them the Rev. Samuel Seabury, afterwards Bishop Seabury, and two other offensive Tories, and carried them in triumph to New Haven.

Rivington's power to help the royal cause was thus temporarily destroyed, but in the following year, when the British re-entered the city, he re-established his newspaper. Toward the end of the war, however, when he realized that their cause was lost, he turned traitor to the British and thus managed to remain, but only as a bookseller, after independence was established.

There were three other newspapers in New York at the time Rivington's office was destroyed—Hugh Gainé's *New York Mercury*, in Hanover Square; Holt's *New York Journal*, in Dock, now Pearl street, near Wall, and Anderson's *Constitutional Gazette*, in Beekman's slip.

Hugh Gainé was an Irishman, but is depicted as a time-server and very unworthy person by Philip Freneau, the Revolutionary poet. We do not wish to screen Gainé from just blame for his shortcomings, but from all we can learn of his history we believe Freneau is entirely too severe in his criticism. Politically, he may have been easy-going and careless in his party

attachments, but he was a man of honorable character in business and private life. He was born in Ireland, in 1726, one of the darkest periods in her history, and began business in New York as a printer and bookseller in 1750. Two years later he established a weekly newspaper called the *Mercury*, being editor, compositor, pressman, folder, and carrier himself. At first Gaine was true to the American cause, and moved his paper to Newark, when the English approached New York. He soon returned, however, and gave at least a quasi support to the royal cause, but he could not have been a very ardent adherent for his petition to remain in New York after the British were driven out was readily granted. According to Appleton's *American Biography*, Gaine led an exemplary life and was a man of active business habits, though he seemed to have no settled convictions. Gaine, we suppose, came of an Irish family who were flogged into passive submission and political dependence by the British, but who still retained their decent habits and love of learning. In the hopeless days there were many such families in Ireland, especially in the large towns where the hand of persecution was heaviest.

While we claim that the great body of Irish in America fought on the side of Independence we cannot deny that there were exceptions to the rule. There were Irishmen in the English service in America, who were a disgrace to Ireland, but they belonged to the same class whom England had trained for generations to betray their own people and were the direct product of British rule in Ireland. They should not, therefore, be classed as Irish. They should be branded as especially made in Ireland by England, from creatures whom she had already debased below the level of humanity by the perverted ingenuity of her laws.

But Hugh Gaine did not belong to this class. While he may have been vacillating in his politics he was a decent man at heart, whose reputation for truth has been accepted by historians. After a career of forty years he retired with a large fortune, the result of strictly honorable business and not a penny of which could be considered tainted money.

The New Yorker of the present day will find it hard to realize that at the time of the Revolution the city only extended three-quarters of a mile from the Battery, its suburbs lying around what is now Fulton street. Old St. Paul's Church, where Washington attended divine service, is now the only building standing that existed in those days, and that is a veritable monument to Irish and American patriotism. From Broadway, the rushing thousands that forever ebb and flow can read the imposing memorials to Montgomery, Emmet, and MacNeven, while within lie buried the mortal remains of many other illustrious Irishmen.

Where the City Hall now stands was then called the Fields, but close beside its site stood the old prison, where so many patriotic Americans were confined and done to death. When the old building was demolished a year or so ago, to make way for the Brooklyn Bridge Subway Station, countless skeletons were found in its cellars and gave gruesome testimony to the last efforts of British civilization in America.

A tablet under the Mayors' window in the City Hall tells that there Washington first read the Declaration of Independence to his assembled soldiers. To the west, between the present Park place and Chambers street, stood the King's College, presided over by Dr. Cooper, the representative of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was obliged to fly for his life on account of his obnoxious Toryism. Where the Tombs Prison now stands was the deep Collect Pond, and a stream ran from it to the Hudson River, along the line of the present Canal street.

A canal ran through Broad street, with a walk on either side, and a bridge crossed it on the site of the present Bridge street, which was called the Kissing Bridge, from the fact that an amorous toll was exacted from all the fair ones found crossing it. Another of these Kissing Bridges was on the Boston Post Road, where it crossed a brook in the vicinity of Fifty-second street and Second avenue, then called Beekman's Hill, where William Beekman had an extensive country house. During the Revolution this house was the British headquarters and residence of Sir William Howe, where Nathan Hale was condemned to death, and where Major Andre received his last instructions before going on his ill-fated mission to the traitor Arnold.

On the west side of Broadway, where Thomas street now crosses, stood the country residence of Anthony Rutgers, surrounded by beautiful grounds. After varying fortunes it became the home of the New York Hospital, which occupied it until well on toward the seventies, when it moved northward to its present location on West Fifteenth street. Where Mulberry street now crosses Grand street, stood Bayard's Mount, afterwards called Bunker Hill, the highest point on Manhattan Island, while far to the north and west, in the vicinity of West Twenty-third street, was the village of Chelsea, where Washington was called to settle the grievances of Mrs. Mollie Clarke, on whose premises American soldiers had been billeted when they arrived from Boston.

North of Chelsea, but more to the east, between Thirtieth and Fortieth streets, was Murray Hill, where stood the country residence of Mrs. Lindley Murray, mother of the famous grammarian, whose quick wit and patriotism saved four thousand American troops from capture by General Howe, whom she de-

tained at luncheon while the American troops passed up to Bloomingdale, on the west side of the island. Beyond Bloomingdale were the heights of Harlem, where the battle of that name was fought, the conflict raging all the way from Morningside Heights, where Columbia College now stands, to the present location of Trinity Cemetery, at One Hundred and Fifty-third street and Amsterdam avenue. Farther north was Fort Washington, with Fort Lee on the opposite bank of the Hudson, while at the extreme end of the island stood Kingsbridge, the key to the mainland. At that time King's Bridge, over Spuyten Duyval Creek, and Dykemans' Bridge over the Harlem, in the same neighborhood, were the only means of crossing from Manhattan Island to the mainland.

At the other end of the island there was only the one ferry to Long Island, the present Fulton Ferry, with the exception that Peck slip was the landing place in New York. At first the ferry was a scow, with mast and sails, then a horse-boat, propelled by treadmills and, finally, the steam-ferry of Robert Fulton, the Irish-American, whose father was a native of Kilkenny, Ireland, and who came to America early in the eighteenth century.

Originally five towns were laid out on Long Island by the Dutch—Brooklyn, Flatbush, Flatlands, New Utrecht, and Bushwick—but they all refused to grow except Brooklyn, and even that did not take root where it was planted, but around the ferry instead. At the opening of the Revolution, with the exception of the few houses around the ferry, all Kings County, from Newton Creek to Gravesend, was farming land, occupied by the descendants of the Dutch, who first settled there. Brooklyn was originally called Brueckellen, after a town in Holland; it was entitled Brookland under British rule, and assumed its present name after American independence was established.

The people of Kings and Queens Counties were nearly all Tories during the Revolution, while the settlers of the more distant Suffolk County, supposed to be planted by Englishmen from New England, were loyal to the American cause. Many of these English families, however, must have been Irish in disguise and belonged to the same race as the Tuthills and other extensive families of like ancestry who abounded in that region. One of the Tuthills in recent years, being anxious to trace his name to its origin and hoping to find himself descended from a Norman baron, or at least an English earl, was highly astonished to find that the first of his name on Long Island was an Irishman named O'Toole, or, as he spelled it in the genuine old Irish way—O'Tuathal. This will account for much of the American patriotism of Suffolk County.

The territory now embraced in Greater New York contained less than twenty-five thousand inhabitants when Washington and his patriot army occupied it in 1776. It now contains a population of four millions and the straggling settlements of the Revolutionary period have become the second city in the world—soon destined to be the first.

These figures, without going further into comparisons, enable us to perceive what America has gained by the Revolution and bring out in bold relief the stupendous results she has achieved by cutting loose from the baleful influences of British rule.

After the British evacuated Boston Washington hastened to New York, arriving there with his main army of eight thousand men on April 14, 1776. His first place of residence was in Pearl street, opposite Cedar, but he remained there only about six weeks. Toward the end of May he was summoned before Congress in Philadelphia, and on his return he established his headquarters at what is now No. 1 Broadway, where he lived until forced to retire from the city in the following September.

During the spring and summer of 1776 Washington's entire attention was devoted to the erection of forts around the river fronts of New York and Brooklyn, and the eyes of the young nation were centered anxiously upon those points, as it was expected that there the next fighting would take place.

They were not long kept in doubt, for on the 29th of June General Howe arrived at Sandy Hook, with forty warships and transports, bearing his recruited army back from Halifax to renew the war upon the colonists. On July 8th he landed nine thousand men on Staten Island and was received with open arms by the great body of the people there, who formed a corps of loyalists under Tryon and fought with the British in the battles which soon ensued. In a few days he was joined by his brother, Admiral Howe, with Scotch Highlanders, English regulars, and Hessian hirelings, and these in turn were soon followed by the broken forces of Sir Peter Parker and Sir Henry Clinton, who had just been ignominiously defeated in Charleston, South Carolina. With other additions which arrived in August, the British forces numbered thirty thousand men, all encamped on Staten Island, while a vast fleet of warships lay at anchor along its shores.

While this formidable force caused alarm to the women and children of New York, who expected daily to have their houses burned over their heads, it did not dampen the ardor of the soldiers of liberty encamped around the city.

Lord Howe went through the usual English form of making peace by opening the negotiations with an insult in ignoring

Congress and directing his letter to "George Washington, Esq." He declared that all who would lay down their arms would receive full and free pardon from their sovereign lord the King. Washington declined to take the letter, but listened to the explanations of the courier as to its contents, and then replied that as the Americans had committed no crimes they did not need any pardons. The document was received with derision everywhere. "No doubt we all need pardon from heaven," said Governor Trumbull, of Connecticut, "for our manifold sins and transgressions, but the American who needs the pardon of his British Majesty is yet to be found."

When the Declaration of Independence was passed in Congress it was hailed with joy by Washington, and on the 9th of July he caused it to be read at 6 o'clock in the evening at the head of each brigade, saying in his orders that he hoped that this important event would serve as a fresh incentive to every officer and soldier to act with fidelity and courage.

Neither the people nor the soldiers, however, were content with the mere reading of the Declaration, the ringing of bells, or other like demonstrations. That night they rushed upon the leaden statue of King George in Bowling Green and tore it down to make bullets for the cause of Independence.

"I see a village filled with Continental soldiers," writes the author of "When Old New York Was Young," in describing this scene, "and all astir with the news that a new nation has been formed. I hear a far-away shout—it comes from the common where George Washington is reading the Declaration of Independence to the soldiers. The shouts grow louder and louder, for the townspeople have reached the City Hall in Wall street and are tearing to tatters the picture of King George which hangs there. Louder still grow the shouts, for the citizens, quite a mob now, are coming nearer. They are upon us; they throng the Bowling Green; they tear down the iron railing around King George's statue; they batter off the heads of the royal family from the posts. Now one man has climbed up the base that supports the leaden horse and its royal master; others throw him a rope which he puts about the horse's neck. There is a cry that rises above the general din, a straining at the rope, and the horse and rider fall to the ground and are dragged away."

Washington frowned upon this demonstration and severely censured the soldiers for having taken part in it. It was his constant effort to inspire his soldiers with the same high idea of the cause in which they were engaged as he himself entertained and to impress upon them the feeling that theirs was a holy war. "The General hopes and trusts," said he in his orders upon this occa-

sion, "that every officer and man will endeavor to so live and act as becomes a Christian soldier, defending the dearest rights and liberties of his country."

The Declaration of Independence must have stirred up the British, too, for soon after its promulgation two ships of war, the Phoenix and the Rose, were observed getting under way and standing toward the city. The patriot troops were immediately at their alarm posts. The batteries of the city and of Paulus Hook, as Jersey City was then called, opened fire on them as they passed, which they answered with broadsides, but they did not pause in their course up the river and soon passed out of view.

Washington was puzzled at this movement of the British, and all he could do was to warn his troops to the north and apprise the New York Convention, then sitting at White Plains in Westchester County. His chief anxiety was for the safety of the forts, Montgomery and Constitution, in the Highlands of the Hudson. Fortunately George Clinton, the patriotic Irish-American legislator, had recently been appointed brigadier-general of the militia of Ulster and Orange Counties, most of whom were the sons and grandsons of the County Longford Irish who had come to America with his father nearly fifty years before.

Called to his native State by his military duties in this time of danger George Clinton had only remained in Congress to vote for the Declaration of Independence and hastened home before he was able to affix his signature to that immortal document, thus sacrificing a great honor in order to attend to the more pressing duties at home.

Washington wrote to him on July 12, 1776, urging him to collect as great a force as possible of the militia for the protection of the Highlands against the British warships, but long before the receipt of the letter he had been warned of their approach. At 9 o'clock on the morning of the 13th an alarm gun from his brother James at Fort Constitution thundered through the echoing mountains and soon afterwards two river sloops came to anchor before his residence, from whose captains he learned the real state of affairs.

He immediately called out the militia and made all the arrangements possible to put the river in a proper state of defense. Early in the afternoon of the same day, with about forty of his trusty neighbors, he proceeded to Fort Constitution, in the vicinity of West Point; leaving some of the volunteers with his brother he pushed down on the same evening to Fort Montgomery, where he fixed his headquarters. Here on the following day he received Washington's letter, but he had already anticipated its orders and stirred up the whole country on both banks of the

river. On that same evening three hundred of the Ulster yeomen marched into Fort Montgomery and early the next morning five hundred more arrived, while parts of two other regiments were on the way. This prompt response on the part of the militia had a most cheering effect on the commander-in-chief.

The warships which caused this alarm lay anchored in the Tappan Sea and Haverstraw Bay, but at length one of their tenders ventured up within long shot of Fort Montgomery, where General Clinton with his militia lay in wait. As the tender approached a thirty-two pounder was brought to bear on her. The ball passed through her quarter, whereupon she put about and ran around the point of the Dunderberg, where her crew landed, plundered a solitary house and left it in flames. The ships soon after moved up to within six miles of Fort Montgomery, but owing to the precautions which General Clinton had taken against them, and being repeatedly attacked by fire-boats and row galleys, they did not venture farther up the river. After doing all the damage they could in the way of burning houses and killing inoffensive people along the shores, they finally returned to New York Bay, barely escaping destruction at Fort Washington.

To oppose the British army of thirty thousand men, made up of Scotch Highlanders, Hessians, and the flower of the regular line, Washington had an army of twenty thousand men, but one-fourth of these were sick and unfit for service, while the rest were in the main raw troops who had never seen service, with little or no discipline and poorly armed. These troops were scattered from Kingsbridge to the Battery on the Hudson, and from Throgg's Neck to Fort Hamilton on the Brooklyn side, or nearly over the same territory now embraced in Greater New York.

In addition to these grave drawbacks the difficulties which confronted Washington were heightened by the fact that he could form no idea where the British might attack him. Taking everything into account, it may well be said that he was possessed of more than human courage and foresight to make a stand at all. The warships of England alone could destroy New York and Brooklyn, while her land forces were more than sufficient to scatter his poor army to the winds. But the hand of God guided his movements and enabled him to look beyond the cheerless aspect of the immediate future.

Although it does not appear in present histories that Irishmen were prominent in this scattered army now confronting England around New York, yet the fact remains that they were present in greater numbers than any other race. The muster rolls of the New York regiments, especially those from up the Hudson, were filled with Irish names, while those from Pennsylvania,

Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia were composed of more than half that nationality, and even in the New England forces, especially those of New Hampshire, the Celtic strain abounded to a wonderful extent.

Three native-born Irishmen, to whose services we have before alluded, commanded Pennsylvania Regiments, namely, Colonels John Shee, Edward Hand, and John Montgomery. The regiment of Colonel Shee was considered the best equipped command of any then assembled. "They are," said General Heath, after reviewing them at Kingsbridge, "the best disciplined of any troops I have yet seen in the army."

Colonel John Haslett, born in Ireland, a noted scholar of his day and many times member of his State Assembly, commanded a Delaware Regiment composed largely of Irishmen, and Samuel Smith was then commencing his brilliant military career as captain in Colonel Smallwood's Maryland Regiment, which distinguished itself so bravely at Long Island, when General John Sullivan commanded a division of the army, and Colonel Henry Knox had charge of the artillery.

Between the 22d and the 25th of August, 1776, ten thousand British and Hessian soldiers were landed on the shores of Long Island between Fort Hamilton and Gravesend Bay. Colonel Hand, who was posted with his riflemen on the heights of Fort Hamilton, then called Denys', was compelled to retire toward Flatbush on account of the galling fire of the British ships stationed in the vicinity of the present Fort Lafayette.

The Hessians under De Heister formed the center of the invading army and occupied ground around New Utrecht; the Scotch Highlanders under General Grant composed the left wing, and rested on New York Bay, while the right wing, designed for the heaviest part of the work, was stationed at Flatlands and was under the command of Clinton, Cornwallis, and Percy, and accompanied by Howe, the commander-in-chief.

At that time two roads ran from the southern end of the island to Brooklyn, one on the sloping ground some distance from the shore and the other through New Utrecht and Flatbush. A third road ran eastwardly through Flatlands and East New York to Jamaica, and it was to this road, which was left unguarded, that the British owed all the advantages.

The American military works on Long Island extended from the Wallabout to Gowanus Bay, along the lines of the present Myrtle and Third avenues. The principal forts were on the site of the present Fort Greene, then called Fort Putnam, and at the corner of Nevins and Dean streets, while breastworks were thrown up at various passes in the range of hills which then extended from

the Narrows to East New York. They were all constructed under the supervision of General Greene, who unfortunately fell sick and was unable to retain command. This was a severe blow to the Americans, as none knew so well as he the importance of the different works and passes.

Washington sent over all the reinforcements possible and placed General Putnam in supreme command. To General Sullivan was assigned the command of all the troops beyond the lines and he was assisted by Brigadier-General William Alexander, called Lord Stirling on account of his claim to that title, and Colonels Hand, Montgomery, Haslett, Smallwood, and Atlee. On these devolved all the fighting, and nobly did they acquit themselves when it is considered that the British outnumbered them more than three to one.

General Sullivan occupied the hills and woods of the present Prospect Park, while Lord Stirling commanded the sloping ground between Gowanus and Bayridge.

General Sir Henry Clinton and the right wing of the British army, on the night of the 26th, guided by Tories, marched around through East New York, where the passes were unprotected, and gained Sullivan's rear before that General was aware of it, early on the following morning. He was devoting all his attention to the Hessians in his immediate front when the firing of guns in his rear announced the fact that he was surrounded. He tried to get back within his lines, but it was too late. Hemmed in and trapped between the Hessians and the English under Clinton, and driven from one to the other by their superior forces, the Americans fought desperately for a while, but they were swiftly cut down and trampled upon by the cavalry or bayoneted by the Hessians without mercy. Some of them cut their way through the English and gained their lines, but the greater part were either killed or taken prisoners, among the latter being General Sullivan.

The Hessians fought with desperation against Sullivan and gave no quarter. They had been told by their English masters that the Americans would not suffer one of them to live and their sentiment was total extinction. "Our Hessians and our brave Highlanders gave no quarter," writes an officer of the Seventy-first Regiment, as quoted in Onderdonk's *Revolutionary Incidents*, "and it was a fine sight to see with what alacrity they dispatched the rebels with their bayonets, after we had surrounded them so they could not resist."

The Americans under Lord Stirling were unaware of these happenings until Sir Henry Clinton, after defeating Sullivan, appeared in their rear. The patriots were astonished at the forbearance of the Highlanders under Grant all the morning, but they were merely waiting for Clinton to come up.

According to Colonel Haslett's statement, the Delawares and Marylanders, drawn up on the side of the hill, "stood upwards of four hours, with a firm and determined countenance, in close array, their colors flying, the enemy's artillery playing on them all the while, but not daring to advance or attack them though six times their number and nearly surrounding them."

But the moment Clinton's presence was announced Grant moved to the attack and the tactics of the morning were repeated in the hope of trapping Lord Stirling like General Sullivan. In this, however, the British were not successful, though they inflicted terrible damage on the Americans. Lord Stirling, perceiving that he was surrounded, threw Colonel Smallwood's Marylanders against the English under Clinton and Cornwallis, who were held in check by wonderful bravery until the rest of the Americans had crossed Gowanus Creek to safety. It was in this part of the action that one-third of the Marylanders were slaughtered, but they crowned themselves with glory and saved their brothers from annihilation. Lord Stirling himself was taken prisoner.

When the Americans were driven within their lines the British rested for the night, and thus ended the Battle of Long Island. The American losses in this disastrous engagement are variously stated, but Irving gives the figures as two thousand in killed, wounded, and prisoners, while the British acknowledged a loss of three hundred and eighty in killed and wounded.

Washington was present at the battle, but could do nothing to avert the disasters of the day. While standing on a hill in South Brooklyn he witnessed the slaughter of his troops and wrung his hands in agony at the sight. "Good God," he cried, "what brave fellows I must this day lose."

The troops captured with General Sullivan were nearly all Irish from New Hampshire, as their muster rolls will prove. They were doomed to a living death in the deepest holds of the prison ships, and the great majority of them never afterwards saw the light.

Had the British followed up their advantages they could have wiped out the American forces on Long Island and perhaps have captured Washington into the bargain, but they slept on their arms and allowed the opportunity to pass.

After the battle they encamped within six hundred yards of the American lines, but the next morning they refrained from making a direct assault and commenced cannonading the American works from redoubts which they had thrown up. They evidently remembered Bunker Hill.

This gave Washington time to breathe, and matters remained stationary until the night of the 29th, when he withdrew his en-

tire army from Long Island without exciting the least suspicion on the part of the enemy. Every American had reached New York before the British were aware of their departure. When Washington saw that it was the intention of the British to lay siege to his works he made up his mind to withdraw his troops. The British invested him on three sides and their ships might at any time come up the East River and cut off his only retreat. Everything in the shape of a boat for miles above New York was accordingly pressed into service and all through the night the American troops were ferried across the East River by the Marblehead fishermen of Glover's Massachusetts Regiment. Washington superintended all the details of embarkation at the present Fulton Ferry and was the last man to leave the ground.

"This retreat," writes Fisk, "has always been regarded as one of the most brilliant incidents of Washington's career and it would certainly be hard to find a more striking example of vigilance. Had Washington allowed himself to be cooped up on Brooklyn Heights he would have been forced to surrender, and whatever was left of the war would have been a game played without queen, rook, or bishop."

On Sunday, September 12, in a council of war, the Americans decided to evacuate New York and the next day the main body of the army moved toward Fort Washington and Kingsbridge. The sick and wounded were taken to New Jersey and the public stores conveyed to Dobb's Ferry, twenty miles up the Hudson.

On the morning of September 15, Sir Henry Clinton, with four thousand men, crossed the East River from the mouth of Newtown Creek to Kipp's Bay, at the foot of the present Thirty-fourth street, under cover of the fire of ten warships anchored off the site of Twenty-third street. And for more than seven years thereafter New York and its vicinity remained in the hands of the British. The city itself was turned into a barracks and a prison house, and within its precincts were committed some of the most dastardly acts in history.

On September 16 Washington established his headquarters in the deserted mansion of Colonel Morris, on the heights overlooking the Harlem at One Hundred and Sixty-ninth street. It was afterwards the residence of Madame Jumel during the lifetime of her second husband, Aaron Burr, and is now the property of the City of New York. It was most appropriate for Washington's headquarters, as from its portals he could view the Hudson River, the valley of the Harlem, and Long Island Sound.

On the same day that Washington took up his residence there the battle of Harlem Heights took place. The rear guard of the American troops under Putnam and Knox had just marched up

the night before and they were not yet settled in their camps when the British were seen advancing by way of McGowan's Pass. They were stopped for a while by the little garrisons of Mount Morris and Harlem Cove, now Manhattanville, and while they were thus temporarily detained Washington arrived upon the scene. He resolved to encourage them to advance and for that purpose threw some troops into their immediate front who were to fall back before them, while at the same time he sent forces under Colonel Knowlton, of Connecticut, and Major Leitch, of Virginia, to attack them in the rear and cut them off from their main army. In the fighting which ensued Colonel Knowlton was killed and Major Leitch mortally wounded, and while Washington did not succeed in carrying out his plans he drove the British back in great disorder and achieved a temporary victory which revived the drooping hopes of the patriots. The American loss in the fight was inconsiderable, while that of the British was eighteen killed and ninety wounded.

The site of the battle is marked by a memorial window in St. Luke's Home, One Hundred and Fourteenth street and Broadway, erected by the daughters of the Revolution and inscribed as follows: "In commemoration of the Battle of Harlem Heights, September 16, 1776. This engagement restored confidence, strength, and courage to the American Army." A tablet is also placed at One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street and Amsterdam avenue to mark the spot where Leitch and Knowlton fell.

The same patriotic society recently erected a rough boulder (taken from the Subway on the site of the battle of Harlem) at Park avenue and Thirty-seventh street, "in honor of Mary Lindley Murray for services rendered her country during the American Revolution, entertaining at her house on this site General Howe and his officers until the American troops had escaped, September 15, 1776."

With Harlem Plains (One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street) dividing the hostile camps, the Americans strongly entrenched themselves on the heights to the north, where they remained for about four weeks. On October 12 General Howe attempted to get in their rear by landing his forces on Throgg's Neck, sixteen miles from New York on Long Island Sound, whereupon Washington crossed the Harlem and stretched his forces from Fordham Heights to White Plains, abandoning everything on Manhattan Island except Fort Washington.

General Sullivan, Lord Stirling, and Captain Daniel Morgan were now restored to the American army by an exchange of prisoners. Morgan was recommended to Congress by Washington for the command of a rifle regiment about to be formed in reward

"for his good conduct in the expedition with Arnold and of his intrepid behaviour in the assault upon Quebec, where the brave Montgomery fell."

Washington sent strong detachments to oppose Howe's landing and many skirmishes took place on the Westchester shore of the Sound. Pell's Neck was guarded by Colonel Hand and his riflemen and on the night of Howe's first landing Hand removed the bridge to the causeway and left the English on an island. Howe suspected his Tory guides of treachery, but he soon learned the truth and decamped, after being driven back from the causeway by Hand, who at first opposed him unaided, but was subsequently reinforced by Colonel Prescott, the hero of Bunker Hill.

On October 21 Howe was encamped about two miles north of New Rochelle, with his outposts extending to Mamaroneck on the Sound. At the latter place was posted Colonel Rogers, the renegade, with the Queen's Rangers, his newly raised corps of loyalists.

The Americans resolved, if possible, to cut off this outpost and entrap the old traitor. Colonel Haslett, always prompt on such occasions, undertook the exploit at the head of seven hundred and fifty of the Delaware troops, who had fought so bravely at Long Island. With these he crossed the line of the British march, came undiscovered upon the post, drove in the guard, killed a lieutenant and several men, and brought away thirty-six prisoners, with a pair of colors, sixty stand of arms, and other spoils. He missed the main prize, however. Rogers skulked off in the dark at the first fire. For this exploit Haslett and his men were publicly thanked on parade.

On the 23d Colonel Hand and his regiment attacked two hundred and forty Hessian chasseurs near Eastchester and routed them. These and other spirited and successful skirmishes retarded the advance of the enemy and had the far more important effect of animating the American troops and making them accustomed to danger, while the fear of attacking such formidable and well-appointed troops, which at first prevailed, gradually wore away.

On October 28 Howe, tired of trying to get in Washington's rear, resolved to attack him in front, and stormed his forces on Chatterton Hill. This engagement is called the battle of White Plains, although it was fought some distance from that place, where Washington's main army was encamped.

Chatterton Hill was only a mere outpost of the American army, occupied by some militia. Seeing that the British were about to attack it before coming up to engage him at White

Plains, Washington sent Colonel Haslett, with his Delaware Regiment, to reinforce the militia, and subsequently added General McDougal's brigade, making in all about sixteen hundred men. McDougal and Haslett sustained an obstinate conflict for an hour and twice repulsed the enemy, but when the militia gave way before the British cavalry they were compelled to fall back on their main army. General Putnam advanced to their assistance and brought the fighting to a close, about four hundred men being killed and wounded on each side.

Gordon relates that while the British were at White Plains the garden of a widow was robbed at night. Her son, a mere boy, asked and obtained leave to catch the thief. With a loaded gun he concealed himself in some bushes, when a British grenadier, a strapping Highlander, came, filled a bag with fruit and placed it on his shoulder. The boy appeared behind him with his gun cocked and threatened him with instant death if he attempted to lay down the bag. Thus the boy drove him into the American camp. When he laid down his bag and saw that he had been driven in by a stripling, he was excessively mortified, and could not suppress the exclamation, "A British grenadier made a prisoner by such a damned brat—such a damned brat!"

Meeting with such determined opposition, and Washington having fortified himself still more strongly at Northcastle, five miles above White Plains, General Howe desisted from further attacks on the Americans in that neighborhood. He marched away with his entire forces to Dobbs' Ferry and moved down the Hudson to its junction with the Harlem, his army extending from Kingsbridge to Fordham Heights.

In answer to this movement, on November 12, Washington, with five thousand men, crossed over to Jersey by way of the ferry at Stony Point and made his headquarters at Hackensack. He sent Heath up to Peekskill with three thousand men to guard the Hudson Highlands and he left Lee at Northcastle with seven thousand men, General Sullivan being his second in command.

After establishing himself at Hackensack Washington went directly to Fort Lee, five miles distant, where General Greene was in command. He was anxious about Fort Washington, the only place now occupied by American troops on New York Island. He had already given Greene orders to evacuate it at his discretion, but he was overruled by Congress, which ordered the fort maintained.

This was a fatal mistake on the part of Congress, as the British army now centered all its efforts on that point and succeeded in capturing it on November 16, after a brave but unavail-

ing defense by the Americans under Colonel Magaw, of Pennsylvania.

"Washington," writes Irving in reference to the capture of Fort Washington, "had been an anxious spectator of the battle from the opposite side of the Hudson. Much of it was hidden from him by the intervening hills and forests. The action about the lines to the south lay open to him and could be distinctly seen through a telescope; and nothing encouraged him more than the gallant style in which Cadwalader with an inferior force maintained his position. When he saw him, however, assailed in flank, the line broken, and his troops, overpowered by numbers, retreating to the fort, he gave up the game as lost. The worst sight of all was to behold his men cut down and bayoneted by the Hessians while begging quarter. It is said so completely to have overcome him that he wept with the tenderness of a child."

The number of prisoners taken at Fort Washington, as returned by Howe, was 2,818, of whom 2,607 were privates. They were marched off to the prison houses of New York, where they were all barbarously treated and many of them died of disease and hunger. One hundred and fifty Americans were butchered by the Hessians after they had laid down their arms. The British losses were five hundred men in killed and wounded.

After the fall of Fort Washington the British crossed the Hudson to attack Fort Lee, which Washington abandoned on their approach, and now commenced that terrible retreat through New Jersey which banished hope from all but the stoutest hearts. Washington, with his famished and fast disappearing army, marched through Newark, New Brunswick, and Trenton, with the British, five times his number, in close pursuit. As he left the various towns on the one side the English were generally coming into them on the other, with colors flying and bands playing, after devastating the whole country through which they passed.

Their excesses were so monstrous in that march that even Trevelyan, an Englishman, in his history of the Revolution, rebukes them in the severest manner and condemns the ruthless policy of the British commanders. "The luke-warm people of that State," he writes, "who expected protection from the invaders, found their farms overrun, their barns looted, and their valuables carried off by the Hessians or other German troopers. Such friends were worse than enemies led by Washington, who gave in return for country produce and army supplies at least promises of Congress to pay at some future time. Howe and Cornwallis to a great degree failed, even to the end of the war, to appreciate how easy it was to drive their American friends

into the arms of their revolted neighbors. Wherever their forces marched devastation followed, and the sufferings in one section served as a warning to the others as to what might be expected if an invasion were permitted."

Trevelyan does not mention, of course, the persecutions and cold-blooded murders to which the English, as well as the Hessians, resorted. Their march not only laid bare the country through which they passed, but it ran red with the blood of countless innocents who took no part in the conflict. No one was spared, and English and American sympathizers were alike subjected to the most barbarous treatment. A full quota of English civilization was dealt out to them—that civilization with which Ireland is so well acquainted and which so recently destroyed the South African Republics.

While Washington was retreating through New Jersey he daily expected to be reinforced by the seven thousand men he had left with Lee at Northcastle, but Lee not only refused to obey the commander-in-chief, but actually planned a campaign on his own account in the hope of gaining a victory and wresting the command from Washington. He virtually became a traitor to the American cause and made many underhand and untruthful attacks on the character and ability of Washington.

Lee did not cross the Hudson until the 2d of December, when Washington had been driven to Trenton, and then dallied along at a snail's pace until the 13th, when, fortunately for the American cause, he was captured by the British. He had made his headquarters at Basking Ridge, N. J., some three miles from his army, which was under the immediate command of General Sullivan. General Gates had just arrived from the North with seven regiments to reinforce Washington, but hearing that he had crossed the Delaware, he sent Major Wilkinson to General Lee, as second in command, for orders.

The Major found Lee taking his ease in his inn at Basking Ridge. He was writing a letter to Gates denouncing Washington when the house was surrounded by the British, who ordered him to come out or the house would be fired. "Out he came," writes Hawthorne, "pallid with terror, in dressing gown and slippers, with a shirt very much soiled, and bareheaded." He was promptly put astride a horse and carried off to be tried as a deserter, while Sullivan, now in command, changed Lee's entire programme and brought his army with all possible speed to Washington.

The capture of Lee was looked upon as a great calamity by the Americans, but in reality it was a blessing. As Hawthorne observes, it is one of the puzzles of history that this fellow who

was proved to be a coward as well as a traitor, should so long have imposed upon Congress and even, though to a less extent, upon Washington.

In all the gloom of defeat, disappointment, and suffering that surrounded him—even in the presence of the treachery of Lee and Gates, who had gained popularity among the unthinking people—Washington's great heart still maintained him. With no thought of surrender or compromise of any kind, he resolved, if no better course presented itself, to retreat through Pennsylvania and over the Alleghenies if necessary, in order to carry on the war. It was this indomitable spirit of Washington, rising under difficulties and buoyant in the darkest moment, that kept from sinking the tempest-tossed cause of American independence.

But brighter days were hovering around him and the God of Battles was soon to reward his wonderful efforts with victory.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BATTLES OF TRENTON AND PRINCETON—SOME OF THE IRISH-MEN WHO HELPED TURN DEFEAT INTO VICTORY.

When the British first entered New Jersey in pursuit of Washington they had honied words on their lips for all rebels who should lay down their arms, and full and ample protection was offered in printed proclamations to those who should take the oath of allegiance to the English King.

"These proclamations," writes Lossing, "were received by the American people while their army was flying before the British and general despondency was crushing every hope for the success of the patriot cause. Their effect was, therefore, powerful and instantaneous, and hundreds, whose sympathies were with the Americans, timid and hopeless, accepted the protection upon the prescribed terms. They generally remained in their homes while the belligerent armies were in motion. But they soon found their hopes cruelly disappointed, and those who should have been their protectors became their worst oppressors. The Hessians, in particular, being entirely mercenary and influenced by no feelings of sympathy, plundered, burned, and destroyed everything that came in their way. The people of all parties were insulted and abused in their own houses, their dwellings were rifled, their women were oftentimes ravished by the brutal soldiers, and neither smiling infancy nor decrepit age possessed immunity from their outrages. The British soldiery sometimes participated in these crimes, and upon the British Government properly rested the guilt, for the Hessians were its hired fighting machines. But these enormities proved favorable to the cause of the Americans. Those who had received paper protection regarded Sir William Howe as the perjured tool of oppression, and the loyalty of vast numbers of the disaffected and lukewarm, that burned so brightly when recording their oaths of allegiance, was suddenly extinguished.

"Suffering and woe held terrible sway after Cornwallis and his army swept over the plains of New Jersey. Like others of the signers of the great Declaration, Richard Stockton was marked for peculiar vengeance by the enemy. So suddenly did the flying Americans pass by in the autumn of 1776, and so soon were the Hessian vultures and their British companions on the trail, that he had barely time to remove his family to a place of

safety before his beautiful mansion was filled with rude soldiery. The house was pillaged, the horses and stock were driven away, the furniture was converted into fuel, the choice old wines in the cellar were drunk, the valuable library and all the papers of Mr. Stockton were committed to the flames, and the estate was laid waste. Mr. Stockton's place of concealment was discovered by a party of loyalists, who entered the house at night, dragged him from his bed, and, treating him with every indignity which malice could invent, hurried him to New York, where he was confined in the loathsome provost jail and treated with the utmost cruelty. When, through the interposition of Congress, he was released, his constitution was hopelessly shattered and he did not live to see the independence of his country achieved. He died at his home in Princeton, in February, 1781, blessed to the last with the tender and affectionate attentions of his noble wife."

Many modern American historians, wishing, through prejudice or self-interest, to cultivate a friendly feeling for England at the expense of America, pay no attention to these outrages, or gloss over them as the inevitable consequences of war. Lecky, however, is not silent upon them and condemns the British, as well as the Hessians, for their shameful and inhuman conduct.

"Unfortunately these outrages were no new thing," he writes. "An ardent American loyalist of New York complains that one of the first acts of the soldiers of General Howe when they entered that city was to break open and plunder the College library, the Subscription library, and the Corporation library, and to sell or destroy the books and philosophical apparatus; and, he adds, with much bitterness, that, during all the months that the rebels were in possession of New York no such outrage was perpetrated, that during a great part of the time the regular law courts had been open, and that they had frequently convicted American soldiers of petty larcenies and punished them with the full approbation of their officers. In New Jersey the conduct of the English was at least as bad as at New York. A public library was burnt at Trenton. A college and a library were destroyed at Princeton, together with an orrery made by the illustrious Rittenhouse and believed to be the finest in the world. Whigs and Tories were indiscriminately plundered. Written protections attesting the loyalty of the bearer were utterly disregarded and men who had exposed themselves for the sake of England to complete ruin at the hands of their own countrymen, found themselves plundered by the troops of the very power for which they had risked and sacrificed so much."

When Washington crossed the Delaware the war was considered closed by the English. Cornwallis returned to New York

and was preparing to leave for England with all the consciousness of a man who had well and truly performed his allotted task. Three regiments of Hessians were left in Trenton under Colonel Rall, and when the latter, fearing the return of Washington, asked for reinforcements, he was informed by General Grant that all Jersey could be held by a corporal's guard.

Julian Hawthorne truly says that between the camp of the American leader on the banks of the Delaware and the headquarters of the English General in New York there was a dramatic contrast. He draws a graphic picture of the rejoicings of the British as Christmas drew near, when nothing was thought of but triumphant display, with the English colors flying everywhere, and banquets, balls, and theaters, and describes Sir William Howe, rolling in his luxurious carriage, with a shameless courtesan beside him, as the modern Alexander and his Thais.

"Many a haughty Briton," he continues, "will be carried drunk to bed to-night; but Christmas comes but once a year, and as the war is over we cannot look for such another a twelve-month hence. Huzza for King George and for his heroic representative! But who is this sorry-looking fellow being hurried down a side street, with a soldier at each side of him and another following behind, giving him a sly prick with his bayonet now and then? A spy, probably, on his way to the guard house; he will be hanged to-morrow. These pestilent rebels continue to crop up every now and then, although their cause is lost; there are a good many of them living here among us in New York, though they keep out of sight as a rule. But time brings strange revenges; and the child is now born who shall see a handsome monument erected to the memory of these fellows in Trinity Churchyard. But will there be none in honor of Sir William Howe and of this handsome lady with the jewels?—No; not there. In one little century he and she will have been forgotten except in the pages of dry-as-dust histories. 'Tis a mad world!"

In contradistinction to the English jubulations Hawthorne paints with a master hand the sad condition of the terrorized people of New Jersey, who were after feeling the ruthless hand of the invaders as they laid waste their peaceful homes and outraged their women and children. Of the brave soldiers who still clung to Washington, of the awful condition of their cheerless camps, and of the undying hopes of the great leader himself, he speaks in words that should burn into the hearts of all Americans.

"The soldiers," he writes, "were partly naked, and the trail of their marches was marked by blood upon the snow. They lacked tents to lie under at night and blankets to cover them.

With a gloomy sky above them, a frozen and barren earth below, the memory of defeat in their minds and no hope in their hearts, they huddled about their forlorn fires in spiritless dejection. At night their outposts along the ice-burdened river might have heard the music and yelling of the mercenaries, making merry with the substance which the industry of their robbed and slaughtered fellow-countrymen had earned.

"Washington, in his Spartan headquarters, wrote letters to Congress to provide a new army to take the place of that which was dwindling away from him and planned some scheme of a flank attack on Trenton. The English general, Grant, had examined the situation and did not believe that it was possible to cross the river. The ice would make the return too dangerous. But Washington felt that the time had come when everything must be risked; the more appalling the obstacles the better the chance of taking Rall by surprise. Revolving his plans, he rode from post to post, a tall figure in a dark cloak, recognized by all, but hardly able to raise a cheer. He passed to and fro amid the troops, as they squatted under the lee of their sodden piles of baggage, or tried to find shelter from the storm under a piece of ragged canvas stretched on two stakes. He marked their shivering bodies, their hungry looks; here and there lay the body of one who had perished of cold and starvation. His heart ached for them, but in his countenance none could see anything but a composed cheerfulness, as of one who counted the past reverses as but preliminary to some glorious victory. He seemed all confidence, hope, and resolution. It was impossible to look upon him without a feeling that, so long as he lived, all could not be lost. But, could he create a conquering army out of frost and famine, disaffection and despair, and with it perform a feat which the flower of the regular troops of Europe deemed impracticable, even for themselves? Did he keep that composed expression when he was alone?"

The situation could not be more dark or hopeless for the Americans, but in the midst of all the gloom hope was rising in the heart of Washington and he resolved that a final effort should be made to retrieve the losses of the past.

When the forces under the faithful Sullivan joined him and reinforcements of the Pennsylvania militia had been sent to his assistance he had in all about five thousand men at his disposal to carry out his proposed movement. He planned a general attack on all the British posts along the Delaware and arranged that his army should cross that river in three detachments—one under General Cadwalader, near Bristol, another under General Ewing below Trenton Falls, and a third under General Washing-

ton himself, assisted by Generals Sullivan and Greene, with Colonel Henry Knox in charge of the artillery, which was to cross the Delaware at McConkey's Ferry and march down upon the enemy at Trenton, nine miles below.

Washington communicated his plans to General Gates and asked him to take command of the forces under Cadwalader and Ewing, but Gates, already a traitor in his heart, feigned sickness and slunk away to Congress to mature his plots against Washington. Gates felt sure that Washington would be defeated in his forlorn hope and desired to be present before Congress when the disaster occurred, so that he could press his claims for supplanting the Commander-in-Chief. But God, in His goodness, willed otherwise. He crowned Washington's noble efforts with victory and left Gates, as he did Lee, in confusion and disgrace.

Christmas night was selected by Washington for the execution of his enterprise. He well knew the German habit of celebrating that day with drinking and reasoned wisely on the probability of a large number of the Hessians being disabled by overindulgence; the sequel proved he was right. Even Colonel Rall, their commander, was so bent on his enjoyment that he paid no attention to the warnings of danger he had received.

The division with which Washington was to cross the Delaware, consisting of 2,400 men and twenty pieces of artillery, paraded at dusk and expected to reach Trenton by midnight. The river was so full of floating ice that it was thought, at first, the expedition would have to be abandoned, but Washington rose superior to all difficulties. In the midst of his perplexities he heard that Cadwalader and Ewing were forced to give up their attempts to cross, but even that did not deter him and he sent word to them to do the best they could to prevent the enemy from aiding Rall at Trenton.

A storm of sleet and snow had just commenced and the night became excessively dark and dreary. The perilous voyage began early in the evening in boats and bateaux, but it was nearly 4 o'clock in the morning before Washington's little army was mustered on the Jersey shore. Washington there separated his forces into two divisions, with himself at the head of one and General Sullivan in command of the other. Each division marched by a different road to Trenton, drove in the outguards, and completely surprised the Hessians.

The firing aroused Colonel Rall from his enjoyment, but when he emerged into the street he found his forces in confusion. He endeavored to rally them, but before he could restore order he fell from his horse mortally wounded. Seeing their commander fall the Hessians fled in dismay, the main body attempting to es-

cape by the road to Princeton. Their retreat was cut off by Colonel Hand and his brave riflemen and they were forced to lay down their arms. At the first alarm, six hundred Hessians fled to Bordentown and these, too, would have been captured had Cadwalader been enabled to cross the Delaware as designed.

Washington's victory was complete. He killed twenty of the enemy and captured one thousand prisoners, six field pieces, one thousand stands of arms and a large quantity of much needed provisions and supplies. The American losses were only two men frozen to death on the river and two wounded in the fighting at Trenton.

Washington intended to follow up the advantage thus gained, but on the 27th of December, in order to give his men some rest and collect his scattered forces, he recrossed the Delaware. On the 29th he himself was back again in Trenton, with all his forces following him as rapidly as possible. Washington placed his main army on the east side of the Assunpink, a little creek entering the Delaware at Trenton, fordable in many places, but crossed only by a narrow bridge, against which the fire of the American artillery was directed. His situation here was more desperate than ever, as the English forces, in great numbers, hearing of the defeat at Trenton, were rapidly advancing upon him. Cornwallis was ordered back to the front and General Howe, with a thousand picked men, was also on the march from New York. In all, an army of over eight thousand would soon confront him. But, calling in all his outlying forces, he resolved to hold his ground and await attack.

On the morning of January 2 it was learned for certain that Cornwallis was advancing from Princeton. He intended to reach Trenton early in the day, but he received so many checks from the American outposts, especially from Hand's corps of riflemen, that he did not arrive until sunset. Without even resting his men he made repeated attempts to cross the bridge over the Assunpink, but was as many times driven back by the American artillery, each repulse being accompanied by ringing cheers from the Americans. At length he drew off his troops, lighted his campfires, and settled down for the night on the opposite bank of the creek.

Sir William Erskine, who was with Cornwallis, urged him to attack Washington in his camp, but he declined. He felt sure of his game, which so often escaped him; he had at length, he thought, got Washington into a situation from which he could not escape, but where he might make a desperate stand, and he was willing to give his wearied troops a night's repose to pre-

pare them for the closing struggle of the morrow. He would be sure, he said, to "bag the old fox in the morning."

When night closed in the two camps lay in sight of each other's fires. Washington Irving says that it was the most gloomy and anxious night yet experienced by the Americans, for their grave danger was apparent to all. But what must have been the feelings of the Commander-in-Chief, as he anxiously patrolled his camp and considered his desperate position? A small stream was all that separated his raw, inexperienced army from an enemy vastly superior in numbers and discipline and stung to action by the mortification of a late defeat. A general action with them, Washington well knew, would be ruinous, but how was he to retreat? Behind him lay the Delaware, impassable from floating ice, and even if he could cross it the consequences would be equally fatal. No real check would be administered to the enemy. Philadelphia would still be in peril and the general despair would be increased rather than lessened.

In the darkest of these hours of painful meditation a brilliant thought flashed across the mind of Washington which not only extricated him from all his present troubles but brought about the abandonment of New Jersey by the British and threw a damper on their cause from which it never recovered.

He resolved to slip away in the dead of night while the British army slept, make a forced march by an unfrequented road to Princeton, and thence proceed to capture New Brunswick, where the British had left their baggage and principal stores only weakly guarded.

This idea being unanimously concurred in by a council of war, Washington immediately proceeded to carry out the tactics which he so successfully practiced on Long Island. To deceive the enemy, men were employed to dig trenches near the bridge within hearing of the British sentries, with orders to continue noisily at work until daybreak; others were to go the rounds, relieve guards at the bridge and fords, keep up the camp fires, and maintain all the appearance of a regular encampment. At daylight they were to hasten after the army.

At 1 o'clock in the morning the American army drew noiselessly out of the encampment and began its march. Washington expected to reach Princeton before dawn, but at sunrise he was yet within three miles of it, at the bridge over Stony Brook.

Three regiments of the British, the Seventeenth, Fortieth, and Fifty-fifth, with three troops of dragoons, had been quartered all night at Princeton under marching orders to join Cornwallis in the morning. The first of these regiments, already on the march under Colonel Mawhood, encountered the American

advance under General Mercer, when a spirited action ensued. At the first discharge Mercer was dismounted and one of his colonels mortally wounded. In the confusion which followed the British made a desperate charge with the bayonet and the Americans, having no such weapons, were thrown into disorder and retreat. Mercer, who was on foot, endeavored to rally them, when a blow from a musket felled him to the ground. He rose and defended himself with his sword, but was surrounded, bayoneted repeatedly, and left for dead.

At this moment Washington himself galloped on the scene and by the sound of his voice and the bravery of his action rallied the American troops. Mawhood, who a moment before was sure of victory, now found himself surrounded on every side and separated from the other British regiments. He fought stubbornly and for a while the conflict was desperate. Washington was in the midst of it, equally endangered by the fire of the enemy and his own men, but escaped without a scratch, and Mawhood was soon in full retreat toward Trenton, with a remnant of his men. Washington detached Major Kelly, with some Pennsylvania troops, to destroy the bridge over which Mawhood retreated so as to impede the advance of the British from that direction.

In the meantime, the Fifty-fifth regiment had been defeated by the Americans and were now flying in a panic toward New Brunswick. A part of the Fortieth regiment, which did not come up in time for the fight, also fled in the same direction, while the balance of them sought refuge in Princeton College, where they were soon forced to surrender. This brief engagement at Princeton was one of the most brilliant in the war as far as the Americans were concerned, and resulted in one hundred of the British being left dead upon the field while there hundred of them were taken prisoners. The American loss was only about thirty, but among these were many valuable officers. General Mercer, a brave Scotchman, died from his wounds soon after the battle, and his loss was deeply felt by Washington, as were also the deaths of Colonels Haslett and Potter and Captains Shippen, Fleming, and Neal, who were killed upon the field while bravely fighting.

When Cornwallis awoke at Trenton on the morning of January 3, he found the American camp fires still lighting, but the "old fox" and his men had vanished and not a soul was anywhere to be seen. As he rubbed his eyes in chagrin and astonishment the distant booming of cannon toward Princeton informed him of Washington's whereabouts and he hastened with all his forces in that direction. But he was too late. When he arrived at Stony Brook he found the bridge so far demolished



GENERAL HENRY KNOX.

with a body of 450 militia, across from Philadelphia into New Jersey to make a diversion in favor of the Trenton expedition. Griffith was instructed to proceed to Mount Holly for the purpose of attracting the attention of Colonel Donop, at Bordentown. He was ordered not to fight but to retreat down the river on the appearance of the enemy. The movement had the desired effect. Donop, who should have been near enough to support Colonel Rall, moved against Griffith with his whole force of two thousand men, mostly Hessians, and it was two days before he returned to his post. Thus Colonel Griffith rendered most valuable aid in the capture of Trenton.

Colonel John Haslett, of the Delaware Regiment, who was killed at Princeton, was a sore loss to the American forces and was deeply mourned by Washington. He had already distinguished himself at Long Island and White Plains, and had he lived he would undoubtedly have risen to the highest rank. He was a brave man and died at the head of his regiment. His son, Joseph Haslett, was afterwards Governor of Delaware for three different terms.

Thomas Reed, brother of George Reed, the signer of the Declaration of Independence, rendered distinguished services at Trenton. He was connected with the navy and had been assigned to the command of one of its four largest ships, the *George Washington*, then building in the Delaware. While waiting for the completion of his ship he volunteered for land service and was sent as captain to join Washington. He gave valuable assistance in the crossing of the Delaware, and at the battle of Trenton commanded a battery, made up of guns from his frigate, and with it raked the stone bridge across the Assunpink. For this service he received the formal thanks of all the general officers who participated in that action. His brother, Colonel James Reed, was also in the engagement.

Another Thomas Read, of a different family, who was born in Maryland, in 1746, proved himself an ardent patriot at this time. He was the son of a farmer, who came to the United States from Ireland some years earlier in the century, and was the pastor of a Presbyterian church in Delaware. In 1776 he marched with a company of neighbors and members of his church to Philadelphia for the purpose of volunteering in the patriot army, arriving just after the victories of Trenton and Princeton, which rendered their services unnecessary. In August, 1777, he performed a marked service for the American cause by drawing a map of the country through which the British were about to pass after landing at Elk River, Maryland. This map enabled Washington to make an important move without the knowledge of the enemy.

Major Kelly, who was sent by Washington to destroy the bridge at Stony Brook, had scarcely begun his work when Cornwallis pounced upon him, but he continued at his task while the bullets of the British were menacing his life. He was cutting away a log on which some of the timbers rested, when it gave way sooner than was expected, and he was thrown into the stream. His men, supposing him to be lost, followed their army to Princeton. He got out of the water, however, but his frozen clothes and exhausted condition so retarded his progress that he was captured by the enemy and sent a prisoner to the vile sugar houses of New York.

Colonel Hand distinguished himself as bravely at Trenton as he did at Long Island, where he temporarily checked Cornwallis in his advance. In fact, in all the trying campaign of 1776 no commander was more to the front or displayed greater courage or ability than Hand, and he only received his just reward when he was promoted soon after to the rank of brigadier.

The First City Troop of Philadelphia, nearly half of whom were Irishmen and members of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, as we have already stated, took an active part in the campaign of 1776, especially around Trenton and Princeton. Colonel Joseph Reed, while on a reconnoitering expedition with six of these spirited young troopers, among whom was James Caldwell, one of the Friendly Sons, surrounded a barn, near Princeton, and captured twelve British dragoons, who were so panic-stricken that they surrendered without a struggle. Colonel Reed and his six cavaliers returned in triumph to headquarters with their twelve prisoners, from whom much valuable information was obtained.

Colonel John Fitzgerald was Washington's chief aid at the battle of Princeton. At one time during the battle, when Washington exposed himself to the fire of friends and foes in order to restore order among his troops, Fitzgerald thought his Commander-in-Chief was a lost man. "Fitzgerald," writes Mr. Custis, in describing this scene in his *Recollections of Washington*, "horror-struck at the death of his beloved commander, dropped the reins upon his horse's neck, and drew his hat over his eyes that he might not see him die. A roar of musketry succeeds, and then a shout. It was the shout of victory. The aid-de-camp ventures to raise his eyes. Oh, glorious sight! the enemy are broken and flying, while dimly, amid the glimpses of the smoke, is seen the chief, alive, unharmed, and without a wound, waving his hat and cheering his comrades to the pursuit. Colonel Fitzgerald, celebrated as one of the finest horsemen in the American army, now dashed his rowels in his charger's flanks, and, heedless of the dead and dying in his way, flew to the side of the chief, exclaiming:

'Thank God, your excellency is safe!' while the favorite aid, a gallant and warm-hearted son of Erin, a man of thews and sinews and unused to the melting mood, gave loose to his feelings and wept like a child for joy. Washington, ever calm amid scenes of the greatest excitement, affectionately grasped the hand of his aid and friend, and then ordered, 'Away, my dear Colonel, and bring up the troops; the day is all our own!'

Among the other brave men of the Irish race prominent in the New Jersey campaign were the Gibson brothers—John, who was colonel of a Pennsylvania regiment; and George, commander of the famous Gibson Lambs; Colonel Potter, and Captains Neal and Fleming, who gave up their lives for the American cause at Princeton, and George Fullerton, a member of the Philadelphia Light Horse and of the Friendly Sons, who died of a wound he accidentally received at Trenton. As we have said, the Irish race was well and nobly represented at Trenton and Princeton.

Though Washington went into winter quarters at Morristown he lost none of his zeal or activity. Military posts were quickly established from Princeton to the Hudson Highlands and he acted with such spirit in harassing the enemy that not a British or a Hessian soldier was left in New Jersey by the first of March, except at New Brunswick and Amboy, where they were so closely hemmed in that they had to be provisioned from New York and finally withdrawn altogether.

Washington had now restored hope in the hearts of his countrymen and his own name was crowned with glory, not only in America, but all over the world.

Moreover, he had covered the British troops with confusion and disgrace, not only by his ability as a general, but by the humane and merciful manner in which he conducted the war. While their course was marked by desolation and outrage, he lived up to the highest principles of honorable warfare and always felt compassion for his fallen foes, while he treated even the captured Hessians, who deserved no mercy at his hands, with the greatest consideration and kindness.

Instead of being dethroned from his position as Commander-in-Chief, as Lee and Gates hoped and plotted, he received greater power from Congress, and modestly and wisely did he use it. His acknowledgment of the great confidence reposed in him—of the unlimited power which Congress placed in his hands—was noble and characteristic. "I find," he writes, "that Congress have done me the honor to intrust me with powers, in my military capacity, of the highest nature and almost unlimited extent. Instead of thinking myself freed from all civil obligations by this mark of their confidence, I shall constantly bear in mind that, as the

sword was the last resort for the preservation of our liberties, so it ought to be the first thing laid aside when those liberties are firmly established."

Thus the American people were raised by this Heaven-sent man from the depths of despondency to the highest hopes for the future, and they moved forward in a new and firm resolve that the war of independence must be prosecuted to the bitter end—until every vestige of British power was driven from the land.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CONFLICT OPENS IN THE SOUTH.

Leaving Washington in his winter quarters in Morristown, we revert for a while to the Carolinas, where the march toward liberty was fully keeping pace with the North and East, and where the men of Irish birth or blood, as we have already seen, stood at the head and front of patriotic endeavor.

In Mecklenburg, N. C., a declaration of independence was proclaimed more than a year before the grand pronouncement of Philadelphia, and fully one-half of those who assembled in convention to formulate it were men of the Irish race.

Thomas Polk, the grandson of Robert Pollock, an Irishman whose name was abbreviated to Polk in the course of time, was the chief organizer in the movement, while men bearing such names as Neil, Morrison, Richard Barry, John Ford, Robert Irwin, Matthew McClure, and William Wilson were associated with him as leaders.

Most of the inhabitants of Western North and South Carolina originally came from Ireland, and when the Revolution approached they were among its most sturdy supporters. That was the country of the Jacksons, the Gastons, the McClures, and the Wilsons, and as many as ten members of one family, as in the case of Judge Gaston, were found fighting in the ranks of the patriots.

The family of Robert Wilson, whose brothers, William and Zacheus, were signers of the Mecklenburg Declaration, was another instance of this devotion. Lossing refers to the Wilsons as stanch Scotch-Irish, but there was no such term in existence in the days of the Revolution and Irishmen were all known, Catholics and Protestants alike, as men from the Kingdom of Ireland.

As related in Mrs. Ellet's "Women of the Revolution," the wife of Robert Wilson had seven sons in the patriot army and also her husband. When Cornwallis was retreating from Charlotte he halted at Wilson's plantation and quartered himself and his staff at the house of the patriot. Mrs. Wilson was very courteous, and Cornwallis endeavored to win her to the royal cause by flattering words. Her reply was worthy of the noble heroine she was, and deserves to be inscribed among the greatest sayings in our history: "I have seven sons who now or have been bearing arms; indeed, my seventh son, Zacheus, who is only fifteen

years old, I yesterday assisted to get ready to go and join his brothers in Sumter's army. Now, sooner than see one of my family turn back from the glorious enterprise, I would take these boys, pointing to three or four small sons, and with them would myself enlist under Sumter's standard, and show my husband and sons how to fight, and if necessary, to die for their country!" "Ah, General," said the cruel Tarleton, who was present, "I think you've got into a hornet's nest! Never mind; when we get to Camden I'll take good care that old Robin Wilson never gets back again." Mrs. Wilson lived to the age of ninety years.

Cornwallis and Tarleton were a well-matched pair and neither age nor sex appealed to their hardened hearts. When Cornwallis was fighting Greene he passed near the plantation of the Widow Brevard, mother of the Secretary of the Mecklenburg Convention, and ordered it to be desolated. When asked why he was so cruel toward a poor widow he replied: "She has seven sons in the rebel army"—a typical answer from the man who caused so much unnecessary devastation and suffering, both in Ireland and America.

In no place was the distinction between the real Scotch and those now called Scotch-Irish (though their ancestors had lived in Ireland 150 years) more clearly marked than in North Carolina. There the Scotch under the two McDonalds, almost to a man, took up arms against the Americans, and there, too, were they utterly routed by the real Irish under the command of James Moore, the descendant of Roger O'Moore, of Leix, the leader of the Irish Confederation in 1641.

The twentieth and last article of the Mecklenburg Convention appointed "Colonel Thomas Polk and Dr. Joseph Kennedy to purchase three hundred pounds of powder, six hundred pounds of lead, and one thousand flints for the use of the militia." This resolution in itself not only showed the earnestness and determination of the members of the Convention, but it also proved the class of men who were uppermost in the movement.

In South Carolina, owing to the activity of the Rutledges and the Lynches, and the great predominance of their countrymen throughout the State, the friends of liberty far outnumbered the Tories, with the exception of one district on the borders of Georgia, between the Broad and Saluda Rivers, of which Ninety-Six was the center.

Early in 1776 a commission of four gentlemen was sent into this district by the Charleston Committee of Safety to explain to the people the true nature of the pending conflict. Of this commission one was an Irishman, Colonel William Thomson, and another was an Irish-American, the Rev. William Tennant, whose

father and grandfather were both Irishmen and founders of the old Log College of Pennsylvania, the forerunner of Princeton University.

Colonel William Thomson was a brother of Charles Thomson, the Secretary of Congress, and was born in Maghera, Ireland, in 1726. He was fourteen years of age when he arrived in America and was taken to South Carolina by some friends of his family. He was brought up as a frontiersman and became famous in his district for his skill with the rifle. In 1775 he was appointed Colonel of the Third South Carolina Regiment, which was known as the Rangers. His soldiers, like himself, were all skilfull marksmen and he accomplished great deeds with them in dispersing the Tories in the vicinity of Ninety-Six when he was sent against them with Colonel Richardson, to suppress their insurrection and punish them for their treaty violations. The forces under Thomson and Richardson were joined by seven hundred North Carolina Militia under Colonels Thomas Polk and Griffith Rutherford, and the Tories were soon subdued. Three out of the four commanders of this expedition were Irish and Colonel Richardson, too, was more than likely of that nationality, though we have no grounds for making the claim.

In September, 1775, Lord Campbell, the royal Governor of South Carolina, owing to the storm which was raging round him on account of his endeavors to incite the Indians to lift the hatchet for the King, was obliged to take refuge on board a warship in Charleston Harbor. He went in such haste that he left his family behind him, but his wife was treated with the greatest respect and was safely conducted to the warship. During the siege of Charleston by Sir Peter Parker, Campbell was on board one of the ships and received a wound from which he died two years afterwards.

With the British gone the South Carolinians set about making a government for themselves. A temporary constitution was formed, the first in the Colonies, and John Rutledge was chosen President of the General Assembly, with the actual powers of Governor.

Under his efficient direction Charleston and vicinity were well prepared for defense in the spring of 1776, and he had his local forces well in hand under Colonels Gadsen, Moultrie, and Thomson. Brigadier-General John Armstrong, of Pennsylvania, arrived in April and took the general command, and on June 4, 1776, Major-General Charles Lee reached Charleston, sent by Washington to command the troops for the defense of the Southern seaboard.

Nothing that had been done by Governor Rutledge suited General Lee. He sneered at everything and had nothing but contemptuous remarks for all the arrangements which had been made. Had his orders been carried out defeat would certainly have taken the place of the glorious victory which soon followed, but President Rutledge paid no attention to him and carried out his own plans.

With evidence in his possession that a British fleet of fifty vessels was about to attack the town, he had, early in the previous March, ordered Colonel Moultrie to take post on Sullivan's Island, and complete a fort there—the outlines of which he had already marked out—within point-blank shot of the channel leading into Charleston Harbor. A square pen was built of palmetto trees, laid in two parallel rows sixteen feet apart, the space between being filled in with sand.

When completed it presented the appearance of a solid wall sixteen feet wide and capable of covering a thousand men. It was the only defense which Rutledge could have placed between the British ships and the town, and it proved the salvation of the latter.

"At this juncture," writes Headley, "Lee arrived from the North and took command of the troops. When his eye, accustomed to the scientific structures of Europe, fell on this rudely constructed affair, he smiled in derision, calling it a slaughter-pen, and requested President Rutledge to have it immediately evacuated. But that noble patriot was made of sterner stuff and replied 'that while a soldier remained alive to defend it he would never give his sanction to such an order.'"

By a curious coincidence the British fleet, bearing a large land force under Cornwallis, arrived on the same day as Lee, but it made no hostile movement until the 28th of June. The forces of Cornwallis took possession of Long Island, lying eastward of Sullivan's Island, and only separated from it by a narrow creek.

The militia of the surrounding country obeyed the summons of Governor Rutledge with great alacrity and flocked into the town. These, with the regular troops of South Carolina, and those of the Northern colonies who had come with General Armstrong, made an available force of between five and six thousand men. Gadsen commanded on James Island, Colonel Moultrie on Sullivan's Island, and Colonel Thomson held the advanced post on the east end of Sullivan's Island, holding in check the British under Cornwallis, which were only separated from him by the narrow creek.

Lee retained for himself the position of Haddrell's Point, which was furthest away from the enemy. As commander-in-

chief his proper place was on Sullivan's Island, the only barrier between the British fleet and the town, but he was too careful of his person to stay in a place which would be shattered into fragments in thirty minutes and retired some distance to manage the retreat which he was sure must take place.

In the city, Governor Rutledge, impelled by the necessities of the hour, and under the belief that an attempt would be made to pass the forts and land the troops in the city, pursued the rigorous course of martial law. Valuable stores on the wharves were torn down, and a line of defense was made in their places. The streets near the water were barricaded, and, on account of the scarcity of lead, many window-sashes of that material were melted into bullets. He pressed into service seven hundred negroes with tools, who belonged to Loyalists; and seized, for the moment, the money and papers of the luke-warm. By these energetic measures the city was made strong in moral and physical material, and when the British fleet crossed the bar, all were ready to receive them.

At 10:30 o'clock on the morning of the 28th of June, Sir Peter Parker made the signal attack. As the vessels swept gracefully up to their positions Moultrie's eye flashed with delight. He gave the order to fire the moment they came within point-blank shot and that low, dark structure on Sullivan's Island opened its thunder. "The shores," writes Headley, "shook to the tremendous explosions and in a moment the wharves and steeples and heights of Charleston were black with spectators, gazing with throbbing hearts on the volumes of smoke that rose in a vast cloud from that distant island. Without returning a shot the vessels steadily advanced, until directly abreast of the fort—then letting go their anchors, and clewing up their sails, they poured in a terrible broadside. More than a hundred cannon opened at once, with such a wild roar that the boldest for a moment held his breath. The battle had now fairly commenced, and the guns were worked with fearful rapidity. It was one constant peal of thunder, and to the spectators in Charleston, that low spot across the bay looked like a volcano breaking forth from the sea. Lee stood on Haddrell's Point, watching the effect of the first fire. When the smoke lifted like the folds of a vast curtain, he expected to see that 'slaughter-pen' in fragments; but there still floated the flag of freedom, and beneath it beat brave hearts to whom that awful cannonade was but 'a symphony to the grand march of independence.' When the fight had fairly begun, they thought no more of those heavy guns than they did of their rifles, and, delighted to find they could wield them with such skill, stripped to the work. Their coats were hastily flung to one side,

and their hats with them—and in their shirt-sleeves, with handkerchiefs bound about their heads, they toiled away under the sweltering sun with the coolness and courage of old soldiers. The fire from those nine vessels, with their cannon all trained upon that pile of logs, was terrific, and it trembled like a frightened thing under the shock; but the good palmettoes closed silently over the balls, as they buried themselves in the timber and sand, and the work went bravely on. Thus, hour after hour, did it blaze, and flame, and thunder there on the sea, while the shots of the Americans told with murderous effect. At every discharge those vessels shook as if smitten by a rock—the planks were ripped up, the splinters hurled through the air, and the decks strewed with mangled forms. Amid the smoke, bombs were seen traversing the air, and dropping in an incessant shower within the fort—but a morass in the middle swallowed them up as fast as they fell.

“After the fight had continued for several hours Lee, seeing that the slaughter-pen had held out so well, passed over to it in a boat and remained for a short time. Accustomed as he was to the disciplined valor of European troops, he still was struck with astonishment at the scene which presented itself as he approached. There stood Moultrie, quietly smoking his pipe, while the heavy and rapid explosions kept up such a deafening roar that one could hardly be heard, though shouting at the top of his voice—and there, stooping over their pieces, were those raw gunners firing with the deadly precision of practiced artillerymen. Amazed to find an English fleet, carrying two hundred and sixty guns, kept at bay by thirty cannon and four hundred men, he left the fort to its brave commander and returned to his old station.

“Amid the hottest of the fire the flag-staff was shot away and the flag dropped outside of the ramparts upon the beach. When it fell the people of Charleston were filled with despair, supposing the fort had surrendered, and men were seen hurrying through the streets with pale faces and tearful eyes. But the firing did not cease, and soon that flag was again seen fluttering amid the smoke. Sergeant Jasper, when he saw it stretched in dishonor on the sand, leaped over the ramparts and walked the whole length of the works, though the balls were crashing fearfully around him, picked it up, bound it to a sponge-staff, and coolly mounting the logs, planted it on the bastion. As it shook its folds again in the sea breeze a loud shout went up, followed by an explosion which made the enclosure tremble.

“At length the ammunition began to fail, and Moultrie relaxed his firing. Marion was hurried off to an American sloop of war for a supply and another messenger to Charleston. Both were successful. With the five hundred pounds from Charleston

Rutledge sent a hasty note, saying, 'Honor and victory, my good sir, to you and our worthy countrymen with you. Do not make too free with your cannon—keep cool and do mischief.' The fire now opened with redoubled fury.

"All day long that brave garrison toiled like slaves, and now the sun was sinking behind the distant shore. Slowly the gray twilight began to creep over the water, and at last darkness settled on the shores and the sea. The scene now became one of indescribable grandeur. At last, about 9:30 o'clock, the English, finding their vessels cut up and the crews dreadfully reduced, slipped their cables and moved quietly away. The uproar had suddenly ceased and darkness and silence fallen on the scene, but from that little fort went up three hearty cheers, and when the news reached the town one long, loud huzza rent the air, and 'Victory! Victory!' ran like wildfire through the streets, filling every heart with joy and exultation."

The loss of the Americans in this gallant action was slight, amounting only to thirty-six, both killed and wounded, while that of the British, according to their own account, was one hundred and sixty. Double that number would probably be nearer the truth.

Simultaneously with the attack of the fleet on Sullivan's Island, Clinton's redoubts on Long Island and some floating batteries in the creek opened fire upon Colonel Thomson at the east end of the island. Clinton's force was about two thousand six hundred men, while Thomson had only two cannon and three hundred soldiers, but his riflemen were among the best shots in the State. He allowed Clinton's flotilla to approach within musket shot and then opened a destructive fire upon them from his battery and small arms. Several attempts to gain the land were made by the English, but every time Thomson's sure marksmen swept hundreds from the boats and Clinton was obliged to abandon his design. Early the next morning he renewed the attack, but Thomson met him with such hot volleys that he was again obliged to retreat and withdraw from the island.

This was the most important point in the battle of Charleston Harbor, and without its successful operation all the bravery of Moultrie and his men would have been in vain. By forcing back Cornwallis Thomson thus saved the honors of the day and was the chief agent of victory in that fiercely contested struggle. Had Cornwallis succeeded in defeating him he would have been enabled to attack Moultrie in the rear while the warships were storming him in front, and the latter would undoubtedly have been overwhelmed. This was recognized by Governor Rutledge, who personally thanked Colonel Thomson for his brave defense,

and Congress passed resolutions commending him for his heroic devotion on the occasion.

Julian Hawthorne gives a brilliant description of the battle of Charleston Harbor which we would like to print in full, but must content ourselves with quoting a few of its most striking passages.

"The ships draw near under a gentle breeze," he writes, "the sailors in high spirits, for have they not been assured that the moment they let fly their broadsides the Americans will abandon their works and run? It is a blazing hot semi-tropical day. Four hundred and thirty-five men in that little palmetto fort have taken off their coats, and most of them their shirts likewise, and stand by their guns, resolute there to remain for liberty, for honor, and for South Carolina, until there shall be none of them left; and, meanwhile, to aim carefully, fire slowly, husbanding those eight and twenty rounds, and to remove as many of the jolly and confident tars of the enemy as Providence pleases. They will wait until the breeze blows aside the smoke from the enemys' ships and then let him have it where it will hurt him most! Those are Moultrie's tactics in this fight; and he strolls to and fro among his gunners, with that sun beating down on his broad naked shoulders and his pipe in his mouth, and watching with sagacious eye the flight of the shells and balls from the ships; one bursts harmless in midflight; another buries itself in the sand, another lands on the palmetto and sinks into the soft fibers, doing no mischief.

"Evidently the fort is going to withstand a good deal of pounding. Isaac Motte and Francis Marion are with him, as fearless and resolved as he. And over yonder, behind a little redoubt of his own, with three hundred men, is William Thomson, of Irish descent; and the sand hills and myrtle bushes harbor fifty more, all keen with the rifle; they are to take care of poor Clinton with his ineffective thousands and with the help of three frigates, especially detached for his benefit.

"But what is Moultrie doing? He is the same cool, imperturbable Moultrie that he always was; rather more so, if possible; and between the whiffs from his pipe, he fires, steadily and with deadly aim, a gun, and another, and one more; and every time you may observe that something has gone wrong on the commodore's fleet; a bulwark is crushed in, a gun dismounted; down comes a mast with a crash; there goes a rudder-post; a bowsprit cracks and drops downward, bringing the stays with it; and there went a shot across the commodore's own quarter deck, and Sir Peter himself is hit, and Captain Morris has his arm broken; not one of that handsome group on the quarter deck is left standing.

That is on the Bristol alone; the other ships, all that are within range, are almost as badly off; they are pierced through and through like sieves and the tars are being torn to pieces at a terrible rate. Some of the ships have run aground; another was blown up, with a stunning explosion; their fire is slackening; it seems incredible that the mistress of the seas, great Britannia herself, with everything in her favor, should be beaten off by thirty guns and twenty-eight rounds of powder and ball—with five hundred pounds of powder more sent later in the day by President Rutledge, after Lee had promised and failed. It seems incredible, but so it is to be.

"But stay, has not Moultrie surrendered after all?—his flag is down. Yes, the flag is down, but it does not stay down, for Sergeant Jasper has noticed its absence, and 'Colonel, don't let us fight without a flag,' says he. 'What can you do?' the staff is broken off,' answers Moultrie, peering through the smoke at the outer bastion. That bastion is not a good place to be in; at least fifty shot are passing over it every minute. But Sergeant Jasper wants to see that flag flying again, so he clammers coolly up on the bastion and down on the outside, picks up the flag, fastens it to a halberd, and sets it in place once more; and then returns to his work with a mind at ease.

"Meanwhile Moultrie has plainly not surrendered; he is fulfilling Rutledge's injunction to keep cool and do mischief. At 9 o'clock it was all over and the fleet limped away as best it might. The next morning rejoicing Charleston poured forth to crown the victors. No more fear of Britain; no more domination of Tories; freedom for the Carolinas and Georgia! These sons of the South had proved that they were every whit as deserving of freedom as the farmers of Lexington and Breed's Hill.

"It was on the Fourth of July, 1776, that Rutledge came over to visit the garrison, and, looking into the faces of four hundred heroes, spoke the thanks of the country which they had defended. It was the first Fourth of July oration. For on the same day, in far-off Philadelphia, the American Congress had done one of the mighty deeds of all time—giving the world a new nation, and liberty a home."

Having already spoken at length of the gallant Jasper, it is not necessary to allude further to him here, but before closing the subject of his life, we desire to say that the erection of the monument to his memory in Savannah reflects the highest credit on the Irishmen of the South and particularly on the members of the Jasper Monumental Association of Savannah, who carried out the worthy work. This association was composed of the following patriotic gentlemen, all residents of Savannah, and

prominent in its affairs: John McMahon, P. W. Meldrim, J. J. McGowan, John T. Rowan, D. J. Foley, John Flannery, Luke Carson, John Foley, Charles Collins, and John R. Dillon.

As the address they issued at the time may be looked upon as an official document in relation to the life of Jasper, we print it here in full in justice to the members of the association as well as to the memory of Jasper:

"No occasion could be more appropriate for the erection of a monument to Jasper than the centennial of his death; no place more fitting than that whereon he fell. While other Irishmen rose higher in the Colonial ranks, yet none there was who more truly represented Ireland in America than the brave and modest William Jasper.

"Born in Ireland, he emigrated to America and settled in South Carolina. The War of the Revolution found him a devoted patriot, and on the 28th of June, 1776, he was engaged in the defense of Fort Moultrie. His conspicuous gallantry in leaping over the ramparts of the fort during the hottest of the fight and fixing anew the flag which had been shot from its staff, won for him the admiration of his comrades and inspired the brave defenders of old Moultrie with a loftier heroism.

"For this act he was offered a commission by Governor Rutledge. 'Nay, sir,' replied Jasper, 'I am not worthy of that trust; adversity has been my only schoolmaster, liberty my only schoolmistress. I cannot mingle with those who are superior to me in education and manners without exposing myself to deserved contempt. Let me alone; let me serve my country in the way that suits me best, as an humble and devoted laborer in the cause of freedom.' Governor Rutledge yielded to this refusal, but presented him with the sword which he wore on his own person.

"Probably the most desperate feat of arms of the Revolution was the release, by Jasper and Newton, of about twelve American prisoners and the capture of the guard of ten British soldiers. The circumstances surrounding this exploit were romantic in the extreme and worthy of the days of chivalry. While reconnoitering the British camp at Ebenezer, Jasper learned from a Mrs. Jones that her husband, then in irons, charged with desertion of the royal cause, was about to be sent with other prisoners to Savannah, there to be tried and doubtless executed. The distress of the poor woman and her child touched the heart of the impulsive Irishman and he formed the desperate resolution of attempting a rescue. The prisoners under guard started for Savannah. Jasper and Newton followed them unarmed, until the party arrived at what is now known as Jasper Springs, about two miles from Savannah, on the Augusta road. Here the guard

stopped for water, resting their arms against the trees. Jasper and Newton each seized a musket, shot two of the guard down, dashed out the brains of two more with the clubbed guns, leaped between the remaining six soldiers and the other muskets, and, possessing themselves of the loaded weapons, compelled the surrender of the six, released the prisoners, escorted them to the American army, at Purysburg, and safely returned Jones to his wife and child.

"The death of Jasper was in keeping with his life. The attack on Savannah was disastrous. The French and Americans were repulsed; the bugle had sounded the retreat, when the flag which Mrs. Elliott had presented to him, and which he had promised to guard until eternity, was seen by him trailing in the dust. Lieutenants Bushe and Hume had been killed while bearing that banner, and it was from Hume's dying grasp that Jasper had seized it at the close of the action, and that day Jasper made good his promise. He guarded it until eternity. While bearing it he fell, and while dying, said to Major Horry, a companion in arms: 'I have got my furlough. That sword was presented to me by Governor Rutledge for my services in the defense of Fort Moultrie. Give it to my father and tell him I have worn it with honor. If he should weep, tell him his son died in the hope of a better life. Tell Mrs. Elliott that I lost my life supporting the colors which she presented to our regiment. If you should ever see Jones, his wife and son, tell them that Jasper is gone, but that the remembrance of the battle which he fought for them brought a secret joy to his heart when it was about to stop its motion forever. Tell all my friends who shall remember to ask for me that their poor friend has fought his last fight, has struck his last blow; and may the blessings of Providence rest upon my country and her cause.'

"So fell Sergeant Jasper, his last blow struck in the cause of America, his last shout a gathering cry for the defense of her honor, his last wish a prayer for her prosperity. The sand of our streets has drunk up his blood and the soil of our city has encompassed his bones. Who has written his epitaph? Who has built up his monument?

"To write his epitaph, to build up his monument, is the object of our association, and should be our proudest pleasure, as it is our most sacred duty. Let, then, Irishmen everywhere, rising above creed and party, unite with us in rearing, through Irish effort, a tribute to Irish valor."

The importance of the battle of Charleston Harbor was, of course, belittled in England and efforts were made to class it with the reverses which soon after befell the American arms in New

York and New Jersey. But the voice of Edmund Burke, in his *Annual Register*, published in Dublin, rose above the din of ridicule and placed it where it belonged as one of the greatest naval victories in history.

"While the continued thunder from the ships," he writes, "seemed sufficient to shake the firmness of the bravest enemy and daunt the courage of the most veteran soldier, the return made by the fort could not fail of calling for the respect of the seamen of Britain. In the midst of that dreadful war of artillery, they stuck with the greatest firmness and constancy to their guns, fired deliberately and slowly, and took a cool and effective aim. The ships suffered accordingly; they were torn to pieces and the slaughter was dreadful. Never did British valor shine more conspicuous and never did our marines, in an engagement of the same nature, with any foreign enemy, experience as rude an encounter."

Ramsey says the people of South Carolina came from Ireland more than from any other country, and we have in the battle of Charleston an illustration of their devotion to the cause of the Americans. Not only were the leaders of the movement for liberty, men of the Irish race, but the great majority of the rank and file of the fighters were also of that nationality. The Rutledges, the Lynches, the Thomsons, the Jameses, the Butlers, and the Ramsays, were followed to the front by their countrymen almost to a man, and the Jaspers and the McDaniels were only shining specimens of the general body. And when the victory which they won at Charleston rid their section for a season of the hated English enemy they did not sit down in their homes to enjoy their well-earned respite, but hastened in their thousands to share the brunt of battle with their brothers of the North and East.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE OPENING OF 1777—BRITISH ATROCITIES—TRYON'S RAID ON DANBURY—AMERICAN PRISONERS AND THEIR BRUTAL TREATMENT—ETHAN ALLEN IN CORK HARBOR—TREASON OF GEN. CHARLES LEE—ARRIVAL OF LAFAYETTE—HIS FRIENDSHIP FOR MATTHEW CAREY—ORIGIN OF OUR REVOLUTIONARY GENERALS.

The year 1777 was distinguished for some of the severest battles of the war and was filled with exciting skirmishes and raids of rapine and murder by the English on the defenseless and unarmed part of the country. It was particularly trying on Washington, as he had to conduct the operations of two armies at the same time—one on the seaboard against the Howes and the other in Northern New York, two hundred miles away, against the boastful and dramatic Burgoyne and his army of ten thousand men.

After Washington retired to winter quarters at Morristown he ordered General William Maxwell to hang on the rear of the fleeing British and many were the stinging blows which he dealt them. On January 7, 1777, while they were evacuating Elizabethtown, N. J., he fell upon their rear, killing many of them and capturing seventy prisoners and a schooner loaded with valuable baggage.

General Maxwell was born in Ireland, but came to New Jersey in his early years. He entered the colonial service in 1758, serving until the revolution, when he became Colonel of the Second Regiment of New Jersey patriots, whom he commanded in Canada, in the campaign of 1776. In July, 1774, he was appointed on the Sussex County, N. J., committee to act with representatives of other counties, to have New Jersey represented in the Continental Congress and was afterwards one of the most active members of the Provincial Congress of New Jersey. Colonel Maxwell was one of the remonstrants against the abandonment of Crown Point, on Lake Champlain, where he was serving under General Schuyler. In a memorial to Congress, dated August 16, 1776, he set forth his services to his country and protested against the promotion, over his head, of General St. Clair, a younger and less experienced officer. In recognition of his claims Congress appointed him a brigadier-general on October 23, 1776, and he was among the officers transferred from the Northern Army to the assistance of Washington toward the

close of that year. He was a man of great bravery and was much esteemed by Washington, who said of him: "I believe him to be an honest man, a warm friend to his country, and firmly attached to its interests." We will have reason to speak of him again.

Colonel John Neilson was another of the patriot officers who harrassed the British in their retreat from New Jersey. On February 18, 1777, with his regiment of militia, he defeated the British troops under Major Stockton, killing four and capturing the commander and fifty-nine of his men. Soon after he was appointed Brigadier-General of militia and placed in command of the northern part of New Jersey. He was a member of the Continental Congress and occupied many other important positions during his life.

The people of New Jersey were now filled with an ardent desire to aid the patriots. The march of the British through their territory left behind it such a terrible track of desolation and outrage that they were fully awakened to their danger and keenly alive to the real nature of their ruthless invaders. Burning with indignation and resentment, they eagerly sought just vengeance for the horrors inflicted upon them.

Woodrow Wilson, now President of Princeton College, in his *History of the American People*, gives a facsimile of a circular letter, published just after the battle of Trenton, which gives a few of the outrages perpetrated by the British. As will be seen, this circular was printed by John Dunlap, the Irish printer to the Continental Congress, and published by him in his newspaper, *Dunlap's Pennsylvania Packet*. Here is a copy of the circular taken from the pages of Woodrow Wilson:

Extract of a Letter from an Officer of Distinction, in the American Army.

Since I wrote you this morning I have had an opportunity of hearing a number of the particulars of the horrid depredations committed by that part of the British army which was stationed at and near Pennytown, under the command of Lord Cornwallis. Besides the sixteen young women who had fled to the woods to avoid their brutality, and were there seized and carried off, one man had the cruel mortification to have his wife and only daughter (a child of ten years of age) ravished; this he himself, almost choked with grief, uttered in lamentations to his friend, who told me of it, and also informed me that another girl of thirteen years of age was taken from her father's house, carried to a barn about a mile, there ravished, and afterwards made use of by five of these brutes. Numbers of instances of the same kind of behaviour, I am assured of, have happened;

here their brutish lust was their stimulus, but wanton mischief was seen in every part of the country; everything portable they plunder and carry off, neither age nor sex, Whig or Tory, is spared; an indiscriminate ruin attends every person they meet with; infants, children, old men and women, are left in their shirts without a blanket to cover them in this inclement season; furniture of every kind destroyed or burnt, windows and doors broke to pieces; in short, the houses left uninhabitable, and the people left without provisions, for every horse, cow, ox, hog, and poultry are carried off; a blind old gentleman near Pennytown was plundered of everything. As a notable proof of their regard and favor to their friends and well-wishers, they yesterday burnt the elegant house of Daniel Cox, Esq., at Trenton Ferry, who has been their constant advocate and supporter of Toryism in that part of the country. This behaviour of theirs has so exasperated the people of the country that they are flying to arms and forming themselves into parties to way-lay them and cut them off wherever they can meet with them; this and other efforts which are making I hope will so frighten them that they will soon find their situation very disagreeable in New Jersey. Another instance of their brutality happened near Woodbridge: One of the most respectable gentlemen in that part of the country was alarmed by the cries and shrieks of a most lovely daughter; he found an officer, a British officer, in the act of ravishing her; he instantly put him to death. Two other officers rushed in with fuses and fired two balls into the father, who is now languishing under his wounds. I am tired of this horrid scene; Almighty Justice can not suffer it to go unpunished; He will inspire his people (who only claim that liberty which He has entitled them to) to do themselves justice, to rise universally in arms and drive these invading tyrants out of the country.

Published by order of the Council of Safety,

GEO. BICKHAM, Secretary, *pro tem*.

Published also in Dunlap's Pennsylvania Packet, December 27, 1776.

Printed by JOHN DUNLAP.

The disgraceful crimes described in this circular give but a faint idea of the horrors attending the presence of the British army wherever they marched, not only in 1776, but throughout the war. Some writers try to absolve the leading British commanders from blame in the perpetration of these atrocities, but as they were the men who set on the brutal dogs of war and made all the preparations beforehand for the carrying out of such excesses, they must be held responsible equally with those

who personally executed them. The torch was their favorite weapon and they applied it, or ordered it applied, everywhere they went. They were never satisfied with carrying out the legitimate objects of their expeditions but ordered their soldiers to insult and torture the people generally, and burn their houses over their heads.

The raid on Danbury, Conn, on April 25, 1777, is only a mere illustration of this policy. "This expedition," writes Lossing, "conducted by Governor Tryon, of New York, in person, was in its inception, progress, and result, disgraceful to the British character, no less on account of the barbarity and savageism displayed than of the arrant cowardice that marked all the movements of the marauders."

Nevertheless Lossing tries to exonerate Sir William Howe from responsibility for this "barbarity and savageism," although the preparations for the expedition were made by his own hands and were carried out by the highest official of the King in New York.

As soon as Tryon reached the town of Danbury his troops began to abuse and insult the people. Four men, braver and more desperate than the rest, tried to impede his progress by firing on his troops from a deserted building. His soldiers rushed into the house, thrust the men into the cellar, and burned the building over their heads, the unfortunate patriots perishing in the flames. Thereafter his march was unopposed, but Tryon did not content himself until he had burned nineteen dwellings and twenty-two stores and barns, with their contents, in all doing a damage of eighty thousand dollars.

Tryon's descent upon that part of the country was so sudden and unexpected that the militia did not have time to oppose his advance, but on his return to his ships at Norwalk, they made him pay dearly for his brutality, his losses being nearly three hundred in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

The expedition against Peekskill on the Hudson in the previous month was carried out on the same principles as that of Danbury, though it was not attended with such dire results.

Early in January Washington took up the question of the exchange of prisoners which had been interrupted by the battles of Princeton and Trenton. The case of Ethan Allen was one of those considered, as the Vermont patriot was now back in New York, after being carried in heavy irons across the Atlantic, confined in Pendennis Castle, Falmouth, and sent back again with the fleet of Sir Peter Parker, all the time being subjected to the greatest indignities and cruelties.

"His condition," writes Sparks, in reference to his passage

home, "was somewhat amended by the generosity of the master-at-arms, an Irishman, who offered him a place in a little berth fitted up for himself with canvas between the decks, in which he was kindly allowed by the occupant to remain until the ship arrived in America.

"When it was known at Cork that Colonel Allen and his fellow-prisoners were in the harbor on board the *Solebay*, several gentlemen of that city determined to convey to them substantial evidences of their sympathy. A full suit of clothes was sent to each of the privates and Colonel Allen's wardrobe was replenished with fine broadcloth sufficient for two suits, eight shirts and stocks, ready made; several pairs of silk and worsted hose, shoes, and two beaver hats, one of which was richly adorned with gold lace. Nor did the bounty of the philanthropists of Cork end here. Although they had clothed the naked they did not consider the work of benevolence finished until they had fed the hungry. A profuse supply of sea-stores came on board for Colonel Allen, consisting of sugar, coffee, tea, chocolate, pickled beef, fat turkeys, wines, old spirits, and other articles for a voyage. Each of the privates also received tea and sugar. Added to this, a gentleman visited Colonel Allen, in behalf of the donors, and offered him fifty guineas, which, after the other tokens of their munificence, he declined to accept, retaining only seven guineas as a relief in case of pressing necessity.

"The above articles were admitted on board by the second lieutenant, while his superiors were on shore; but when the captain returned and was informed what had been done, he was angry and swore that 'the American rebels should not be feasted at this rate by the rebels of Ireland.' He took away all the liquors except a small quantity, which was secreted by the connivance of the second lieutenant, and he appropriated to the use of the crew all the tea and sugar that had been given to the privates."

We have given Colonel Allen's own version of this matter before, but as he is now generally alluded to as dealing only in high-sounding and extravagant phrases we supplement his statement with that of Jared Sparks. The truth is, Allen was a whole-souled, earnest man, who went no further in words than he stood prepared to go in action. While he was in New York, in 1777, he witnessed the cruelties to which his countrymen were subjected on the prison-hulks in the harbor and in the sugar-houses and churches in the city. "He had," continues Sparks, "an opportunity of witnessing the wretched condition and extreme sufferings of the American prisoners who had been taken in the battle on Long Island and at Fort Washington, and who

were left to perish of cold and hunger and sickness in the churches of New York. He speaks of these scenes as the most painful and revolting that could be conceived. Indeed, numerous concurring testimonies have established it as a fact, of which not a shadow of doubt can now be entertained, that human misery has seldom been seen in such heart-rending forms or under circumstances so aggravating. The motives of the enemy for practicing or permitting cruelties so little consonant to the dictates of humanity, the customs of civilized warfare and every principle of sound policy, are not a fit theme of inquiry in this narrative. The fact itself is an indelible stain, deep and dark, in the character of Sir William Howe, which no array of private virtues, of military talents, or public acts, will hide or obscure. The picture drawn by Allen, colored as it may be by the ardor of his feelings, is vivid and impressive and its accuracy is confirmed by the declarations of other persons, who also related what they saw.

"While he was on parole in New York, a British officer of rank and importance, sent for him to his lodging and told him that his fidelity, though in a wrong cause, had made an impression on General Howe, who was disposed to show him a favor, and to advance him to the command of a regiment of loyalists if he would join the service, holding out to him at the same time, brilliant prospects of promotion and money during the war, and large tracts of land at its close. Allen replied, 'that if, by faithfulness, he had recommended himself to General Howe, he should be loth by unfaithfulness to lose the General's good opinion;' and as to lands he was by no means satisfied that the King would possess a sufficient quantity in the United States at the end of the war to redeem any pledges on that score. The officer sent him away as an incorrigible and hopeless subject."

In writing to the Assembly of his native State, Connecticut, Colonel Allen says that he had suffered everything but death, but his old spirit came through the ordeal undiminished by his persecutions. "I am fired," he writes, "with adequate indignation to revenge both my own and my country's wrongs. I am experimentally certain I have fortitude sufficient to face the invaders of America in the place of danger, spread with all the horrors of war. Provided you can hit upon some measure to secure my liberty, I will appropriate my remaining days and freely hazard my life in the service of the colony and maintaining the American empire. I thought to have enrolled my name in the list of illustrious American heroes, but was nipped in the bud."

"Honest Ethan Allen," writes Irving in commenting on this letter, "his name will ever stand enrolled on that list; not illustrious, perhaps, but eminently popular."

Colonel Allen was not released from prison until May 3, 1778. His first mission, after regaining his freedom, in Elizabeth, N. J., was to proceed to Valley Forge to thank Washington personally for the deep interest he had taken in his case. On the way to the American camp and back to his old home in Vermont he was enthusiastically received by the people and accorded the affectionate welcome which he deserved.

Washington Irving quotes liberally from the correspondence of Washington and Howe on the subject of prisoners and their treatment. "We have quoted this correspondence the more freely," he writes, "because it is on a subject deeply worn into the American mind, and about which we have heard too many particulars, from childhood upwards, from persons of unquestionable veracity, who suffered in the cause, to permit us to doubt about the fact. The Jersey Prison Ship is proverbial in our Revolutionary history, and the bones of the unfortunate patriots who perished on board form a monument on the Long Island shore. The horrors of the sugar-house, converted into a prison, are traditional in New York; and the brutal tyranny of Cunningham, the provost-marshal, over men of worth confined in the common jail for the sin of patriotism, has been handed down from generation to generation.

"That Lord Howe and Sir William were ignorant of the extent of these atrocities we really believe, but it was their duty to be well-informed. There is not a doubt, too, that a feeling of contumely deprived the patriot prisoners of all sympathy in the early stages of the Revolution. They were regarded as criminals, rather than captives. The stigma of rebels seemed to take from them all the indulgence, scanty and miserable as they are, usually granted prisoners of war. The British officers looked down with haughty contempt upon the American officers who had fallen into their hands. The British soldiery treated them with insolent scurrility. It seemed as if the very ties of consanguinity rendered their hostility more intolerant, for it was observed that American prisoners were better treated by the Hessians than by the British. It was not until our countrymen had made themselves formidable by their successes that they were treated, when prisoners, with common decency and humanity."

It was the old story of England's idea of fair play, from which all struggling peoples under her dominion may well take a lesson. England will never grant just treatment to others until beaten to her knees and compelled to do it by superior force, and even then, as John Dillon says, she will try to draw back with her left hand what she has already given with the right.

The capture of General Lee was a deep source of trouble

to Washington, and seriously embarrassed him with regard to the exchange of other prisoners. He was most anxious to secure the release of Lee, in order to restore him to the army, but had he known his real character he would have left him in the hands of the enemy, where he properly belonged. The British pretended to treat him as a deserter, but in reality he had become a traitor to the American cause, and imparted to the Howes all the advice and information in his power—knowledge which they most successfully employed in their campaigns of 1777—and the Howes, who fraudulently posed as honorable gentlemen, hoodwinked Washington in this respect.

Soon after his capture, Lee, feeling his neck in danger, informed the British commanders that he was opposed to the Declaration of Independence, although before the adoption of that immortal instrument, he had written to Patrick Henry strongly in its favor. He convinced the Howes that, if he could obtain an interview with a committee of Congress, he would be able to open negotiations for a satisfactory adjustment of all existing difficulties, and they allowed him to ask for this conference, but Congress wisely refused to grant it.

"As soon as this conference was refused," says the writer of the Lee article in Appleton's *Cyclopedia of American Biography*, "Lee straightway went over to the enemy and sought to curry favor with the Howes by giving them aid and counsel for the next campaign against the Americans. He went so far as to write out for them a plan of operations. After the disastrous result of the campaigns of 1777 the brothers did not wish to disclose the secret of their peculiar obligations to such an adviser, and Lee's papers remained hidden in their domestic archives until 1857. A fac simile of it is given in George H. Moore's monograph on the 'Treason of Charles Lee' (New York, 1858). The paper is in Lee's handwriting, folded and endorsed as 'Mr. Lee's Plan—29th March, 1777.' The endorsement is in the handwriting of Henry Strachey, Secretary to the Royal Commissioners, Lord and Sir William Howe. In this paper Lee expressly abandons the American cause, enters 'sincerely and zealously' into the plans of the British commanders, and recommends an expedition to Chesapeake Bay, essentially similar to that which was actually undertaken in the following summer. This advice seems to throw light upon the movements of General Howe in July and August, 1777, which were formerly regarded as so strange. If anything had been known about these treacherous shifts on the part of Lee he certainly would never have been taken back into the American service. As nothing was known about the matter, he was exchanged early in May, 1778, and joined

Washington's army at Valley Forge. It is not altogether easy to see why he should have returned to his place in the American army unless it may have been with the intention of playing into the hands of the enemy; nor, except upon some such theory, is it easy to see why the British commander should have acquiesced in his return."

Though the actual proof of Lee's treachery was not produced for eighty years after its occurrence, the course of his after life bore many evidences of his guilt, and it is one of the strangest incidents of the Revolution that he maintained for such a length of time the sympathy and respect of so many decent people. He was slovenly in dress, dirty in person, repulsive in feature, rude in manner, and always ready with disagreeable and sarcastic remarks, and these characteristics in themselves should have been sufficient to condemn him, or at least to put honest men on their guard against him.

In happy contrast to the revolting characteristics of Lee and Gates and other Englishmen were the manly qualities of the distinguished French, German, and Polish gentlemen who came hither with Lafayette, in the early summer of 1777. They came to fight for Liberty and Independence and not for the advancement of their personal fortunes. Sincere in their friendship, they extended their help without pretension or bargain and sought nothing in return.

Lafayette placed not only his sword but his fortune at the disposal of the Americans and brought with him a ship filled with stores for their cause. On his arrival in Philadelphia he sent a note to the President of Congress, in which he asked permission to serve in the Continental Army upon two conditions—first, that he should receive no pay; secondly, that he should act as a volunteer. These conditions were so different from those demanded by other foreigners, that they were at once accepted by Congress. Although he was not yet twenty years of age, the peculiar position in which his wealth, fervent zeal, and social eminence at home placed him before the American people, gave him great importance, and on July 31, 1777, Congress appointed him a major-general by the adoption of the following preamble and resolution:

"WHEREAS, The Marquis de Lafayette, out of his great zeal to the cause of liberty, in which the United States are engaged, has left his family and connections, and, at his own expense, come over to offer his services to the United States, without pension or particular allowance, and is anxious to risk his life in our cause:

"Resolved, That his services be accepted and that, in con-

sideration of his zeal, illustrious family, and connections, he have the rank and commission of major-general in the army of the United States."

Congress never had cause to repent the adoption of that earnest resolution. Lafayette became the bosom and life-long friend of Washington and he rendered such signal service to the struggling colonies in their most dreary days that his name will always be honored in this country as second only to that of the illustrious Washington himself.

Too many cold and calculating comments have been indulged in by prejudiced writers as to the incentives which actuated the French nation in coming to the assistance of America in her time of need and at the turning point of her fortunes. It ought to be enough, and we believe it is enough to genuine Americans, that France sent her fleets and troops here at a crucial time to ensure for her their undying gratitude. Whatever may have been the motives of the French King or his Ministers, they should not be questioned as long as they supplied the means—and we believe one of the greatest means—to bring about the independence of America. Volumes of heartless writing cannot blot out the fact nor deprive the French soldiers, like Lafayette, Rochambeau, and Count Dillon, the honors which they won by their bravery and devotion in the battles of the Revolution.

Of all the nationalities who made up the sum total of the fighting forces of Freedom the records prove that the Irish contributed more men and officers than all other races combined. Next to them come the French, though they, with the exception of Lafayette and his companions, were sent by their government as an organized force and did not volunteer individually like the Irish, but their strength was a mighty agency in the victories which crowned American arms. The Irish regiments in the service of France claimed the right to be sent against the hereditary enemies of their race who were fighting to destroy the liberties of America as they did those of Ireland.

Lafayette, in addition to his services as a brave soldier and able general, was also deeply interested in the advancement of literature and science in America. It was his financial assistance that enabled Matthew Carey to establish his first newspaper in Philadelphia, in 1784. When Carey was fifteen years of age, in his native city of Dublin, his father, who was a baker, gave him a list of twenty-five trades from which to make the choice of his life-work. He selected the business of printer and bookseller and two years later he published an address to Irish Catholics, which was so truthful and patriotic that he was obliged to fly to

Paris to avoid prosecution by the English Government, being thus the forerunner of Wolfe Tone and the Ninety-eight men in their great work of arousing the Irish people to a sense of their slavery.

In Paris Carey met Benjamin Franklin, and through him became acquainted with Lafayette. Franklin employed him for a year in the service of the United States, after which he returned to Ireland and established the *Volunteer's Journal*, which, by its bold and able opposition to the Government became a power in politics and eventually brought about the legislative independence of Ireland. But his fearless course again placed him behind prison bars and he finally left Ireland for good and arrived in Philadelphia on November 15, 1784. There, as we have said, through the financial aid of Lafayette, he established the *Pennsylvania Herald*, the first newspaper in the United States that furnished accurate reports of legislative debates, Carey acting as his own reporter. Mathew Carey was the father of the protective system in America—not the tariff system we have now, which fosters the power and accumulation of wealth to the injury of the masses, but that intended to protect struggling industries against foreign competition and enable them to pay decent wages to American workingmen. He was also the founder of a publishing house which afterwards became, under the management of his son, Henry Charles Carey, the largest in the United States. The son also advocated protection, but only as a means to free trade when the industries were firmly established. Had his ideas of protection been carried out there would now be no trusts or unscrupulous combinations threatening the very existence of our political system.

Without the Irish and the French there could have been no successful revolution in America. The colonists might have indignantly endeavored to throw off their slavery, but, having no Irish to bear the brunt of the battle or starve through long and hopeless campaigns, they would have been crushed into submission by the overpowering forces of England.

In this regard we have received a most interesting document from Mr. Patrick Tierney, of Litchfield, Conn., as to the origin of the Revolutionary generals. As Mr. Tierney is a Gaelic scholar of ability and well versed in the ancient and modern history of Ireland, he is qualified to speak of the derivation of Irish names and the early migrations of his people. We are not so radical in our claims as Mr. Tierney, nor do we go so far back in our researches, but his conclusions are founded on truth and are well worthy of being included in these records:

PATRICK TIERNEY'S VALUABLE DOCUMENT.

LITCHFIELD, CONN., MARCH 5, 1906.

P. J. HALTIGAN, *Editor of the National Hibernian*.

DEAR SIR:—In the last issue of the *National Hibernian*, in your Revolutionary history, I see no reference to the treason of General Charles Lee, who was born in Dernhall, Cheshire, England, nor of the treason of Dumont, in the capture of Fort Washington.

There were about twenty generals in the Revolution who were English, or of English descent, and about half of these were tainted with treason. There were fourteen Welsh generals, the people of that gallant little nation being haters of tyranny and more bitter against the English than even the Irish. Their historic family names prove they were Irish originally, and settled in Wales and Cornuba (Cornwall) in the second, third, and fourth centuries. During the reign of Carbery Liffecar, A. D. 267, Caransius, a native of Menapie (Mona or Munster) in Ireland, became the King of Britain for seven years. He was an Irish admiral in the Roman navy. The Menapians of North Wales were, of course, Fir-mona or Munster men, and were also called Caransii from his name.

In A. D. 300 a part of the powerful tribe of Deisi, now Tipperary and Waterford, then called North and South Deisi, settled in Wales. In a recent volume of Y. Cymaroder, Professor Kuno Meyer points out that in the Irish history of the expulsion of the Deisi we have an account of an Irish settlement in Wales during the third century, as follows: "Eochaidh, son of Art Cobb, went over the sea with his descendants into the territory of Demed, and it is there that his sons and grandsons died, and from them is the race of Crimthawn (Griffin, Craven, etc.) over there." The history gives a succession of fourteen generations, descended in the male line from Eochaidh, now Called Hues, Hewes, or Hughes, etc.

There was a Castle Hoel or Hailey in County Mayo. Now I find that Hoel or Howel is the same name as Hailey, Healey, Hawley, Haly, Howley, Soley, Foley, Kelvey, or Kelway, etc., and was originally Mac Ua Chaluigh, O'Foghluigh, of O'Fhaighluigh. The crest on the arms of most of those families is the red dragon of Wales. The Hoels were originally Irish. Hoel, the Good, married an Irish girl; Uter Pen Dragons' real name was Mulgown. St. David's grandfather was Irish or of Irish parents. His name was Caradig, hence the name Cardiganshire. The first of the Cath-moladers or Cadwaladers were Irish. Cadwalader or the good St. Cedd was probably Irish born, and was buried in Litchfield, in Stafford. There were two more of that

name, one born in Wales and one in Brittany, but were all of Irish or Leinster stock.

The Leinster arms is a harp and a green field. It is said the Welsh also used the harp and green banner. The Saxons gave Wales its proper name, *Walisch* or *Gaelisch*. The Prince of Wales is in French still called *Le Prince de Gauclos*. That is also evidence that they were Irish.

You may ask what all this has to do with the Revolution? My answer is—Hades would freeze over before this country would be independent if it were not for the Irish and the Welsh. Nearly all the Signers were Irish and Welsh. There were only a few English and two Scotch Signers. The Irish and Welsh generals of the Revolution, or their ancestors, including those who became generals before the War of 1812, numbered about eighty-four. Even then, if it were not for the timely aid of France, Old Glory might have gone down in defeat.

I should also state that there were about eight Scotch, ten German, or Dutch, two Polish, and about twenty-five French generals. The worst enemies of the patriots were the Tories. They numbered about 50,000 and had some of the best generals, as Delancey, who was the general who afterwards defeated Napoleon, Wellington and Napoleon being both sick at the time. There were also 29,000 Hessians and 12,000 Indians paid for.

The Tories included those of English Puritan descent, those now called Scotch-Irish or Orangemen, and those of French Huguenot descent who came from England. The Huguenots who came from Ireland were mostly on the American side. Cromwell was the great head of the Puritans and those who were dispossessed of their lands in Ireland by the Puritans, were the most bitter against the English in America.

Most of our histories are written by enemies of our race, who are well paid for it, while others copy them, believing without investigating. I cannot here give the Gaelic origin of all our Revolutionary generals, but I will give you a few of their original clan or religious names. In my opinion the battle of Bennington was the decisive battle of the Revolution. The hero was General Stark, and his parents were Sharkeys, O'Searchaigh, from St. Searca, of Rossercia and Rosserk Abbey, County Mayo.

General Wayne—Mac Giolla Bhain or Macgillwayne.

General Mefflin—Mac Goilla na Bhflainn.

Generals Reed, Reade, or Reld—St. Creade, O'Mulcrede or Gillreede.

Generals Lee or Leigh (not Charles)—O'Mac Liag or Giolla Mac Laig, in Latin Gillesius.

General and Admiral Roane or Rowen—St. Rudhair or **Rodir**; hence Mac Giolla Rudhair, Gillrone, Elrone, etc.

General Glover—St. Labradha, hence Mac Gillover, Lover, **Lever**, etc.

Generals Clark, Clarke, Clery, Clair—O'Mul Clearaich, Mulcleric.

General Hand—(Lavin), Luam (Abbot), Luamain, Mac Giollaim, Gillamb, or William. There is also Lamie or Lamb.

General Knox or Nox—Molynox, Molyknox, from St. Aengus; Molens, Crossmolens, etc.

General Lawson—Mac Giolla Iosa-ain.

St. Eimridh or Geimridh (Winter), hence Maol Geimeridh, Mulgomery, Mulgomeri, Montgomery, etc.

General Moylan—Maolleathian or Mulyons, hence Lyons and Moylan.

General and Colonel Allen—Mullallen from St. Mulchallane or Mullhollin, Holland; there was also a Hugh Ollen, an O'Niall, whose descendants were called Allen.

General Greene—In Gaelic Uaithne (Oweney), hence Mac Giolla an Uaithne, Mac Giollaneney, Elowney, Toney, Teney, Taney, Tennyson, translated Anthony Mac Greane, Mac Grane, Mac Greene, Mac Green, etc., from St. Anthony.

From St. Fionntain we get Mac Giolla (Fh)ionntain or Mac Gillinton, Glinton, Clinton. Many Norman families were called after Irish saints.

General Cass—St. Cass or Corcass.

General Karson, of Connecticut—Cassin of Clan Caisin.

General J. James—Gill or Fitz James, or Jamisons.

General Maxwell—Macsewill, from St. Sedulius; also O'Sewil, Oswill.

General Irvine—St. Irvine in Ayshire.

General Dougan—O'Dubhgan.

General Agnew—Giolla Naomh, Gillaneve, O'Guive.

Brigadier-General Mitchell—Mulmitchil, of Balymichela or Mitchelstown.

General de Ternay (Irish origin)—From St. Tiernain or Tighearnain.

General William and Secretary Charles Thomson—From Tomais Mac Cartan, from St. Cartain or Artain, same coat of arms.

General Moultrie—Maolmertrie, Mac Murtrie Murthagh, Moriarty, all having the same coat of arms.

General Todd—O'Todha, O'Togdha, St. Todha or Tuda, from Cu Uladh an t-Siodha, "the Ulster Silken Warrior," now Sheedy, Silk and Todd.

The descendants of Nial Caoch O'Ralleigh were called Clan an Caoch, Hancock, Handcock, etc., Clanakee, County Cavan. George Ross was Rossiter from Ireland, with Lord Baltimore. Fourteen generals of the Revolution were members of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, as were also the Father of his Country, the Father of the Navy, and the Father of Finance.

PATRICK TIERNEY.

As will be seen, Mr. Tierney claims General John Stark as of Irish origin. We were for a long time under that impression, but finding it stated in many accounts that his father was born in Scotland, we submitted the matter to the late Colonel Linham, of New Hampshire, an authority on the subject, and he expressed the opinion that Stark could not be claimed as Irish. Mr. Tierney, however, may be right as to his origin, especially if his father's name was Sharkey, as he claims, and as John Kelly and other writers also assert. But, as we have said many times before, we do not want to make doubtful claims. We glory in the name of Stark whether he was Irish or Scotch. It is enough for us that the great majority of the soldiers who enabled him to win his great victory at Bennington were men of the Irish race.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CAPTAIN GUSTAVUS CONYNGHAM, AN IRISH NAVAL HERO OF THE REVOLUTION.

Many writers nowadays seem to think that no one fought a naval battle in the Revolution except Paul Jones. Charles H. Lincoln, editor of the Calendar of Jones Manuscripts in the Library of Congress, is a good example of this class. In his article, in a recent number of the Review of Reviews, on "John Paul Jones and Our First Triumphs on the Sea," he asks the questions: "When had a hostile vessel invaded the Irish Sea before this? How long had it been since an enemy had set foot on British soil?"

If Mr. Lincoln knew anything of history he would not ask such questions. Long before Paul Jones was heard of in British waters the name of Captain Gustavus Conyngham, an Irishman, sailing under the American flag as a commissioned officer of the United States, was a terror to the naval authorities and marine merchants of England. He was the son of Redmund Conyngham, of Letterkenny, County Donegal, Ireland, and brother of David Hayfield Conyngham, who succeeded to his father's business in Philadelphia after the latter had retired to his estate in Ireland.

We have before alluded to the Conynghams, as well as to John M. Nesbitt, who was associated with them in business and who conducted it in his own name after the opening of the Revolution.

As early as 1777 Captain Conyngham ranged the Irish and English seas as if there were no British navy and enriched the treasury of the United States by more captures of English ships than any American of his time. Yet, strange to say, until four years ago, his name was rarely or never mentioned among American naval heroes.

Owing to the mysterious disappearance of his commission, which was delivered to him in Paris on May 1, 1777, by Benjamin Franklin, he was treated as a pirate by England and held in barbarous captivity for many years. For the same reason, on his return to America, after escaping from the clutches of England, he was refused acknowledgement by his own government, and although his story was believed by the people generally and vouched for by Franklin and the other American Commissioners

in Paris, his claims were never officially allowed. As a consequence his name and brave deeds faded out of sight and both would have remained in oblivion but for the accidental finding of his commission one hundred and twenty-five years after its disappearance. This providential discovery brought Conyngham's name to the attention of James Barnes, the distinguished American writer, and he has done ample justice to his memory.

In his story of "With the Flag in the Channel, or the Adventures of Captain Gustavus Conyngham," published by the Appletons in 1902, Mr. Barnes presents the career of the brave seaman in the most interesting manner. As his book is one which should be read by all Irish-Americans, we will pause here to review it and quote as copiously as we can from its deeply interesting pages—showing, on the unquestionable testimony which he produces, how the American flag was upheld in British waters before Paul Jones ever sailed there.

Before the Revolution Captain Conyngham was engaged in the merchant service of Philadelphia, and the first chapter of Mr. Barnes' story depicts him in the grill room of the Old Clock Tavern in Philadelphia making arrangements with his brother, David H. Conyngham, and John M. Nesbitt, to take command of the *Charming Peggy*, a vessel which the firm was about to send to Holland for war supplies for the struggling colonies.

The three men spoke in low voices, for they were watched by two English spies—Lester, the Tory, and Flackman, the lawyer, who were seated some distance from them and were known to all three. Here is the scene as described by Mr. Barnes:

"I knew your father and all your family," said Mr. Nesbitt, addressing Captain Conyngham.

"By the Powers, you know half the County of Donegal then, and more than I do," laughed the sailor, with a touch of a rich rolling brogue.

As the young captain seated himself his glance fell for a moment upon the two men, Lester and Flackman. He half nodded toward them and the action called his brother's attention.

"So, Captain Gustavus, you know our friend Lester," said David quickly.

"Just well enough to keep an eye on him," was the rejoinder. "I saw him talking with the mate of that old Dutch Indiaman that lies astern of the *Charming Peggy*. I judged from the way he was talking that she was the subject of conversation, so I hove to and asked him a few silent questions."

"What did you do that for?" asked David Conyngham.

"Sure, to find out how little they know," answered the captain roguishly. "It is as good to know how little a man knows as how much, sometimes."

"And what was that little?" asked Mr. Nesbitt.

"That he knows who bought her in Baltimore," was the reply.

"Did he say so?"

"Not in words spoken to me, for he would have denied that he had any interest in the matter, but by means of a little trick that I learned when a schoolboy and that I have cultivated since for my own amusement. It served me a good turn more than once. I got it from an Irish schoolmaster in Letterkenny. It was the one thing he taught me without knowing how he did it. Whisht," went on the captain, "listen, and I'll prove it to ye. There's a man sitting with his back to you, but facing me. Can you hear what he says?"

"He's at the other end of the room," responded Mr. Nesbitt. "No man could hear what he says at that distance."

"But I can see what he says," answered Conyngham, "and he has just uttered a speech that would make King George shudder. Being a believer in soft language, I will not repeat it. It's all in watching a man's lips. Sure, this old schoolmaster was deaf as a post, but he could hear what you were thinking of if you only whispered it. Many a good licking I got before I was sure of it. But now for business," he added, "if you're going to talk of it this day."

"Well, Mr. Conyngham," returned Mr. Nesbitt, "we want you to take command of the Charming Peggy. You are to pick a crew as quick as possible and sail for Holland."

"With what cargo?" asked the captain.

"In ballast," was the reply. "It's of no importance what you bring over; it's what you shall bring back."

"And that would be easy guessing, sir. I could write it out blindfolded."

"Perhaps so; but of that more to-morrow, when we will meet in my counting-house. We won't detain you longer."

"Our fine gentlemen yonder," said Captain Conyngham, as he prepared to go, "have put two and two together, as why shouldn't they? And the man with the fat jowls, whom you call Lester, has just made a remark that it is a good thing to remember, for he has just said that he would keep an eye on the Charming Peggy and mark the time of her sailing. By the same token there are two English men-of-war just off the capes of the Delaware. I sailed by them in the fog."

"Forewarned is forearmed, Captain Conyngham," returned Mr. Nesbitt, "and we'll keep an eye on Mr. Lester."

"If he comes down by my ship let's pray he's a good swimmer," responded the captain as he went out into the storm.

For a minute or two Mr. David Conyngham and the senior partner remained silent, and then the latter spoke. "An odd character," he said suggestively. "Might I say without any offense that he has a certain amount of assurance."

"Better call it self-reliance," responded David. "It was always so with him as a boy. But mark you this, sir, behind it all he has the courage that is daunted at nothing, and ask any seaman with whom he has sailed if he knows of a better or more resourceful man in emergencies."

"He comes of a good stock," rejoined Mr. Nesbitt; "eh, David?"

The younger man caught the elder's twinkling eye and bowed. "We've all been kings in Ireland," he returned, "and to quote Gustavus, surely one king is as good as another. But the news that you had for me has not been told. What is it?"

"A secret of state, my friend, and one that must be kept as quiet as the grave." He leaned toward Conyngham as he spoke. "Our good Dr. Franklin is going to France to represent the cause of the colonies at the court of the French king, and by the time he does so we shall no longer be in the category of rebels, for there are great doings afoot."

"I know, I understand," answered the younger man, his face lighting. "God prosper the new nation."

"God prosper the new nation," repeated Mr. Nesbitt, "and confusion to the enemies of liberty!"

Captain Conyngham took command of the Charming Peggy and in his voyage across the Atlantic had several very narrow escapes from the English men-of-war. While trying to outmaneuver one of them, and while his fate was still in doubt, Conyngham discovered, through his old knack of reading the movements of men's lips, that he had two English spies on board. Seeing them whispering together and knowing that they were planning to betray him, he immediately ordered them below.

"Higgins," cried Captain Conyngham suddenly to one of them, "below with you and fetch me one of the broadaxes from the carpenter's chest. And bring me a dozen nails, two of each kind." The man hesitated.

"Below with you there," the captain repeated, half fiercely, "and no questions." Reluctantly the tall sailor went down the hatchway.

"McCarthy," called the captain to the other conspirator, "go to my cabin and tell the boy to send me up my trumpet, and stay below until I send for you."

When he had left his English pursuer far behind and the threatened danger was over, the captain, with a stern look on his face, ordered that the men he had told to go below should be sent up to him at once. The two men appeared and, hat in hand, stood at the mast. Higgins carried in one hand a bundle of iron nails and in the other the ax, one side of which was flat, like a hammer.

Captain Conyngham ordered him to step forward and he handed the nails and ax to Mr. Jarvis, the first mate, who stood wonderingly by his side.

"Higgins," asked Captain Conyngham sternly, "do you know what I want these for?"

"No, sir." The man was pale, but over his face there flickered a smile of affected amusement or bravado.

"I'll show you. McCarthy, step up here." The two men stood before him.

"Now, Higgins," said Conyngham sternly, "I'll tell you what I wanted the nails for. I wanted to nail the lies that you are going to tell me."

The man began to protest feebly and the captain stopped him.

"What were you saying just as the cutter came within hailing distance?"

"I was saying nothing, sir."

"Lie number one; you were." The captain changed one of the nails from one hand to the other.

"You, McCarthy, what did you say to Higgins?"

"I said nothing, sir."

"Lie number two." The captain looked from one to the other with his piercing eyes, and then, almost without a movement of preparation, his bare fists shot out from left to right, and the men dropped where they stood like knackered bees.

It had all come so suddenly that the crew were held spell-bound in astonishment. Even Mr. Jarvis looked frightened.

"Here, pick these men up, some of you, and put them on their feet," ordered Conyngham. Half dazed, the two men were propped against the railing.

"What are you doing aboard this vessel?"

"Sailing as honest seamen," responded the Englishman, Higgins, who had recovered his equilibrium in a measure.

"Lie number three. But we won't go on. I'll tell you what you said. When you saw that we were outpointing that cutter you said that when she was near enough to hail you would take your knife and cut away the sheets, and that McCarthy here would let go the jib-halyards, and that you would then——" He paused suddenly. "Open your shirt," he ordered.

The men's faces were white and terrified. Higgins fumbled weakly at his breast and then, all at once, collapsed forward on the deck. He had fainted dead away.

Acting on Conyngham's orders, Mr. Jarvis bent over the prostrate man and drew forth and displayed, to the astonishment of all, A SMALL BRITISH UNION JACK.

The crew fell to murmuring. Captain Conyngham was all smiles again. He waited until Higgins had been revived by a dash of cold water. Then he spoke to the two frightened and now trembling men.

"Your conduct shall be reported," he said, "to Messrs. Lester and Flackman, secret agents of the British crown. They should not employ such joltheads. Now below with these rascals. Put them in irons, Mr. Jarvis."

The next day in a fog the Charming Peggy drifted right under the guns of a huge English frigate, and while the two vessels lay side by side the former was boarded by ten English seamen, headed by a young lieutenant. The jig was plainly up, but Conyngham never lost his nerve. Quietly, with his arms folded, in answer to the lieutenant, he gave the name of the Charming Peggy, adding that she was merely a merchant vessel from Philadelphia in ballast, proceeding to Holland to be sold.

The young lieutenant thought he had boarded a Yankee rebel and so hailed to his commander. "Examine into her papers," he was instructed in return, "and if she's all right let her proceed. If not, we'll put a prize crew on her and send her to Portsmouth."

Conyngham hoped that the young lieutenant's search would not be a diligent one and that the presence of the two spies would not be discovered. When the Englishman insisted on looking into the hold his hopes fell, however, but he boldly announced that he had two deserters from His Majesty's service there whom he would be glad to turn over to him. When the lieutenant heard the stories of the spies, which were ridiculed by Conyngham, he seemed uncertain as to his course, but he was partially reassured when the Yankee captain freely announced that he was ready to proceed to Portsmouth.

"We'll run close to the frigate, Mr. Holden, and you can tell your captain what you've done," said Conyngham quietly. "I'll be glad to look into Portsmouth myself, for I have some friends there, and a cargo of sand won't spoil for a few days' longer voyage."

In a few minutes the fog-blurred form of the frigate could be made out now on the port hand.

"Pray the Lord that the fog holds four hours longer," muttered Captain Conyngham to himself.

Mr. Holden, for that was the lieutenant's name, hailed the frigate through the trumpet. "On board the *Minerva*," he shouted. "We're going into Portsmouth, sir."

"Very good," was the reply; "wait there for us."

"And now, Mr. Holden," spoke Conyngham quietly, "will you take command of the brig, or shall I continue?"

The lieutenant hesitated. Before he could answer, Captain Conyngham continued. "It's a straight run, sir, and with this wind she'd make it with her helm lashed; and now if you'll allow me, I should propose that we'd go below and have some breakfast. There's one thing this little craft can boast, and that a famous Virginia cook. Mr. Jarvis," he added, "see that the men are fed and send Socrates to me in a few minutes. You'll hold the same course, sir, until we return on deck."

The mate saluted and Captain Conyngham and his guest went down to the cabin.

Five minutes later the negro cook knocked at the cabin door and was bidden to enter. There at the table sat Captain Conyngham and in the big chair beside him sat the lieutenant.

The negro's eyes opened in astonishment, for the Englishman was tied fast to the seat, and a gag made of the captain's handkerchief was strapped across his mouth.

Captain Conyngham was breathing as if from some very hard exertion. The lieutenant's face and eyes were suffused with angry red.

"Now, Socrates," said Conyngham slowly, "you will cook us the very best breakfast that you can and serve it here in the cabin in half an hour. But, in the meantime, take a message to Mr. Jarvis on deck and hand him this quietly. There are ten Britishers within us and we still number thirteen. Tell the boat-swain, without any one seeing you, what you have seen here in the cabin. Attract no suspicion and try whether you can live up to your name. Now go forward quietly."

He handed a pistol to the negro, who slipped it under his apron and went up on deck.

The English sailors did not seem to be in the least suspicious and the Americans fell in rapidly with the apparent position of affairs. But as one after another was called to the galley on some pretext, they soon were cognizant of the captain's plot.

The English sailors had discarded their cutlasses and were grouped with the others about the mess-kits that had been brought up on deck, when suddenly the captain appeared alone from the the cabin. Mr. Jarvis joined him, and both stepped quickly for-

ward toward the forecastle. The men, seeing the officers approach, arose to their feet. The English sailors glanced suspiciously about them, and a glance was enough to convince them that they were trapped. At the elbow of each man stood one of their whilom hosts. A few of the Americans were armed with pistols, and the negro cook, with a big carving knife, stood guard over the pile of cutlasses that they had left on the deck.

"Now, men," said Conyngham quietly, "we want no cutting, slashing or shooting, and you're our prisoners. But don't be afraid," he added, as he saw a look of fear come into the Englishmen's eyes. "We are no pirates. You'll get to Portsmouth all right, where you can join your ship. You'll have a good joke to tell them of the Yankee-Irish trick that was played on you. Take the prisoners below, Mr. Corkin," he continued, addressing the boatswain. "Put them in the hold and mount a guard over them. And now, Socrates," he added, turning to the grinning cook, "we'll have our breakfast in the cabin."

The English lieutenant, released from his bonds, sat at first in sulky silence and would not even touch a bit of the savory rasher that Socrates had placed before him. When he went on deck later at Captain Conyngham's invitation he looked off to the eastward. The Minerva, almost hull down, was holding a course toward the French coast. At the masthead of the Charming Peggy fluttered the English flag, and in the distance to the westward, plain above the horizon, rose the English shores.

"We'll go in a little closer, Mr. Holden," said Captain Conyngham, "and then we'll part company, sir."

He turned to the first mate. "Mr. Jarvis," he went on, "prepare to lower the cutter; put in a beaker of water, two bags of biscuit, and a bottle of port."

After half an hour's more sailing the brig was hove to and the prisoners, with Higgins and McCarthy, now freed from their irons, pushed out from the brig's side. In the stern sheets sat the lieutenant disconsolately.

He turned to watch the brig as she came about and headed off shore. At that moment down came the English flag and the Spanish took its place. And it was just at this minute that Captain Conyngham, looking aloft, spoke to his first mate.

"We'll have a flag of our own soon," he said, "and avast with this masquerading, say I."

The crew, as if they had heard his words, suddenly burst into a spontaneous cheer. Their voices, carried by the wind, reached the Englishmen slowly pulling in for the distant headlands.

The Charming Peggy, after other exciting adventures, reached The Hague in safety and was loaded with war supplies for the return journey, but the port was so guarded by English warships that Conyngham could not venture out and was compelled to sell his vessel and cargo in order to save both from confiscation.

Out of occupation and without immediate hope, but with his buoyant spirit still undismayed, Conyngham drifted to Dunkirk, France. There he met a former friend named Thomas Ross, who introduced him to his brother and to two other Americans named Hodge and Allan. The exiled Americans had many friendly conferences, with the result that Conyngham, warmly asserting that he was with the movement for American independence, mind, soul, and body, accompanied Mr. Hodge to Paris and was introduced to Benjamin Franklin. We will let Mr. Barnes describe his first meeting with that patriot and philosopher:

When they met in Paris Franklin advanced toward Mr. Hodge with his hand outstretched and greeted him warmly in his deep musical voice.

"Ah, friend Hodge," he said, "back so soon? And you have brought some one with you, I see. From our side of the water?" he asked.

"Yes," returned Mr. Hodge; "at least from the right side of the water. Allow me to present to you, sir, Captain Gustavus Conyngham, late commander of the Charming Peggy."

"Of Philadelphia, owned by J. M. Nesbitt & Company, was she not, and confiscated in Holland?" interjected Dr. Franklin, looking at Conyngham over the tops of his round spectacles.

"The same, sir," replied the young captain.

"I would that she had managed to get away with her cargo," continued Dr. Franklin, "and I was distressed and sorrowed that I could not help you. But Holland, I fear, is under the thumb of Great Britain. I could pray again for the days of Van Tromp, but I fear me it is not to be. Now, Captain Conyngham," he went on, "you were born in Ireland, but having married a wife in Philadelphia, one might say that your better half is American."

"And seeing that the other is American by adoption also," returned Conyngham, "although I acknowledge my birthplace and my speech at times betrayeth me, I can claim to be whole American, and I have as little love for England as the best of you."

"Good," returned Dr. Franklin, "'tis the proper disposition. And now, Mr. Hodge, I presume you have told Captain Conyngham of the great difficulties with which we are surrounded. And by the way," he added hurriedly, "you can do a favor for me if

you'll be so kind. Will you go to Mr. Deane and inform him that I shall not be able to keep my appointment, but kindly ask him to return with you here, where you will find Captain Conyngham and myself awaiting you?"

Mr. Hodge acquiesced immediately, and in a minute or two Franklin and the young captain were alone.

Then Dr. Franklin had a private talk with Conyngham as to the merits of the Dutch and English smaller craft and gained the information that the English were the best and that a fast-sailing cutter could be purchased without difficulty in Dover by any one who could pass as an English merchant.

After more talk, in which Captain Conyngham detailed his plans as to armament and outfitting, he came to the subject which hitherto neither had touched upon.

"Of course, Dr. Franklin," he said, "no one realizes more than I do the danger of such an enterprise, and mark you, sir, it does not appeal to me, yet I might state that if I were captured, not only I, but the men with me, should meet with short shrift at the hands of the British. We should have few opportunities, after such an event, to serve our country again."

Franklin paused and smiled. "We shall attend to that," he said, turning to a large cabinet and unlocking one of the ponderous doors. "And now I shall have to call upon your discretion. There are a great many things nowadays that we have to keep secret even from our friends, but I have here the very instrument we need in our business."

As he spoke he drew forth from a large portfolio a printed form and laid it on the table.

"This," he said, turning it so that Conyngham could read it, "is a commission in the navy of the United Colonies. Thinking that just this sort of a contingency might arise I armed myself with a few of these papers in America. You see it is signed by John Hancock as President of Congress and is attested by Charles Thomson, of Baltimore, where Congress was in session. It is dated the 1st of March of this year. I have but to fill in your name and the name of your vessel and you are a full-fledged captain in the navy of the United Colonies from the moment. Your name I know, but the craft is yet unchristened. What shall we call her?"

Conyngham paused a moment. "You have surprised me, sir," he said, "and my wits for a moment were wool-gathering, but the name would be an easy matter."

"And you have suggested it, Captain Conyngham," returned Franklin, chuckling. "We will call her the Surprise."

Quickly as he spoke he filled in the blank spaces and handed the paper across the table.

"Captain Conyngham," he said, "I greet you. You will receive such orders as may come through our agents, but one thing I admonish you—be cautious. You are not to venture to attack a seventy-four nor even a sloop of war. There are plenty of small fry about worth the having. Now," he went on, "another thing of great importance. Except in case of dire necessity show this commission to no one, not even to Mr. Hodge or our most intimate friends. It is a secret for the nonce between you and myself. You will readily understand the reason that I ask it. It would not only embarrass me just at present, but might embarrass the French Government. Ah, here come Mr. Hodge and Mr. Deane," he added, looking out of the window.

After Captain Conyngham had been presented to Mr. Deane not a word was said about plans or plot by Franklin, but just as they were leaving he spoke a few words which disclosed the situation.

"Captain Conyngham," he said, "has undertaken to execute a commission of great importance and danger and so, while it may come under discussion at some length in the future, he will need now nothing but our good wishes, and we will drink his health." The toast was drunk and the gentlemen arose to take their departure.

"The captain will accompany you to Dunkirk on your return, Mr. Hodge," said Dr. Franklin, as he said farewell, "and Mr. Deane will instruct you as to your further procedure."

Conyngham never forgot the parting pressure of the doctor's hand.

Under Franklin's directions an English vessel called the *Roebuck* was purchased in Dover. Conyngham himself went over for her in an open yawl, and, after many narrow escapes, conveyed her to Dunkirk, where she was speedily made ready for sea as a warship and renamed the *Surprise*.

Conyngham was only three days aboard of her, sailing under the American flag, with his commission in his possession, when he captured the *Harwich* mail packet and another vessel, both containing valuable cargoes. In order to turn his prizes into money, so sorely needed by Franklin, he returned with them to Dunkirk, but in doing so he made a fatal mistake. In the short time he was away matters had changed considerably in France and the government was now greatly concerned about the neutrality laws. Conyngham saw this change the moment he set foot on shore, but he resolved to make the best of the situation. He was followed into Dunkirk by an English sloop of war and

the French authorities were about to hand him over, with his prizes, to its commander, when by a bold stroke he completely upset their programme and gained the sympathy of the French people. In order, as he himself expressed it, to promote international good feeling, he invited the populace to help themselves to all the good things on his ships.

"Citizens of Dunkirk, people of France," he shouted, addressing the multitude from the bulwark of his ship, "help yourselves. Here are bales of fine English cloth and English cutlery. Sure, they're things ornamental and things beautiful. Help yourselves; they're yours for the taking, and the gift of the United Colonies of America and Gustavus Conyngham, captain in the navy."

It was enough. The crowd rushed upon the bales and boxes and dived down the hatchway. Conyngham leaped to the wharf and straight toward him came marching a company of French soldiers. Turning to Ross, who stood beside him on the wharf, the young captain spoke quickly.

"Here," he said, slipping a long sealed packet into his friend's hand, "this is of the utmost importance. See that it reaches Dr. Franklin's hands in Paris at once; it must not be lost, for it may save my life."

"Come," replied Ross, hiding the paper in his pocket, "endeavor to hide—you may escape in the crowd."

"And be hunted like a rat with a ferret or taken like a criminal. Never that in the world. Appear not to know me."

Stepping boldly out to meet the company, Conyngham drew a short sword from under his long blue coat, and advancing toward the officer, he extended him the hilt across the hollow of his left arm. At the same time he spoke in a loud voice:

"Captain Conyngham of the American navy gives himself and his sword into the keeping of the Government of France."

Leaving a guard of soldiers about the vessel, the officer and part of his company walked back up the wharf. Before he had gone many steps he returned the short sword to Conyngham, who took it with a smile and walked off by the officer's side, chatting pleasantly in French with a strong touch of Irish brogue.

The package which Conyngham sent to Franklin contained his commission. To his great sorrow and humiliation it was lost in the excitement and turbulence of the times and he never laid eyes on it again.

Towards the middle of July, 1777, Conyngham was once more a free man. Mysterious orders had come from Paris, and to the surprise of every one he had appeared one day walking the streets of Dunkirk, smilingly greeting the inhabitants, who

remembered well his giving the stores of the other vessels to the populace on the day of his arrest.

During his imprisonment, while exercising one day at the game of handball, he was approached by an agent of the British government, who offered him a free pardon and a place in the navy if he would betray the American cause and return to his allegiance as a British subject.

"You may tell those who sent you," replied Conyngham to the agent, "that His Majesty might offer me the position of an admiral of the blue and I would tell him that I would rather spend my days in the hold of a prison hulk than accept it. As you will not play with me I shall have to ask you to stand aside. Some day we may meet where the game will be for larger stakes and there will be harder missiles flying. Good morning, sir."

When Conyngham came out of prison he found a new ship, purchased by the orders of Franklin, being made ready for him in Dunkirk. While looking over her with his friend Hodge the latter asked him what name he intended to give her. "I would be after calling her," he replied slyly and with the softest of brogues; "I'd be after calling her the *Revenge*."

The *Revenge* was made ready for sea without any opposition or interference on the part of France, and Franklin's secretary, William Carmichael, had come down to Dunkirk to deliver the final instructions to Conyngham, which Mr. Barnes prints in facsimile.

"There, Captain Conyngham," he said in handing over the papers, "are your sailing orders. Of course, to a man of your intelligence there is no use of being more than explicit. Somehow I am reminded of a story of one of your fellow-countrymen who was accused of killing a sheep, and in explanation made the plea that he would kill any sheep that attacked and bit him on the open highway. So all you've got to do is to be sure that the sheep bites first."

"There is another little adage about a wolf in sheep's clothing," replied Conyngham, laughing, "and sure there are plenty of them in both channels, and in that case——"

"Be sure to kill the wolf before he bites you at all. But seriously—once away from the French coast you ought to have a free foot. Here is a list of the agents of Lazzonere & Company, Spanish merchants, and here is a draft of a thousand *livre* upon them at Corunna. You will receive the usual percentage accruing to the captain of a vessel making such captures."

Owing to the fact that Carmichael did not bring down his commission Conyngham hesitated to sail, but he quickly made up his mind when news reached him that the French minister had

again shifted his position and was sending a messenger to Dunkirk to order the seizure of the *Revenge*.

"Gentlemen," he said to those around him in consultation, "there is but one thing to do. Commission or no commission, I sail from Dunkirk on the early morning tide. We have but a few hours before us. May the Powers grant the messenger does not arrive before then."

Early in the morning, while still the mist hung over the harbor, a ghostlike vessel appeared in midchannel. It was the *Revenge* gliding swiftly out to sea, and once more Conyngham was on the broad ocean in defense of the United States.

Conyngham sailed up and down the English Channel and Irish Sea for over a year. More than once he came near capture, and many times administered severe chastisements to English warships twice his size, and on one occasion in order to escape he had to throw over all his portable belongings, including his anchors and guns. While fortune favored him not a little, he left nothing to chance, and the success that attended him was the result of hard and earnest work. He paid his long-promised visit to Ireland, landing on the coast of Wicklow, and was cordially received by the people, who cheerfully loaded his ship with all the provisions he required.

After capturing more than two dozen prizes and delivering them to his appointed agents in Spain, he sailed for the United States, arriving in Philadelphia in February, 1779. He was well satisfied with what he had accomplished in English waters, and well he might be, for at one time, from the very fear of his name, over forty vessels lay at anchor in the Thames, and on another occasion he prevented the sailing of two loaded transports. Silas Deane wrote to Robert Morris and to the Home Government, "his name has become more dreaded than that of the great Thurot and merchants are constrained to ship their cargoes in French or Dutch vessels."

Not a guardship on the coast but had received specific orders to be on the lookout for him, and yet he had cruised in the English and Irish Channels month after month. Another fact that he regarded with satisfaction was that he had accomplished all this not merely as a privateersman, but as a regularly commissioned officer in the navy of his country. The prize money due him as such, now amounting to a large sum, he regarded as safe in the hands of the commissioners.

Notwithstanding this brilliant record, Conyngham received but scant consideration at the hands of Congress. Franklin had sent no official communication in regard to his commission and his name was not recorded in the official list of captains.

At that time the hopes of America were at a very low ebb and Congress was more anxious for money to feed the starving armies than for ships. Consequently the *Revenge* was sold by order of the Naval Committee. She was purchased by the firm of Nesbitt & Company, who sent her out as a privateer, with Conyngham still in command, a third interest in the vessel being presented to him by the patriotic owners.

Conyngham's good fortune seems now to have utterly deserted him. On the fourth day out from Philadelphia, while some ten miles south of Sandy Hook, he was enveloped in a dense fog, and when it lifted he found himself under the stern of a huge English seventy-four-gun man-of-war, the *Galatea*. Nothing could be done. In five minutes the *Revenge* was boarded and her captain and crew placed in irons.

Mr. Barnes says it seems almost incredible that any human being could survive the sufferings which Conyngham was compelled to endure for the next few years and quotes as follows from the gallant captain's own diary:

"Most of the crew were sent on board the prison ship with the officers. After being in the East River I was detained on board the *Galatea* myself, with one leg in irons. In a short time I was sent to the provost prison. It was a dismal prospect. The provost master said his order was to put me in the strongest room, without the least morsel of bread from the jailer. The Continental prisoners found a method through the keyhole of the door to convey me some necessaries of life, although a second door obstructed the getting in of very much.

"On the 17th of June a deputy sergeant, a Mr. Gluby, desired I should get ready to go on board the prison ship. After some little time Mr. Lang came to the door, called to me, and I took my leave of my fellow-prisoners. Went down stairs and was conveyed to another private apartment. There a large heavy iron was brought with two large links and welded on. I was linked to the jail door and when released found it impossible to walk. Got into a cart that was provided for that purpose and led to the water side by the hangman. Then I was taken in a boat alongside the Commodore's ship, where I was shown an order to take me on board the packet in irons. Up to this time I was made to believe I was going on board the prison ship."

Instead of being taken to the prison ship, Conyngham was sent in irons to England, where he arrived on July 7, 1779. He was landed at Falmouth and on his way to his dungeon in Pendennis Castle he was gazed upon by large crowds who had collected for the purpose of feasting their eyes on "Conyngham the Pirate."

Every night Conyngham was put in irons, and his diary is but a record of hardships and suffering. On July 23 he writes:

"A sailor declared in Falmouth that he could take his oath that I was with Captain Jones when he threatened to set White Haven on fire. This was told me by Sergeant Williams of the guard, and this day the irons on my hands were beat close to my wrists."

On July 24 Conyngham was removed to the notorious Mill Prison, where he was confined in the black hole, an underground dungeon without light or air. It was not until the 7th of August that he was brought to a preliminary trial, and then he was committed back to prison on a charge of high treason.

All this time Conyngham was planning to escape. His treatment improving after his remand, he often had a chance to converse with his fellow-prisoners, one of whom was a surgeon from one of the captured French vessels, France being now at war with England. To this Frenchman Conyngham suggested that he might make his escape by imitating the prison doctor, whose clothes were black like his own.

"All you need," said Conyngham, speaking in French, "is a pair of huge horn spectacles, pull your hat well down over your eyes and walk out of the door. I've studied the doctor's gait—he walks like this——"

Here Conyngham gave an excellent imitation of the prison doctor's mincing step and the Frenchman laughed.

"My faith," he exclaimed, "it is to the life. I have observed him. But remember this, my friend; I speak no English and would be helpless; they would discover me at once."

A day or so later Conyngham and the Frenchman met again. "Here," said the captain, "with this wire I have made a pair of spectacles and in the evening no one would notice that there is not glass inside the rims." As he spoke he placed the wire upon his nose, drew down his upper lip, and the Frenchman looked at him and laughed.

"My faith," he said again, "it is the doctor to the life." And then, as if an idea had suddenly dawned upon him, he touched Conyngham on the shoulder. "It is you who should try it," he said. "You shall have my clothes. I can give them to you piece by piece; as they have allowed me to keep some others I shall not miss them."

Conyngham did try it, and he looked and acted so like the old doctor that he passed out of the prison without attracting suspicion, but he was betrayed by a peddler and captured while making inquiries for the London coach.

That night, shorn of his good clothes and in double irons, he was placed once more in the black hole. He dreamed that some one had restored to him the lost commission, and that instead of being confined as a pirate and a man supposed to be guilty of high treason he had been treated as an officer should be and accorded the privileges of his position; but he awoke cold and stiff, with the knowledge that his captors would now be harder upon him than ever, and as he wrote in his own diary, it was a dismal prospect again.

Besides Conyngham there were three other American officers and fifty seamen in the Mill Prison at this time. After his attempted escape they were treated with increased harshness and all of them were confined in a huge black hole underneath the prison. But the door of this dungeon was scarcely locked upon them when Conyngham proposed that they should make another attempt to escape. As senior officer he was chosen leader of the movement and right well did he perform his task. Under his directions a tunnel was dug which led to the common beyond the prison. Through this passage, guided by Conyngham, every American prisoner gained his liberty and only fourteen out of the fifty-four were subsequently recaptured.

While passing through London Conyngham had the pleasure of seeing displayed, in the window of a print shop, a most ferocious picture of himself, underneath which was the legend, "The Yankee Pirate, Conyngham, the arch-rebel. An admirable likeness."

Conyngham reached Amsterdam in safety and wrote a letter to Franklin describing his escape. "The treatment I have received is unparalleled," he writes. "Irons, dungeons, hunger, the hangman's cart, I have experienced. I shall be happy to hear from you. I shall always be ready to serve my country and happy should I be to be able to come alongside some of these petty tyrants." His indomitable will was still unbroken and hope was yet bright in his heart.

Under date of Passy, November 22, 1779, Franklin acknowledged the receipt of Conyngham's letter. "It gives me great pleasure," he writes, "to hear of your escape out of prison, which I first learned from six of the men who broke out with you and came to France in a boat. I was then anxious lest you should be retaken, and I am very glad indeed to hear of your safe arrival at Amsterdam. The Congress resented exceedingly the inhuman treatment you met with and it ordered three English officers to be confined in the same manner, to abide your fate."

After serving for some time with Paul Jones, who treated him as an officer of the regular service, Conyngham decided to

return to America and sailed in the *Experiment* for Philadelphia. But misfortune still pursued him. The *Experiment* was captured by the British and within three weeks he was back once more in his old quarters in the Mill Prison, where he was confined, though with less rigor than before, until the war was over, when he was allowed to return to the United States.

"And now," writes Mr. Barnes, "the tragedy of his life began. For year after year he prayed and petitioned Congress to listen to his plea. Before the matter came actually to trial good Dr. Franklin was dead. Many witnesses could not be procured, and some of his earlier acquaintances and friends who had not behaved in good faith toward him now deserted him completely. The missing commission would have proved his position and the search for it became almost the business of his life. A voyage to Europe and a personal investigation of all clues failed to show any trace. It had disappeared as completely as if it had never existed—a fact which some of his enemies asserted to be the case.

"But now appears," concludes Mr. Barnes, "the strangest part of the whole story—one of those remarkable instances that so well prove the old adage of 'facts being stranger than fiction.' It is the tragic epilogue to the play—the bitter end of the thread that runs through the whole of the relation. It does not take long to tell, and surely it speaks for itself.

"Only a short time ago there appeared in the catalogue of M. Charavay, an autograph and print-seller in Paris, among the hundreds of other notices, the following:

"143. Hancock (John) celebre homme d'Etat americain, gouverneur du Massachusetts, signataire de la Declaration de l'Independence,—Piece signe comme president du congress; Baltimore, 1 mars 1777, lp. infol. obl. Rare.

"The connection of names and dates of course would attract the attention of any collector. It would be seen that most possibly it had something to do with Franklin's sojourn in France. It was only the price asked for John Hancock's signature—in fact, much less than his signature usually brought in the autograph market—ten francs. But what was the joy and surprise of its present possessor, upon opening his new purchase, to find that it was nothing more nor less than the missing commission of the Surprise! Where it had been, what had been its history since it was delivered at Versailles, how it came at last into the possession of a little print-shop, no one can tell; but that it had much to do with the foregoing story any one can see. It lies before the author as he writes, and is reproduced in these pages for the first time, that the court of public print may decide the question. That bold Gustavus Conyngham was badly treated by his country and

hardly handled by Fate the reader can perceive. He had helped the cause in the way it most needed help, but, notwithstanding, unrewarded, the man who flew the flag in the Channel went broken-hearted to his grave, and now out of the past, too late, comes the authentic proof of his cause and asseverations. The world is a small one and strange things happen in it, can be the only comment."

Though Conyngham's services to the United States were never officially acknowledged, and he must have felt deeply chagrined at the ingratitude he experienced, yet he never allowed his harsh treatment to mar the patriotic feelings of his heart. To the last he stood ready to serve his country. In the threatened war with France he commanded a war vessel, and in the War of 1812, though in the sixty-fifth year of his age, his services were again tendered, but his health prevented him from taking an active part.

Now, out of the past, comes the proof of all his claims and services and his name will be restored to its rightful place in history. And in all that brought about such a happy ending the name of James Barnes must be most gratefully remembered.

Captain Conyngham died in Philadelphia on November 27, 1819, and was buried in St. Peter's Churchyard. His name deserves a place on the national monument about to be erected to John Barry, the Father of the American Navy.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE BURGOTNE EXPEDITION AND SURRENDER, THE BATTLE OF BENNINGTON, AND THE FALL OF THE HUDSON FORTS.

In March, 1777, at a conference between King George, Lord George Germain, his Colonial Secretary, and General Burgoyne, it was decided that all that was necessary to quell the Revolution in America was to unite the British forces in Canada with those at New York under General Howe. To effect this union General Burgoyne was to proceed from Canada down through Lake Champlain with an army of more than seven thousand men and penetrate the wilderness to Albany, where his forces were to unite with another army under Colonel St. Leger. The latter, going first to Oswego on Lake Ontario, was to sweep down through the Mohawk Valley, burning and destroying all before him with the aid of Johnson and his Tories and all the Indians that could be mustered for the occasion. In addition to this, General Howe was to dispatch an army up the Hudson under Sir Henry Clinton to join St. Leger and Burgoyne at Albany. With that accomplished, the Revolution would be at an end.

This programme was all very fine on paper, but when they came to carry it out it proved a very different thing. We will first follow the fortunes of Burgoyne and see how he carried out his part of the compact.

He mustered his army at St. John's, at the foot of Lake Champlain, on June 1, 1777. It consisted of 3,724 British soldiers, 3,016 Hessians, 250 Canadians, and 400 Indians—a total of 7,390 men, all equipped in the best manner and amply supplied with provisions and war materials. To oppose this formidable array the Americans had only 2,500 poorly armed men, not one-tenth of whom had bayonets, with little or no provisions to withstand a siege, and, worse than all, they were in the hands of incompetent commanders.

On June 21 Burgoyne encamped at the mouth of the Bouquet River and gave a war feast to the Indians of his command, addressing them in high-flown language and declaring to the savages their freedom from restraint. "Go forth," he said, "in the might of your valor and your cause. Strike at the common enemies of Great Britain and America, disturbers of public order, peace, and happiness; destroyers of commerce, parricides of the State." He exhorted them to adopt Christian and humane methods and

charged them not to kill for scalps or destroy life except in open warfare and claimed for himself the office of umpire on all occasions. "I positively forbid bloodshed," he concluded, "when you are not opposed in arms. Aged men, women, children, and prisoners must be held sacred from the knife and hatchet even in the time of actual conflict. You shall receive compensation for the prisoners you take, but you shall be called to account for scalps. In conformity and indulgence of your customs, which have affixed an idea of honor to such badges of victory, you shall be allowed to take the scalps of the dead when killed by your fire and in fair opposition; but on no account, or pretence, or subtlety, or prevarication, are they to be taken from the wounded or even the dying; and still less pardonable, if possible, will it be to kill men in that condition on purpose and upon a supposition that this protection to the wounded would be thereby evaded."

These words of mockery prove what a knave and hypocrite Burgoyne was. And he must have been a fool as well, for no sane man could expect to be treated seriously in thus addressing himself to savages.

It took an Irishman, Edmund Burke, to put this speech in its proper light before the world. "Suppose," he said in the British Parliament, "there was a riot on Tower Hill, what would the Keeper of His Majesty's lions do? Would he not fling open the dens of the wild beasts and then address them thus: 'My gentle lions, my humane bears, my tender-hearted hyenas, go forth! But I exhort you, as you are Christians and members of civilized society, to take care not to hurt any man, woman, or child.'"

Julian Hawthorne, too, views Burgoyne's words in the same light and thus exposes the barbarity of the English in employing the Indians and sending them forth like bloodhounds on the colonists:

"A feature in the scheme which was relied upon to insure success was the engagement of the Indian tribes of the locality to spread terror and death along the margins of the march. This was insisted upon by King George and Germain, who wished no restraint to be put upon the natural impulses of the red men. They agreed with the savages that war upon women and children was legitimate; 'His Majesty,' Germain again and again repeated, 'wishes to take advantage of every means which Providence places in his hands.' God, according to these gentlemen, approved of scalping women and dashing out the brains of their babies. Neither Burgoyne nor Carlton was so advanced as this, and the former, in his address to the Indians, enjoined upon them not to scalp their enemies unless they were dead. The Indians promised, reflecting that there need be no trouble about the killing.

As a matter of fact, however, when they got to work they went on in the old familiar way, and it must be added that when Burgoyne began to find himself in danger from the despised husbandmen he was no longer in the least particular about asking whether the scalps brought in were living or dead ones. These children of nature, he perceived, were better left to their own devices."

Of the Tories who joined Burgoyne and who rendered aid and comfort to the English enemy all over the country—who, in fact, outrivaled all others in their hatred of their own people—Hawthorne is equally outspoken in his denunciation:

"In all the States," he writes, "there were numbers of Tories who adhered to the cause of King George not from political conviction or from a principle of loyalty, but merely because they deemed their material interests to be consulted by so doing. They thought the English would finally subdue the country and pictured to themselves the advantages they would enjoy as the reward of the faithful. But this attitude of theirs tended to transform them from honest men into criminals. For, dwelling as they must do amid a people the majority of whom were patriots who were devoting their lives and fortunes and sacrificing their comforts for a cause which they preferred to all else that the world could afford them, they must needs find themselves in a position of intense antagonism and exposed to the scorn of the community. They would naturally requite scorn with hatred, and would be prompted to retaliate for the slights put upon them by giving secret aid to the enemy; by acting as spies; by betraying their fellow-citizens to robbery or death. The Tories, doing evil by stealth, insensibly acquired the spirit of secret assassins, and one wickedness would lead to another. Their hearts turned to gall, they exulted in the misery of those who had once been their friends, they plotted mischief and treachery. When the British retired from any section of the country which they had occupied the lot of the Tories was to the last degree wretched, for they had no home; that in which they were born they had forfeited and the English had none to offer them; they had always despised them, though they had used them; and now they turned their backs on them."

With these Indians and Tories as his allies, Burgoyne sailed down the lake in great splendor. When he arrived at Crown Point on June 29, intending to strike terror into the inhabitants, he issued a proclamation setting forth the terrible character of the Indians that accompanied him, greatly exaggerating their numbers and magnifying their eagerness to be let loose upon the patriots, whether found in arms or among their families. "I

have," he said, "but to give stretch to the Indian forces under my direction, and they amount to thousands, to overtake the hardened enemies of America and Great Britain. I consider them the same wherever they may lurk."

Burgoyne showed the shallowness of his nature by opening this swaggering proclamation with the following array of empty titles—"By John Burgoyne, Esquire, Lieutenant-General of His Majesty's forces in America, Colonel of the Queen's Regiment of Light Dragoons, Governor of Fort William in North Britain, one of the Commons of Great Britain in Parliament, and commanding an army and fleet on an expedition from Canada."

"From the pompous manner in which he arrayed his titles," writes Dr. Thatcher in his *Military Journal*, in reference to this document, "we are led to suppose that he considers them as more than a match for all the military force which we can bring against him."

From his camp at Middlebrook in New Jersey Washington issued a manifesto in answer to Burgoyne which shows the vast difference between the two men and proves how infinitely superior the American commander was to any of the English generals sent against him.

After alluding to the purity of the motives and devotion of the patriots, and the righteousness of their cause, Washington concluded his manifesto in the following beautiful language:

"Harassed as we are by unrelenting persecution, obliged by every tie to repel violence by force, urged by self-preservation to exert the strength which God has given us to defend our natural rights against the aggressor, we appeal to the hearts of all mankind for the justice of our cause; its event we leave to Him who speaks the fate of the nations, in humble confidence that as His omniscient eye taketh note even of the sparrow that falleth to the ground, so he will not withdraw His countenance from a people who humbly array themselves under His banner in defense of the noblest principles with which He has adorned humanity."

Burgoyne advanced without meeting any opposition on the part of the Americans, and on the morning of July 5th he took possession of Mount Defiance, the highest point of land in the vicinity of Ticonderoga and commanding the entire works of the fortification. The American General St. Clair must have been asleep to have allowed him to gain this vantage point, and he did not realize the blunder he had made until it was too late to rectify it.

Burgoyne became master of the situation without firing a shot, and St. Clair had either to retreat at once or suffer the

capture of his entire army. At a council of war the former course was adopted, and it was resolved to evacuate the fort that night under cover of darkness without making the slightest effort at defense.

All, perhaps, would have gone well with St. Clair in his retreat and he would have been enabled to withdraw his army unobserved had not one of his officers set fire to the house he had occupied. The light of this conflagration revealed the whole scene to the English and they immediately started in pursuit, after taking possession of the fort. They overtook the rear guard of the Americans, under Colonel Seth Warner, at Hubbardton, and there on the morning of July 7 a desperate encounter took place in which the patriots were badly worsted. They lost 324 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners, and Colonel Francis, an Irish-American, was slain while bravely fighting at the head of his regiment.

When St. Clair heard the firing at Hubbardton he was unable to send any relief to his compatriots, owing to the confusion of his forces—in fact, he had gone astray in the woods and would have lost his entire army had not Mathew Lyon, as we have already related, appeared in the nick of time and guided him safely through the wilderness. As it was, he only joined General Schuyler at Fort Edward after six days of weary marching, with his troops worn out by fatigue and lack of provisions and his army all but a wreck.

The loss to the Americans by the evacuation of their posts on Lake Champlain was 128 pieces of cannon and large quantities of small arms, ammunition, and supplies. The event was disastrous in the extreme and caused bitter disappointment to the patriots throughout the country, with consequent boasting on the part of Burgoyne and the English.

Washington felt deeply mortified at the result. The reports of Gates and St. Clair had led him to believe that Fort Ticonderoga was well-nigh impregnable, and General Schuyler, the chief of the department, had also sent him encouraging accounts. While he believed in the good faith of all concerned, he wrote as follows to General Schuyler on hearing of the disaster:

"The evacuation of Ticonderoga and Mount Independence is an event of chagrin and surprise not apprehended nor within the compass of my reasoning. I know not upon what principle it was founded and I should suppose it would be still more difficult to be accounted for if the garrison amounted to five thousand men in high spirits, healthy, well supplied with provisions and ammunition, and the Eastern militia were marching to their

succor, as you mentioned in your letter of June 9th to the Council of Safety of New York."

But Washington was not dismayed by the vaunting of Burgoyne nor the successes which so far attended him, and he endeavored to allay the distrusts and apprehensions awakened by the misfortune of Ticonderoga, which he considered the worst consequence of that event.

"If the matter were coolly and dispassionately considered," he writes to the Council of Safety of the State of New York, "there would be nothing found so formidable in General Burgoyne, with all his successes, to countenance the least degree of despondency; even the moderate exertions of the States more immediately interested would be sufficient to check his career, and, perhaps, convert the advantages he has gained to his ruin. If I do not give so effectual aid as I could wish to the Northern Army it is not from want of inclination, but because the state of affairs in this quarter will not possibly admit of it. It would be the height of impolicy to weaken ourselves here in order to increase our strength there; and it must certainly be considered more difficult, as well as of greater moment, to control the main army of the enemy than an inferior and I may say dependent one; for it is pretty obvious that if General Howe can be kept at bay, and prevented from effecting his purposes, the successes of General Burgoyne, whatever they may be, must be partial and temporary." The wisdom of this policy, as will be seen, was borne out by subsequent events.

Burgoyne, after the evacuation of Ticonderoga, remained three weeks at Skeenesborough, where his army was augmented by new recruits of Tories, among them being Major Skeene, after whom the place was called. The Tories were attracted to him by the apparent defeat of the patriots, but, though guided by these traitors, his march toward the Hudson was slow and painful in the extreme, owing to the obstacles placed in his path by the foresight of General Schuyler. The latter fell back to Stillwater, within thirty miles of Albany, on the approach of Burgoyne toward Fort Edward.

At this juncture, while occupying Fort Edward as his headquarters, Burgoyne heard from Colonel St. Leger, who was besieging Fort Stanwix on the Mohawk, the site of the present city of Rome, and one of the strongholds of the Americans. It now behooved Burgoyne to make all the haste possible to join St. Leger at Albany and carry out the original plan of his campaign. But he was unable to do this without a fresh supply of oxen, horses, and vehicles to carry his supplies, and none were in sight.

In this dilemma he was informed by the Tory Skeene that

there was a plentiful supply of all he needed in the patriot camp at Bennington, twenty-four miles east of the Hudson, and he resolved to send an expedition not only to surprise that place and capture the supplies, but to lay waste the intervening country with torch and tomahawk and return triumphantly to meet St. Leger in Albany. Burgoyne still had the gift of planning great campaigns on paper.

This expedition consisted of two hundred dismounted Hessian dragoons, Captain Fraser's British marksmen, all the Canadian Volunteers, a large party of Tories who knew the country well, one hundred Indians, and two pieces of cannon—about five hundred men in all, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Baum. They set out on August 13th, but were slow in reaching Bennington, where a warm reception was awaiting them.

The people of Vermont were deeply agitated by the progress of Burgoyne long before the advance of Colonel Baum. Their Committee of Safety had already sent a most pressing demand on New Hampshire for assistance and right heartily did that Irish-settled State respond to it. When the message from Vermont reached Exeter, then capital of New Hampshire, the Assembly had adjourned and gone home, but a summons from the Committee of Safety brought them together again, and in three days, though starting with the most gloomy prospects, they took effectual and decisive steps for the defense of the country and organized a movement which may be said to have broken the backbone of Burgoyne and rendered all his future action abortive.

Among the patriotic members of the Assembly who distinguished themselves in this trying moment was the Irish-American, John Langdon, then Speaker of the House. Despondency prevailed among the people, there was no money in the treasury to raise or support troops, the forts were dismantled, and the British enemy was coming upon them, yet in the face of these alarming conditions John Langdon rose above them all and pointed the way to victory. Standing up in his place as Speaker, he thus addressed the assembled members:

"I have three thousand dollars in hard money; I will pledge my plate for three thousand more; I have seventy hogsheads of Tobago rum, which shall be sold for the most it will bring. These are at the service of the State. If we succeed in defending our firesides and our homes, I may be remunerated; if we do not the property will be of no value to me. Our old friend Stark, who so nobly maintained the honor of the State at Bunker Hill, may be safely entrusted with the conduct of the enterprise, and we will check the progress of Burgoyne."

These stirring words put new life into the members of the Assembly. They formed the whole militia of the State into two brigades, William Whipple commanding the first and John Stark the second, and ordered Stark to the front with sufficient force to stop the progress of the enemy on the frontier.

Owing to the unfair treatment which Stark received at the hands of Congress it was with difficulty that he was prevailed upon to assume command and he did so only on conditions that he should not be obliged to join the main army, but remain under the orders of New Hampshire to guard that State and Vermont from the English army.

When General Lincoln communicated to him the orders of General Schuyler that all the militia should repair to Stillwater he therefore refused to comply and referred him to the authorities of New Hampshire, to whom he felt himself solely accountable for the defense of the neighborhood.

It was well that he arrived at this conclusion, for had he complied with General Schuyler's order there would have been no troops to oppose Colonel Baum's expedition and no battle of Bennington would have been fought. Baum would have carried back the stores to Burgoyne and destroyed everything in his progress.

Stark remained at his post, and on the morning of August 13, hearing that Indians had appeared at Cambridge, twelve miles to the north of Bennington, he sent out Colonel Gregg, with two hundred men, to arrest their progress. During the night he learned that these Indians were the advance guard of Baum's expedition and he therefore rallied his brigade, called out all the militia, and sent for Colonel Warner and his regiment, then at Manchester. Warner and his men marched all night through drenching rain and arrived at Stark's camp in the morning, dripping wet.

Leaving them at Bennington to dry and rest themselves, with orders to follow him as soon as possible, Stark pushed forward with his men to support the party sent out the preceding day under Colonel Gregg. He met them about five miles off, in retreat, being too few in numbers to resist Baum and his force, who were about a mile behind them.

Stark halted and prepared for action, as did also Baum, who posted himself on high ground at a bend of the Walloomscoick River, and began to throw up intrenchments. Stark fell back a mile to wait for reinforcements and draw Baum from his strong position. A skirmish took place between the advance guards, in which thirty of Baum's men and two Indian chiefs were killed.

Continuous rain on the 15th prevented Stark from attacking Baum, and the latter, frightened at the large force which confronted him, sent a hurry call for assistance to Burgoyne, who immediately dispatched Colonel Breyman, with five hundred Hessians and two guns as a reinforcement.

The incessant rain did not deter the people from mustering from all quarters to the aid of Stark, armed with such weapons as they had at hand. Among them was a belligerent parson, full of fight, ready to mow down the English army like corn before the scythe.

"General," he cried, "the people of Berkshire have often been called out to no purpose. If you don't give them a chance to fight now they will never turn out again."

"You would not turn out now while it is dark and raining, would you?" demanded Stark.

"Not just now," was the reply.

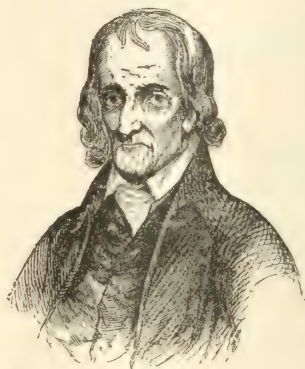
"Well," rejoined the veteran, "if the Lord should once more give us sunshine and I don't give you fighting enough I will never ask you to turn out again."

When the sun rose bright and clear the next morning Stark was true to his word. He mounted his horse and gave the order to advance. They pressed onward to the hill above the Tory intrenchments and there the whole field of action was open to their view. The heights were wreathed in the smoke of battle and along the slopes and upon the plains the enemy were forming into line. As he came within sight of them Stark halted and shouted to his soldiers:

"Now my men, there are the redcoats! Before night they must be ours or Molly Stark will be a widow!"

Baum was soon assailed on every side, but he defended his work bravely. For two hours nothing could be heard but the constant discharge of guns. Stark said it was the hottest fight he had ever experienced and compared it to a continued clap of thunder. He inspired his men with his own bravery, and at the end of the conflict all the English forces were in his hands and Baum himself mortally wounded.

Their victory, as they thought, complete, the Americans, with the exception of those attending the wounded and guarding the prisoners, dispersed for food and rest, being exhausted by hunger and fatigue. But they had no sooner disappeared than Colonel Breyman and his Hessians came upon the scene. Attempts were made to rally the militia, but they were not only scattered but confused at this sudden and unexpected resumption of hostilities.



Charles Thomson

(CHARLES THOMSON,
SECRETARY OF THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS)

counters of the war occurred, in which many of the Americans were killed and the brave General Herkimer mortally wounded.

Before St. Leger's forces were scattered, however, they succeeded in inflicting terrible injury on the country through which they passed, both the British and the Indians vying with each other in the barbarity of their depredations.

There was now no hope for Burgoyne except through Cornwallis, and even that soon faded away. The American army was strongly reinforced from all quarters, and though Gates succeeded Schuyler in the command, which was one of the badly advised changes of Congress against the wishes of Washington, it stood like a rock between Burgoyne and Albany.

Finding his progress stopped by the American intrenchments at Bemis's Heights, nine miles south of Saratoga village, Burgoyne endeavored to extricate himself from his perilous position by fighting. Two battles were fought on nearly the same ground, one on the 19th of September and the other on the 7th of October. These encounters are variously called the battles of Bemis's Heights, Stillwater, and Saratoga, but they were both fought at Bemis's Heights, so called from being owned by a man named Bemis, who kept a noted tavern on the Albany road, four miles north of the village of Stillwater in the County of Saratoga.

The first battle was indecisive, but the second resulted in so complete a rout for the British that, leaving his sick and wounded to the care and compassion of the Americans, Burgoyne retreated to the village of Saratoga. Here, finding that his provisions were giving out, with his retreat cut off, and that there was no chance of escape, he capitulated with his entire army on October 17, 1777.

This event was the turning-point in the American Revolution. It secured the alliance with France and lifted the clouds of moral and financial gloom that were crushing the American leaders. And of the soldiers who brought it about it may be truly stated that the great majority of them were men of the Irish race. This is especially true of the men who won the battle of Bennington.

Of Colonel Dan Morgan and his regiment of Irish sharpshooters Appleton's American Biography has this to say of their services in the Northern Army:

"During July the progress of Burgoyne, in his descent into Northern New York, made it desirable to effect as strong a concentration as possible to oppose him, and on August 16 Morgan was sent with his regiment to join the army near Stillwater, of which Gates had lately taken command. 'From this force of about five hundred picked men,' said Washington in a letter to

Governor George Clinton, 'I expect the most eminent services,' and he was not disappointed.

"In the bloody battle of September 19, in which Arnold frustrated Burgoyne's attempt to dislodge the American left wing from Bemis's Heights, Morgan played a principal part; and in the final conflict of October 7th, in which the British army was wrecked, his services were equally eminent. It is said that when Burgoyne was introduced to Morgan, after the surrender at Saratoga, he seized him by the hand and exclaimed, 'My dear sir, you command the finest regiment in the world!' In the great work of overthrowing Burgoyne, the highest credit is due to Morgan, along with Arnold, Herkimer, and Stark.

"After the victory Gates was unwilling to send Morgan and his regiment back to Washington, and it was only with some difficulty that the sorely tried commander-in-chief succeeded in obtaining them."

Richard Butler, of the Kilkenny family of that name, was lieutenant-colonel of Morgan's regiment at this time and played a distinguished part in the campaign, as did also his brother Pierce, who commanded one of the companies.

Of the second battle of Bemis's Heights Lossing writes: "Arnold and Morgan were the ruling spirits that controlled the storm on the part of the Americans, and General Fraser was the directing soul of the British. It was evident that the fate of the battle rested upon him, and this the keen eye and sure judgment of Morgan perceived. In an instant his purpose was conceived, and calling a file of his best men around him, he said, as he pointed toward the British right, 'That gallant officer is General Fraser. I admire and honor him, but it is necessary that he should die; victory for the enemy depends upon him. Take your stations in that clump of bushes and do your duty.' Within five minutes Fraser fell mortally wounded and was carried to the camp by two grenadiers.

"Morgan has been censured for this order by those who profess to understand the rules of war, and others, who gloat over the details of the slaying of thousands of humble rank and file men as deeds worthy of a shout for glory, affect to shudder at such a cold-blooded murder of an officer upon the battlefield. But if it is right to kill at all upon the field of battle I can perceive no greater wrong in slaying a general than a private. His life is no dearer to himself and wife and children and friends than that of the humblest private who obeys his commands. If Daniel Morgan was guilty of no sin, no dishonor, in ordering his men to fall upon and slay those under the command of Fraser, he was also guiltless of sin and dishonor in ordering the sacrifice of their

chief. Indeed, it is probable that the sacrifice of his life saved that of hundreds, for the slaughter was stayed."

In Simm's history of Schoharie County it is stated that the name of the soldier who killed General Fraser was Timothy Murphy, an Irishman. He took sure aim from a small tree in which he was posted, and saw Fraser fall on the discharge of his rifle. Fraser told his friends before he died that he saw the man who shot him, and that he was in a tree. Murphy afterward accompanied General Sullivan in his expedition in Western New York, where he had a narrow escape from death. In the fall of 1778, while stationed in Schoharie County, he became enamored of a young girl of sixteen, who reciprocated his affection, though he was twelve years her senior. Her parents opposed the union, but they were married and lived happily together for many years. Though a man of little education, Murphy possessed a strong intellect and wielded a great influence among the people. He became a terror to the Indians and Tories in Schoharie County. He used a double-barreled rifle, and the Indians, seeing him fire twice without stopping to load, supposed that he could fire as often as he pleased in the same manner.

George Reid, one of the Londonderry, N. H., Irish, commanded a regiment of that State at Bemis's Heights and was present at the surrender of Burgoyne. He had already distinguished himself at Bunker Hill and elsewhere, and was made brigadier-general of New Hampshire militia in 1785.

Colonel Gregg, who made the first advance on Colonel Baum at Bennington, was the son of James Gregg, who emigrated from Ireland to Londonderry, N. H., and was the founder of the family.

Captain William Scott, of the Northern Army, was of Irish descent. His father, Alexander Scott, emigrated from Ireland and was one of the first settlers in Peterborough, N. H. In 1775 William was a lieutenant in one of the Massachusetts regiments and fought with great courage at Bunker Hill. His leg was fractured early in the battle, but he continued fighting until, receiving other wounds, he fell and was taken prisoner. He was taken to Halifax upon the evacuation of Boston, but escaped from there by undermining the walls of his prison. He was in Fort Washington at the time of its surrender and was the only person who escaped—gaining his liberty by swimming the Hudson, a mile in width, at night. Preferring a position in the New Hampshire line, he accepted a captaincy in Colonel Cilley's regiment and fought with it from Ticonderoga to the surrender of Burgoyne. He served in General Sullivan's army in Rhode Island till 1781, when he entered the naval service on board the frigate *Dane* and

continued in that service until the close of the war. He died at Litchfield, N. Y., in 1796, aged fifty-six years.

Colonel Daniel Moore commanded the Ninth Regiment of New Hampshire Militia. He led the regiment at Bennington and participated in the stormy scenes prior to and at the surrender of Burgoyne. He was the son of John Moore, who emigrated from Ireland and settled in Londonderry.

Colonel Michael Jackson, with his Eighth Regiment of the Massachusetts Line, took a prominent part in both battles at Bemis's Heights and well earned the privilege of witnessing Burgoyne give up his sword.

From the prominence of Dutch names as commanding officers of the regular soldiers and militia in New York State during the Revolution, and the frequent mention made of Van Schaick's Regiment, Gansevoort's Regiment, etc., the casual reader might come to the conclusion that the soldiers of liberty in New York were nearly all Dutch. Such, however, is far from being the case.

John D. Crimmins, in his *Irish Historical Miscellany*, prints the following list of commissioned officers, with distinctively Irish names, who served in the militia and line regiments of New York, nearly all of whom distinguished themselves in the Northern Army and in defense of the towns and forts along the Hudson:

Barrett, Quartermaster James, Fourth Regiment of the Line.

Burns, Captain Francis, Third Regiment, Ulster County Militia.

Campbell, Lieutenant Patrick, Fourth Regiment, Tryon County Militia.

Cannon, Captain James, the Levies (Colonel Marinus Willett).

Crane, Colonel Thaddeus, Fourth Regiment, Westchester County Militia.

Crane, Lieutenant William, Fourth Regiment, the Line.

Clinton, Colonel James, Third Regiment, the Line.

Crane, Surgeon Joseph, Jr., Third Regiment, Dutchess County Militia.

Cochran, Lieutenant-Colonel Robert, Second Regiment, the Line.

Coleman, Lieutenant Timothy, the Levies (Colonel Albert Pawling).

Connolly, Captain Michael, Second Regiment, the Line.

Connor, Quartermaster Edward, the Levies (Colonel Albert Pawling).

Cullin, Lieutenant Charles, Seventh Regiment, Dutchess County Militia.

Dunn, Ensign John, Colonel C. D. Wynkoop's Regiment of Militia.

Fleming, Captain Peter, Second Regiment, Westchester County Militia.

Gillespy, Major John, Fourth Regiment, Ulster County Militia.

Griffin, Lieutenant Stephen, Second Regiment, the Line.

Hicks, Captain Thomas, Twelfth Regiment, Albany County Militia.

Hicks, Ensign Thomas, First Regiment, the Line.

Hogan, Captain Jarivan, Third Regiment, Albany County Militia.

Hogan, Lieutenant Henry, First Regiment, Albany County Militia.

Hughes, Captain Timothy, Additional Regiment, the Line.

Hughes, Major James M., the Levies (Colonel John Harper).

Kane, Lieutenant James, Fourth Regiment, Ulster County Militia.

Kelly, Ensign Zebedee, Seventh Regiment, Dutchess County Militia.

Leonard, Lieutenant John, Fifth Regiment, Albany County Militia.

Logan, Major Samuel, Fifth Regiment, the Line.

Lyon, Captain David, First Regiment, the Line.

Lyon, Lieutenant James, Fourth Regiment, Ulster County Militia.

Magee, Captain James, the Levies (Colonel Morris Graham).

Magee, Lieutenant Peter, First Regiment, the Line.

Mahoney, Ensign John, Thirteenth Regiment, Albany County Militia.

Martin, Captain Daniel, Sixth Regiment, Dutchess County Militia.

Martin, Lieutenant Peter, Fourteenth Regiment, Albany County Militia.

Martin, Lieutenant, Third Regiment, the Line.

McBride, Captain James, Second Regiment, Ulster County Militia.

McBride, Captain John, the Levies (Colonel Lewis Dubois).

McClaghry, Colonel James, Second Regiment, Ulster County Militia.

McClaughry, Lieutenant John, Second Regiment, the Line.

McConnell, Adjutant Hugh, the Levies (Colonel Lewis Dubois).

McCracken, Major Joseph, First Regiment, the Line.

McCreary, Ensign John, Third Regiment, Westchester County Militia.

McCune, Lieutenant William, Second Regiment, the Line.

McDonald, Quartermaster James, Second Regiment, Westchester County Militia.

McManus, Lieutenant Hugh, Sixth Regiment, Albany County Militia.

McRea, Colonel John, Thirteenth Regiment, Albany County Militia.

Mead, Surgeon William, First Regiment, the Line.

Moore, Ensign James, First Regiment, the Line.

Neely, Lieutenant Matthew, Second Regiment, Ulster County Militia.

O'Mara, Captain Henry, Colonel C. D. Wynkoop's Regiment of Militia.

Reilay, Captain John, of Reilay's Rangers.

Riley, Lieutenant John, Sixth Regiment, Albany County Militia.

Ryan, Lieutenant Michael, First Regiment, the Line.

Sullivan, Lieutenant Jacob, Second Regiment, Albany County Militia.

Welch, Lieutenant John, Third Regiment, the Line.

Welsh, Major Peter, the Levies (Colonel F. Weissenfels).

In the first three Regiments of the Line, for instance, commanded by Van Schaick, Van Courtland, and Gansevoort, there were 415 men with Irish names, while it is safe to say that there were as many more of that nationality who bore such Penal Day names as Black, White, Green, etc.

The Third Regiment of the Line bravely defended Fort Stanwix against St. Leger and his white and red savages, scattering them in all directions in a gallant sortie, and were present at the battles in Saratoga County. The Second Regiment of the Line was also present in the latter engagements, and among its Irish commissioned officers were Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Cochran, Captain Michael Connolly, and Lieutenants Stephen Griffin, John McClaughry, and William McCune.

Colonel Cochran was a brave officer and warmly attached to the American cause. In 1778 he was sent on a secret mission to Canada, where a large reward was offered for his head. While concealing himself in some brushwood he was taken dangerously ill and was obliged to apply for help to a near-by log cabin. As he approached the door he heard three men and a woman discussing plans for his capture in order to obtain the reward. When the men left to pursue him he crept into the presence of the woman, disclosed himself and besought her protection. Her heart was

touched at his misfortune. She directed him to a place of safety, not far from her own cabin, where she fed and nourished him until he was able to travel and escape beyond the British lines. Several years after, while living at Ticonderoga, the Colonel met his deliverer and suitably rewarded her for her kindness and charity.

Another anecdote of Colonel Cochran is told by Lossing which shows the great privations he suffered for his country and also illustrates the generous character of Baron Steuben, who, as he said himself, came to this country from Prussia to "serve a nation engaged in the noble work of defending its rights and liberties." At the time of the disbanding of the patriot army, when independence was won by the great sacrifices of true men like him, Colonel Cochran was standing in the street at Newburgh, penniless, when Steuben tried to comfort him with the hope that better times would soon come. "For myself," said the brave Cochran, "I can stand it; but my wife and daughters are in the garret of that wretched tavern and I have nowhere to carry them, nor even money to remove them."

The baron's generous heart was touched, and though poor himself, he hastened to the family of Cochran, poured the whole contents of his purse upon the table, and left as suddenly as he had entered.

Major John Armstrong, son of General John, of both of whom we have already spoken at length, also distinguished himself in the Northern Army and was chief aid to General Gates. He did his best to bring that treacherous officer to a sense of his duty, though he never succeeded in enticing him to the scene of actual conflict. Gates always slunk in the background, saturated with liquor, and was a hindrance rather than a help to the commanders under him. To the personal bravery of Morgan and Arnold, and not to Gates, may the surrender of Burgoyne be attributed.

At the battles in Saratoga County Morgan and his riflemen fought nobly and wrought terrible havoc among the enemy, but Gates never mentioned them in his dispatches.

After the surrender Gates endeavored to corrupt Morgan and prejudice him against Washington, saying that the reputation of the commander-in-chief was on the decline and a change was needed. To this infamous attack on his integrity the fearless rifleman replied: "Sir, I have one favor to ask; never mention to me again this hateful subject; under no other man but General Washington as commander-in-chief will I ever serve." This severe rebuff so enraged Gates that afterward, when he gave the captured English officers a dinner, Morgan was not invited.

It was not until the 4th of October that Sir Henry Clinton left New York to go up the Hudson to the assistance of Burgoyne. He was then in chief command of the British forces in that city, in the absence of General Howe, who had taken the field against Washington.

The patriot forts along the Hudson, though strong positions if properly manned, were at this time sorely enfeebled through lack of soldiers. General Putnam was in command of the army in the Highlands, with headquarters at Peekskill, and the brothers, Generals George and James Clinton, had charge of Forts Montgomery and Clinton, situated side by side forty-three miles from New York on the west bank of the Hudson.

Putnam's army had been reduced by the levees made upon it by Washington to oppose the advance of the British on Philadelphia, while the defenders of the two forts did not amount to more than six hundred men. Moreover, General George Clinton was absent from Fort Montgomery, presiding over a meeting at Kingston of the Legislature of the State, of which he was then Governor, but he hastened back as quickly as possible when he heard of the advance of the British up the Hudson.

By landing his forces at Tarrytown and then at Verplanck's Point Sir Henry Clinton led Putnam to believe that his object was to attack his own position at Peekskill, and he made arrangements accordingly. He sent to the Clintons for all the men they could spare and called the militia of Connecticut to his assistance.

While Putnam was thus waiting for the enemy to attack him at Peekskill Sir Henry, with two thousand of his men, leaving one thousand behind him on Verplanck's Point, crossed the Hudson at Stony Point and marched around the Dunderberg Mountain to the back of Forts Montgomery and Clinton. Both the patriot Clintons were taken by surprise, and when Putnam learned the real situation it was too late to render them any assistance.

The British thus passed above Putnam without giving him a single chance to strike a blow in opposition to their advance.

During the preceding August Putnam captured a British spy at Peekskill named Edmund Palmer, whose surrender was rather roughly demanded by Sir Henry Clinton.

"Edmund Palmer," promptly replied Putnam, "an officer in the enemy's service, was taken as a spy lurking within our lines. He has been tried as a spy, condemned as a spy, and shall be executed as a spy, and the flag is ordered to depart immediately. P. S. He has, accordingly, been executed."

Sir Henry held a grudge against "Old Put" for this testy

letter, and he was glad to square the account by out-maneuvering him.

The British army, guided by a Tory, traversed the rugged defiles of the Dunderberg in single column, and at its northern base separated into two divisions of nine hundred men each, one of which, under Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, was to attack Fort Montgomery, and the other, under Sir Henry himself, was to storm Fort Clinton, the British General being anxious to personally wipe out the disgrace of having a rebel fort called after his own name.

The moment Governor Clinton heard of the approach of the British he sent out two detachments to oppose them under Colonels McClaghry and Bruyn, who kept up a galling fire on the enemy, but were obliged to retreat before their superior numbers.

Sir Henry Clinton gave the garrison only five minutes to surrender or they would be all put to the sword, but the patriot general answered back that the Americans were determined to defend the forts to the last extremity. The fight was then prosecuted with great vigor on both sides, the forts being invested by land and water, and as darkness approached the patriots were forced to give way, but they did not surrender. Most of them cut their way out through the British ranks, and the loyal brothers who commanded the forts escaped.

General James Clinton was severely wounded in the thigh, but reached his residence in Orange County, sixteen miles distant, the next day, where he was joined by his brother George and about two hundred of the survivors of the battle. Among the prisoners captured by the English were two brave Irishmen—Colonel James McClaghry, of the Second Ulster County Militia, and Major Samuel Logan, of the Fifth Regiment of the Line. Both fought to the last ditch and only gave up when completely overpowered. McClaghry was taken to New York and confined in the hospital in the room beneath that in which Colonel Ethan Allen was imprisoned. The floor between them was full of cracks, through one of which McClaghry, who had heard of the capture of Burgoyne, passed a scrap of paper to Allen on which he had written the information. Allen immediately went to the window and called out to some British officers passing in the street, "Burgoyne has marched to Boston to the tune of Yankee Doodle."

J. T. Steadley, in his *Washington and His Generals*, thus describes the battle of Fort Montgomery and the escape of General James Clinton: "For two hours that little band gallantly withstood the onset of the overwhelming force which pressed so fiercely upon them. The two Clintons stood like lions at bay, and rallying their diminished numbers around them, presented a living wall

against which the tide of British valor rolled in vain. In the meantime the English ships of war had arrived and began to thunder on the forts from the river. Against this united attack these noble brothers defended themselves with a heroism worthy of a better fate and struggled desperately to maintain their posts.

"The sun went down on the fight and darkness gathered slowly over the forest and the river—and then it was a constant blaze around those dark structures, and standards were seen waving and swords flashing in the light of the incessant volleys. Gradually bearing down all obstacles, the English at length advanced to the storm—and sweeping with loud shouts over the works, drove everything before them.

"Disdaining still to surrender, Clinton, whose strong soul was now fully aroused, continued to fight, and, gathering his brave men around him, boldly attempted to cut his way out. Reaching the river, he came upon a small boat, in which he urged his brother George to embark and make his escape. The latter firmly refused to go unless he accompanied him. But this was impossible, and to end the dispute James pushed his brother into the boat and shoved it from the shore before he had time to offer any resistance; then, springing on a horse nearby, he galloped away.

"It was dark, and as he came to a bridge which he must cross he saw it occupied with English soldiers. They challenged him, but, ordering them to clear the way, he drove the spurs into his horse and dashed through the bayonets, one of which pierced his leg. Knowing that his safety lay in reaching the mountains, he flung himself from the horse, and, snatching the bridle from its head, plunged into the woods. His remarkable presence of mind did not forsake him in this critical moment. He knew that unless he could catch another horse he should perish in the mountains, with his wound, before he could reach any settlement. So, preserving the bridle, he limped away, and, sliding down a precipice one hundred feet high into the ravine which separated the forts, was out of the reach of his pursuers.

"Creeping along the steep and rocky sides, with the blood oozing rapidly from his wound, he slipped and fell into the stream. The cold plunge helped him, for it stayed the effusion of blood, and, drenched and faint, he made his way to the mountains, where he remained all night, racked with pain, covered with blood, and burned with fever. When daylight dawned he caught a horse. Placing the bridle upon him, he mounted bareback and rode sixteen miles—every step driving a dagger into the wounded leg—before he came to a house. He presented a frightful spectacle to the astonished inmates—his regimentals covered with blood, his cheeks flushed with fever, and his voice hollow and husky.

"He had fought nobly, and, though two hundred and fifty of his brave troops had fallen in the unequal combat, two hundred of the enemy had also been killed or wounded. After the battle the English, with their usual brutality, committed the most inhuman outrages on the unresisting inhabitants of the region. They even refused to bury the dead of the Americans, but left some to molder away in the sun and wind of heaven and pitched the rest in heaps into a shallow pond near by. Seven months after the battle the skeletons were seen lying around the fort, while a dreadful stench arose from the pond, along whose stagnant surface arms and legs and half-submerged bodies were seen protruding—most of them clad in farmer's apparel, showing that they were militia."

At the centennial celebration of the New York Friendly Sons of St. Patrick in 1884 Chauncey M. Depew thus referred to Governor George Clinton: "George Clinton, the first Governor of the State of New York, was a typical Irishman of the grandest sort, full of patriotism, full of enthusiasm, full of fire and vigor and brains, ready to lay down his life for his honor or for the rights of man under any flag. He fought England because he thought he was fighting tyranny. We reverence his name as one of the best, purest, noblest, and most courageous of soldiers and of statesmen that any race ever furnished to any State in this broad land."

The scenery along the Hudson from Fort Montgomery to West Point is entrancing in its sublimity and grandeur and may be ranked among the most beautiful in the world. It is especially charming in the morning, when the white mists from the river catch fire from the rising sun and spread themselves in gorgeous colors along the sides of the mountains.

Jutting half way across the river opposite Fort Montgomery Anthony's Nose raises its rocky head to a clear height of twelve hundred and eighty feet above the tide, and it was here that a chevaux-de-frise was extended across the stream to prevent the passage of the British ships. According to General Van Courtland, this mountain was named by an Irishman, Anthony Hogan, a river captain. When sailing by the place one day his mate looked rather quizzically first at the mountain and then at the captain's nose. The captain comprehended the silent allusion, and said: "Does that look like my nose? If it does, call it Anthony's Nose, if you please." The story got abroad and the mountain has since borne that name.

During the night of the fall of the forts the Americans, owing to adverse winds, were obliged to set fire to five of their armed vessels in order to prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy. As the sails were all set, the vessels, when

the flames gained headway, became magnificent spectacles of fire, which lighted up the overhanging mountains and made them as bright as day, while the explosions of the loaded cannon reverberated again and again through the echoing hills for many miles.

The chevaux-de-frise did not serve the purpose for which it was intended, and the British ships easily passed it the next morning and proceeded up the river as far as Kingston, dealing death and destruction on both sides. Then the waters of the beautiful river ran red with innocent blood at the hands of the British and its waves were made lurid by the flaming roof-trees of the happy homes along its shores.

The signal fires were lighted by the patriots on Mount Beacon and told the country north of Newburg that the demon of British destruction was abroad.

Cornwallis had no intention of going to the relief of Burgoyne. If he had he would have gone directly up the river after the capture of the forts, instead of returning, as he did, to the ease and pleasure of New York.

"A flying squadron of light frigates," writes Lossing, "under Sir James Wallace, bearing three thousand six hundred men, under the command of General Vaughan, sailed up the river. They were instructed to scatter desolation in their track, and well did they perform their mission. Every vessel upon the river was burned or otherwise destroyed; the houses of known patriots, such as Henry Livingstone at Poughkeepsie, were fired upon from the ships, and small parties, landing from the vessels, desolated neighborhoods with fire and sword. They penetrated as far northward as Kingston, where they landed on the 13th of October, 1777. The people at the mouth of the Esopus Creek fled and their houses were destroyed. In two divisions the British marched to the village, where they proceeded to apply the torch. Almost every house was laid in ashes and a large quantity of provisions situated there was destroyed. The town then contained between three and four thousand inhabitants, many of whom were wealthy, and was the temporary capital of the State. Warned of the approach of the enemy, a few saved their most valuable effects, but many lost all their possessions and were driven back upon the interior settlements. The British, fearing their wanton cruelty would bring the people in a mass upon them, hastily retreated after destroying the village. A detachment crossed the river and marched to Rhinebeck Flats, where they burned several houses, and after penetrating northward as far as Livingston's Manor, and burning some houses there, they rejoined the main body and the fleet returned to New York."

Governor Clinton, with the remnant of his forces and all the militia he could raise, hastened northward as quickly as possible, but the British had departed when he arrived at Kingston.

The British troops who surrendered at Saratoga were treated with the greatest kindness by the Americans and their officers were entertained at banquets. The British, on the other hand, true to their so-called civilization, continued to rack the defenseless women and children with fire and sword, and drew down upon their heads the execrations of the people. "The same yesterday—the same to-day—the same forever."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BATTLES OF BRANDYWINE AND GERMANTOWN—THE BRITISH IN PHILADELPHIA—THE HORRORS OF VALLEY FORGE.

When Washington left his winter quarters toward the end of May, 1777, and took up his position at Middlebrook, N. J., he found himself confronted by the British and a battle seemed imminent.

Washington was but poorly prepared for such an encounter. As in the instance before Boston, he saw himself deserted by the army at a most perilous period. The terms of enlistment had expired and he could not check the desire of troops, wasted by hardships and disasters, to abandon so terrible a service. At one time his entire force did not exceed 1,500 men, while the English army in New Jersey at that time amounted to 7,272 men.

But God seemed to be on Washington's side and unexpected allies to the Americans arose, as it were, from the ground. The local militia—which a few months before were listless spectators of the ruthless invasion of the province—were now fully awakened to the horrors of their situation and gathered thickly and menacingly in front and rear of the British lines.

Unable to stand the sudden and fierce attacks of these aroused militiamen, and failing to draw Washington from his secure position, Howe, after wasting a month in fruitless movements, fell back upon New York.

Then followed a season of doubt in the mind of Washington as to the future movements of the English and many were the subterfuges of the latter to lead him astray. By placing a portion of his forces to guard the Hudson Highlands, another to protect Philadelphia, and a third midway between these two, Washington stood ready to oppose the British whichever way they decided to move.

Finally, on the 23d of July, 1777, the British fleet sailed out of New York with a force of all arms between fifteen and eighteen thousand men, while seventeen battalions, a regiment of light horse, and some provincials were left to protect New York under General Sir Henry Clinton.

The destination of the fleet was long in doubt, but all uncertainty was brought to an end by intelligence that it had entered the Chesapeake. After putting to sea and reaching the mouth of the Delaware the British commanders were deterred from ascend-

ing that river by the many obstructions to its navigation which the patriots had planted, and it was then determined to make for the Chesapeake and approach in that way as near as possible to Philadelphia.

When this news was confirmed the several divisions of the army and militia were ordered to the neighborhood of Philadelphia, and as there had been much disaffection to the patriot cause evinced in that city Washington, in order to encourage its friends and dishearten its enemies, marched through it with his whole army. Great pains were taken to make the display as imposing as possible. Washington rode at the head of his troops, with Lafayette and Sullivan on either side, and all the soldiers wore sprigs of green in their hats, which was a great honor to old Ireland, so many of whose sons were present in the ranks. Washington set up his headquarters at Wilmington, Del. The militia were mustered at Chester, Pa., under General Wayne, with Proctors' Corps of Artillery.

The commander of the latter was Thomas Proctor, born in Ireland, who emigrated to Philadelphia with his father, Francis Proctor, and rose to the rank of major-general in the Pennsylvania militia. A part of his artillery regiment has maintained its organization up to the present time as the Second United States Artillery.

On the 25th of August the British army under General Howe landed at the Head of Elk, now Elkton, the capital of Cecil County, Md., about seventy miles from Philadelphia. The English had chosen this circuitous route in the hope of finding friends among the people, many of whom were Quakers and noncombatants and generally unfriendly to the patriotic cause.

Washington at first sent forward all the troops available to oppose the British on landing and severely harassed them by incessant assaults, but he gradually fell back to the Brandywine and there made his final stand. Personally he did not wish to meet the enemy in open battle at this time, as his poorly armed and undisciplined troops were no match for the veteran soldiers of England, who, in addition, outnumbered him two to one, and only threw down the gage of battle in obedience to the will of Congress and the public generally.

The Brandywine Creek, along which the battle was fought, commences with two branches, the East and West, which unite in one stream, flowing from west to east and emptying itself into the Delaware about twenty-five miles below Philadelphia.

At daybreak on the morning of the 11th of September the royal army advanced in two columns, one under Knyphausen and the other commanded by Cornwallis. Knyphausen made a

show of crossing the Brandywine at Chadd's Ford in front of the Americans, but Cornwallis, repeating his Long Island tactics, marched up the Brandywine on the west side to its forks, crossed over, and came down the eastern bank, with a view of surprising the patriots in the rear.

General Sullivan commanded the right wing of the American army and was farthest up the Brandywine; General Wayne, with Maxwell's light infantry, was stationed at Chadd's Ford, the principal crossing on the direct road to Philadelphia, to keep Knyphausen and his Hessians in check, and Green's division, accompanied by Washington, took up a central position between the right and left wings.

About 4 in the afternoon, Cornwallis, after achieving his desired position, commenced the attack. He was held in check for a considerable time by the bravery of the Americans, but the latter were at length compelled to retire before his superior numbers.

At the same time Knyphausen crossed the river and attacked the forces under Wayne, but the latter held his ground bravely until the defeat of the other portions of the American army forced him also to retire, and the whole army retreated in fairly good order to Chester. The American loss was estimated at 300 killed and 600 wounded, most of the latter being made prisoners.

The British reported their loss at 100 killed and 400 wounded, but John Fisk states that, from the rolls afterward captured at Germantown, it appeared that their loss exceeded that of the Americans.

John R. Spears, in his life of Wayne, thus speaks of that General's part in the Battle of the Brandywine:

"While waiting for Cornwallis to turn the American right Knyphausen strove only to hold Washington's attention by false moves, but hearing from a scout that the British force was divided Washington ordered his army to charge across the stream and force the fighting. The supreme moment of the battle had come. Led by Anthony Wayne, the head of the American column was already splashing in the shallow waters of the ford and victory was within their grasp, when word was received from Sullivan that the report of a British column going above the forks was untrue, and in the delay which this message caused the opportunity for a decisive victory slipped away.

"Cornwallis, with his 7,000 men, drove the American right flank down toward the center. Washington sent Green with the reserves to aid Sullivan and then Knyphausen came down to Chadd's Ford, this time with full determination to cross. His force was superior to Wayne's and they were all well-disciplined

soldiers, while the greater part of Wayne's men were raw recruits and militia who had never been under fire. Nevertheless, Wayne held his ground—held the post of honor—from 2 o'clock until the sun went down, after 6 o'clock, and then he retreated only when he learned positively that Cornwallis was coming to attack him in the rear. He retreated to avoid being surrounded, and he did it in such good order that he was not interrupted."

Congress was not discouraged by the results of the battles on the Brandywine, but were nerved to new exertions. Nor was Washington in any way dispirited. He reported that his army was in good spirits and nowise disheartened by the recent affair, which it seemed to consider as a check rather than a defeat. Allowing his troops one day for rest and refreshments at Germantown, to which he marched after the conflict on the Brandywine, Washington, on September 15, 1777, recrossed the Schuylkill for the purpose of again giving battle to the enemy. He took the Lancaster road and the next day met the British near the Warren tavern about twenty miles from Philadelphia.

Skirmishing commenced between the advanced guards of the two armies and a general battle seemed about to ensue when a terrible rainstorm, accompanied by heavy thunder, broke upon the belligerents and so injured their ammunition that they were obliged to defer the battle. Washington's powder was almost entirely destroyed and he was compelled to withdraw his army for new supplies toward Reading, where they were stored, and against which Howe appeared to be advancing.

General Wayne still hung upon the rear of the British, but on September 20 his troops were surprised and massacred at midnight by General Grey, great-grandfather of the present Governor of Canada, the most blood-thirsty and treacherous of all the British commanders, not even excepting the notorious Tryon. He was called the "No-Flint" General, from his common practice of ordering his men to take the flints out of their muskets so that they might be confined to the butchery of the bayonet. Whenever he could he selected the darkness of the night for his attacks, and stole upon the Americans while they slept.

In reference to the massacre of Paoli on September 20, 1777, in which General Grey was the chief executioner, Lossing thus writes: "Howe determined to surprise Wayne, and for that purpose dispatched General Grey, the subsequent murderer at Tappan and plunderer on the New England coasts, to steal upon the patriot camp at night and destroy them. It was a dark and stormy night. Grey marched stealthily, toward midnight, through the woods and gained Wayne's left about 1 o'clock in the morning. The 'No-Flint' General had given his usual order to rush upon

the patriots with fixed bayonets, without firing a shot, and to give no quarter!

"Several of the American pickets near the highway were **silently** massacred in the gloom. By the light of Wayne's camp-fires Grey was directed where to attack, with the best chance of success. In silence, but with the fierceness of tigers, the British leaped from the thick gloom upon the Americans, who knew not from what point to expect an attack. The patriots discharged several volleys, but so sudden and violent was the attack that they were broken into fragments. One hundred and fifty Americans were killed and wounded in this onslaught, many of whom were cruelly butchered after ceasing to resist and while asking quarter."

John R. Spears, in his life of Wayne, thus alludes to the Paoli massacre: "The British had found a considerable number of sick men in the camp, and there were stragglers who failed to get into line promptly when the alarm came. These sick and straggling men were mercilessly bayoneted by the British. The British authorities on the battle made no effort to conceal the fact that Grey's force was determined to massacre the Americans."

A Hessian sergeant, boasting of the exploits of that night, exultingly exclaimed: "What a running about barefoot and half clothed and in the light of their own fires. These showed us where to chase them while they could not see us. I stuck them myself like so many pigs, one after another, until the blood ran out of the touch-hole of my musket."

"Remember Paoli," was the rallying cry of the Americans for many generations, and two monuments have been erected on the scene of slaughter.

Forty years after the event, on September 20, 1817, the first shaft was raised and bore inscriptions recording the "atrocious massacre" and referring to the American soldiers who were killed as the victims of "cold-blooded cruelty and British barbarity." On the one hundredth anniversary a new monument of granite, forty feet high, was dedicated, and the inscriptions which it bears were transferred from the old shaft. Ten thousand persons attended the exercises, and every year since then thousands of people have assembled on the historic spot and bore testimony to their undying hatred of the British civilization which could perpetrate such outrages.

Howe's movement in the direction of Reading proved to be a feint, for as soon as he found that Washington had reached Pottstown he rapidly wheeled his army and marched directly to Philadelphia, where he arrived on September 26, 1777. The whole country along the Schuylkill was disaffected toward the American

cause and Washington was unable to obtain correct information as to the movements of the enemy, who were thus enabled to gain easy access to the Capital.

On the approach of the British toward Philadelphia Congress adjourned to York, where they had only one meeting, and then removed to Lancaster, Pa., where they remained until the following summer, when they resumed their sessions in Philadelphia, after the British had evacuated that city.

On first taking possession of Philadelphia Howe stationed the main division of his army at Germantown, but gradually weakened his position there by drawing off detachments for the purpose of removing the obstructions from the Delaware and attacking the American forts.

Hearing of this at his camp at Shippack Creek, twenty miles from Philadelphia, Washington conceived a plan for attacking the British at Germantown. It was arranged that the divisions of Sullivan and Wayne, flanked by Conway's brigade, were to enter Germantown by way of Chestnut Hill, while General John Armstrong, with the Pennsylvania militia, were to attack the enemy's left and rear. The divisions of Greene and Stephen were assigned to other positions and the brigades of Nash and Maxwell were to form the reserve corps.

After dark on the evening of October 3 Washington moved silently toward Germantown, accompanying the column of Sullivan and Wayne in person. At 7 o'clock the next morning the battle of Germantown commenced and for the first twenty minutes of the encounter it looked as if the English would be hopelessly defeated, as they were fleeing in all directions before the Americans. But in the midst of the fight Colonel Musgrave, with five companies of the British, being furiously attacked by the Americans, gained possession of Judge Chew's house, as a last resort to save themselves, and this fact alone saved the day to the English. They could not be dislodged and the fire which they poured upon the Americans so disconcerted them that they were thrown into confusion at the crucial moment, and the advantages which they gained were speedily lost.

In addition to this a dense fog arose and it became almost impossible to distinguish friend from foe. Washington was deeply pained at this sudden reversal of fortune, but there was nothing left for him to do but to retreat. The British, too, were preparing to fall back on Chester, but this could not be discovered in the haziness which prevailed. "The morning was so foggy," writes Washington of the battle, "that we could not see the confusion the enemy were in and the advantage we had gained; and, fearing to push too far through a strong village, we retired after

an engagement of two hours, bringing off all our artillery with us. We did not know until after the affair was over how near we were to gaining a complete victory."

Among the Irishmen and Irish-Americans who took prominent parts in the battles of the Brandywine and Germantown, and the many spirited skirmishes which accompanied them, were Generals John Sullivan, Henry Knox, Anthony Wayne, William Maxwell, James Irvine, Joseph Reed, Thomas Conway, John Armstrong, and Francis Nash; Colonels Francis Johnson, Stephen Moylan, and Thomas Proctor; Major Irvine, who, with General Nash, was mortally wounded at Germantown, and Captains Andrew Porter, Thomas Butler, and Andrew Irvine, brother of General William Irvine.

Generals Wayne and Sullivan were the leading commanders in both battles. Sullivan was unjustly censured by Congress for his conduct on the Brandywine, but so sure was Washington that Sullivan did all that a brave and able officer could under the circumstances that he did not even suspend him during the investigation which followed, and finally his character was cleared from all reproach.

General Thomas Conway, an Irishman who had seen long service in France, made his first appearance as a general in America at the battle of the Brandywine, and Lafayette, in his memoirs, speaks of the brilliant manner in which he acquitted himself at the head of eight hundred men in the encounter with the troops of Cornwallis during the progress of the fight.

There is much odium attached to General Conway's name by certain writers as the leader of a cabal against Washington, but as this cabal existed long before Conway's arrival in America we do not see how he can be justly accused of being its leader or of taking more than a passive part in anything that was said or done against Washington. Generals Lee and Gates were the real leaders of this conspiracy against Washington and they received some support from Congress, where even such men as John Adams and Dr. Benjamin Rush unwittingly favored their traitorous schemes.

It was impossible that Conway could be the leader of any movement in this country, as he was an entire stranger to those in power; but in his lack of knowledge of the true state of affairs he may have allowed himself to be imposed upon and put in a false position by the real plotters of the conspiracy. Conway was a victim of, rather than a leader in the so-called Conway cabal, and this is the utmost that can be said against him. It is ridiculous to assert that he—a mere stranger—could wield any influence whatever on the men then in charge of public affairs—

especially against a man of the character and standing of Washington.

If Conway was really the dishonorable man he is depicted he would never have written the following letter to Washington from what he thought was his death-bed, after his duel with General Cadwalader :

Philadelphia, 23d July, 1778.

Sir—I find myself just able to hold the pen for a few minutes and take this opportunity to express my sincere grief for having done, written, or said anything disagreeable to your Excellency. My career will soon be over; therefore, justice and truth prompt me to declare my last sentiments. You are in my eyes the great and good man. May you long enjoy the love, veneration, and esteem of these States, whose liberties you have asserted by your virtues. I am, with the greatest respect, etc.,

THOMAS CONWAY.

Colonel Stephen Moylan and his dashing dragoons were also present at Germantown and well maintained their high character for bravery. At Valley Forge they rendered valuable service in supplying provisions to the army through their successful foraging expeditions, and but for them the death-list would have been far more appalling than it was.

General John Armstrong had charge of the Pennsylvania Militia, and General William Maxwell that of New Jersey at those battles and acquitted themselves in the most creditable manner.

Captain Thomas Butler, of the famous Kilkenny family of that name, received the thanks of Washington on the field at Brandywine for rallying a detachment of fleeing troops and giving the enemy a severe check, while at the same battle Colonel Thomas Proctor, with his regiment of artillery, was under General Wayne and had his horse shot under him while directing his guns against the Hessians at Chadd's Ford.

Captain Andrew Irvine, brother of General William Irvine, served under General Wayne in every action up to the massacre at Paoli, where he received seventeen bayonet wounds at the hands of the British, but miraculously recovered and was actively engaged in subsequent campaigns. No officer of his rank did more service and no one could do it in a more heroic manner.

During the progress of the English through Delaware and Lower Pennsylvania they spread terror in their path, and most of the inhabitants, cowed into submission, proclaimed their loyalty to King George. There were, however, many noble exceptions, and the patriotism of the Irwins and the Israels, and the hero-

ism of Hannah Irwin, the Irish wife of Israil Israel, stood out in bold relief to this subserviency.

Israil Israel was a member of the Committee of Safety and of course a marked man. Betrayed by his Tory neighbors, he and his wife's brother were made prisoners and taken on board the frigate *Roebuck*, lying in the Delaware in sight of their homes. They were treated harshly, their beds being coils of rope on deck and their food of the meanest kind. It was charged that Israel had declared that he would sooner drive his cattle as a present to General Washington than to receive thousands of dollars in British gold for them. On being informed of this the British commander ordered a detachment of soldiers to go to his meadows, in full view, and seize and slaughter his cattle then feeding there. His young wife, only nineteen years of age, saw her husband and brother taken to the frigate, and she also saw the movement of the plunderers. She guessed their purpose when she saw the soldiers land. With a boy of eight she hastened to the meadow, cast down the bars, and began driving out the cattle. The soldiers told her to desist and threatened to shoot her. "Fire away," cried the heroic woman. They fired, and the balls flew thickly but harmlessly around her. The shield of God's providence was over her, and though the cowardly soldiers fired several shots not one even grazed her. The cattle were all saved and the discomfited marauders returned to the frigate.

After the battle of Germantown Howe withdrew all his forces to Philadelphia and commenced attacks on the American forts on the Delaware. He was bravely opposed in these onslaughts and lost many hundreds of his men and some of his best ships, but in the end he was successful and by December all the forts were in his hands.

From the moment the British entered Philadelphia the demon of desolation was let loose and everything within the city gave evidence of the most wanton and savage destruction. Several houses, owned by noted patriots, were demolished, others burned. Villas stood roofless, their doors and woodwork and all the windows being destroyed. Nothing but bare walls remained. Gardens had been trampled down and not a fence or fruit tree could be seen. The English were making war in strict conformity with their boasted civilization.

Fort Mercer was attacked by Count Donop and two thousand Hessians. They were driven off with great slaughter, the count and four hundred of his men being killed, but the fort succumbed to a subsequent attack.

At Fort Mifflin the American forces were under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, a brave Irish-American, of

whom we have already spoken. He had served with credit on the Brandywine and, upon the ascent of the British fleet up the Delaware, was detached by Washington to the command of Fort Mifflin. In this naked and exposed work he maintained himself under a continued cannonade from the 26th of September until the 11th of November, when he was so severely wounded that he had to be removed to the Jersey shore. For this gallant defense Congress gave him a vote of thanks and a sword. While he was not fully recovered from his wounds, he marched with the army to Valley Forge and shared in all its hardships.

After the battle of Germantown, Washington marched back to Shippack Creek, where he remained until October 29, when he removed to Whitemarsh, about fourteen miles from Philadelphia. Here he remained undisturbed until the 5th of December, when the British attempted to surprise him in his camp, but he was prepared for their visit through the patriotism of Lydia Darrah, of Philadelphia.

The Adjutant-General of the British army made his headquarters in her residence and she overheard him reading orders for the attack. The next morning, under pretense of going to Frankfort for flour, she communicated the intelligence to Washington, through Lieutenant-Colonel Craig, whom she sought out for that purpose.

About 3 o'clock on the morning of the fifth, the alarm gun announced the approach of the enemy. Brigadier-General James Irvine, with six hundred of the Pennsylvania Militia, was sent out to impede their progress. He encountered them at the foot of Chestnut Hill, but after a short conflict, in which many were killed and wounded on both sides, his troops gave way and he himself was wounded and taken prisoner.

General James Irvine was the son of George Irvine, an emigrant from the north of Ireland. He early espoused the patriot cause and served in the Canada campaign in 1776. On August 27, 1777, he was made Brigadier-General of the Pennsylvania Militia and was at Wilmington with his troops until after the action on the Brandywine. At the battle of Germantown he was with General Armstrong, on the extreme right of the American army, and after he was made prisoner he was taken to Philadelphia, thence to New York, and afterward to Flushing, L. I., where he remained until his exchange on June 1, 1781. He was appointed commander of Fort Pitt after his release, and in 1782 was commissioned Major-General of the Pennsylvania Militia, which office he held for eleven years. He occupied many positions of honor during the balance of his life and died in 1819 in his eighty-fourth year.

Washington could not be decoyed from his strong position by Howe and the latter feared to attack him in his stronghold. Several severe skirmishes took place in which Morgan and his riflemen, who had just arrived from the north, distinguished themselves.

In one of these skirmishes General Joseph Reed had a narrow escape. He was reconnoitering the enemy at Washington's request, when he fell in with some of the Pennsylvania Militia, who had been scattered, and he endeavored to rally and lead them forward. His horse was shot through the head and came with him to the ground; the British flankers were running to bayonet him, as he was recovering from his fall, when Captain Allen McLane came up with his men in time to drive them off and rescue him. He was conveyed from the field by a light horseman.

On the 8th of December the entire British army were in motion, and it was thought that they were going to make an attack on Washington's position; but instead of advancing they filed off to the left, halted and lit a long string of fires on the heights, behind which they retreated to Philadelphia, silently and precipitately, in the night.

The resumption of hostilities being thus indefinitely postponed, Washington resolved to hut his army for the winter at Valley Forge, in Chester County, on the west side of the Schuylkill, about twenty miles from Philadelphia, where he would be able to keep a vigilant eye on that city and at the same time protect a large extent of country.

Sad and dreary, writes Irving, was the march to Valley Forge, uncheered by the recollection of any recent triumph, as had been the march to winter quarters in the preceding year. Hungry and cold were the poor fellows who had so long been keeping the field; for provisions were scant, clothing worn out, and so badly off were they for shoes that the footsteps of many might be tracked in blood. Yet at this very time hogsheads of shoes and clothing were lying at different places on the roads and in the woods, rotting for want of teams or money to pay the teamsters.

"When the storms of winter came," says Spears in his description of Valley Forge, "the countenance of the American force blanched, and on December 11 they marched away unmolested to settle down for the winter at Valley Forge. A memorable march was that. The ground was snow-covered except on the face of the ridges where the wind had blown it away, and hundreds of the soldiers were bare-footed, but the bare-footed found the snow less painful than the wind-swept ground. For the ground was frozen into knobs, and the knobs were full of

sharp rock and bits of iron ore that cut and tore the feet of the marching host till their trail was marked with blood.

"The army, when it reached the hollow, numbered 11,098 men, but of these 2,898 were unfit for duty because they were naked or bare-footed and had marched nineteen miles bare-footed over the rock-pointed knobs of the wind-swept ridges. Those who could work at once started for the forest trees that stood in abundance about the valley, and cutting them down they built log cabins. There were no floors to the huts and the wind came driving through many a crevice in spite of the care of the builders. There were no beds and not one blanket on the average to the hut. The men in each hut had to lie on the ground—sick or well, and with their bare feet to the fire shiver the night away, while in the cold weather they sat up in a huddle around the fire all night long because unable to endure the cold when stretched out.

"The naked, when their turn came to mount guard, were obliged to borrow the clothing of comrades before they went out. And to add to the misery of all, food was so scarce that they were often without meat for days at a stretch, and sometimes without flour, or any substitute for it. The energy and vitality which Anthony Wayne might have used in fighting the enemy—energy and vitality that would have thrived on battle—were drawn to the lowest ebb by his daily views of the distress about him and his unceasing and all but fruitless efforts to provide for his men. For his efforts were steadily thwarted by the politicians to whom he was obliged to apply to obtain supplies.

"In a letter to Richard Peters, Secretary of War, Wayne declares: 'I am not fond of danger, but I would most cheerfully agree to enter into action once every week in place of visiting each hut of my encampment, which is my constant practice, and where objects strike my eye whose wretched condition beggars all description. For God's sake, if you cannot give us anything else, give us linen that we may be able to preserve the poor worthy fellows from the vermin that are now devouring them. Some hundreds we have buried who have died of a disorder produced by want of clothing.'

"But heartrending as most of the details of life at Valley Forge are, the reader can yet see hope for American freedom had not yet fled—indeed, hope never was stronger. When a foreigner visited the camp and saw a gaunt figure flitting from one hut to another, its nakedness covered only with a dirty blanket, he despaired of the independence of America.

"But the incident that gave despair to the foreigner gave hope to men like Anthony Wayne. That figure remained in camp,

waiting for the clothing that would enable him to go out and fight for the gridiron flag, instead of deserting when out on picket duty in borrowed clothing. There is no picture of American patriotism so graphic as that of the naked soldiers crouching by their fires during the winters of the Revolution."

"Here," says Lossing, alluding to Valley Forge, "after an arduous campaign of four months, during which neither party had obtained a decided advantage, other than good winter quarters at Philadelphia on the part of the enemy, the shattered remains of the American army vainly sought repose. They had marched and countermarched, day and night, in endeavoring to baffle the designs of a powerful enemy to their country and its liberties; now they were called upon, in the midst of comparative inaction, to war with enemies more insidious, implacable, and personal. Hunger and nakedness assailed that dreary winter camp with all their progeny of disease and woe. Thither, as we have seen, the soldiers came with naked and bleeding feet, and there they sat down where destitution held court and ruled with an icy sceptre. The prevalence of Toryism in the vicinity, the avaricious speculations of some unprincipled commissioners, the tardy movements of Congress in supplying provisions, and the close proximity of a powerful enemy, combined to make the procurement of supplies absolutely impracticable without a resort to force.

"Washington reluctantly used the power given him by a resolution of Congress, adopted a few weeks previously. Necessity compelled him to. He issued a proclamation in which he required all the farmers within seventy miles of Valley Forge to thresh out one-half of their grain before the 1st of February, and the remainder by the 1st of March, under the penalty of having the whole seized as straw. Many farmers refused to comply. They defended their grain and cattle with fire-arms and in some instances burned what they could not defend. It must be remembered that nearly all the farmers in the vicinity of Valley Forge were disaffected toward the American cause."

J. T. Headley, in *Washington and His Generals*, gives a graphic description of the Commander-in-Chief and his soldiers at Valley Forge and eulogizes the glorious determination exhibited there to fight on to the bitter end in spite of all the gloom and suffering which prevailed.

"And when," he writes, "the gloomy winter of 1778 set in, he shared with his army at Valley Forge its privations and its sufferings. Hundreds with nothing but rags upon their bodies, their muskets resting upon their naked shoulders, their bare feet cut by the frozen ground till you could track them by their blood,

had marched hither for repose and clothing, but, alas, nothing but the frost-covered fields received them. Starving, wretched, and wan, they looked like the miserable wreck of a routed and famine-struck army. Here could be seen a group, harnessed in pairs, drawing a few logs together to cover them, and there another, devouring a morsel of bread to stay the pangs of hunger. And when the December night shut in the scene, the weary thousands laid down on the barren, bleak hillside, with scarce a blanket to cover them, their unprotected limbs flung out upon the frost. One would have thought at first sight, as they lay scattered around, that here had been a fiercely fought battle and those were the wounded or dead stripped by the enemy.

"As the cold morning sun shone upon the encampment they again commenced their heavy task, and one by one went up the rude hovels. Into these the sons of liberty crept, many so naked that they could not come forth again into the camp, but there, stretched on the straw, passed the weary days and nights suffering. As the cold increased they dared not lay down at night, so unprotected and naked were they, but slept sitting up around their fires. Without a mouthful of meat to satisfy the hunger they thus passed days and weeks, and yet not a movement of dissension. On such an army, presenting such a spectacle, did Washington gaze with anguish, and his noble heart yearned toward the brave fellows who thus clung to him in the midst of neglect and suffering. Said he, in writing to Congress on the subject, 'However others, who wish me to enter on a winter campaign, may feel for the naked and distressed soldiers, I feel superabundantly for them, and from my soul I pity those miseries which it is neither in my power to relieve or prevent.'

"All this took place, too, while the enemy lay within a day's march of them, and it is a wonder that a mutiny did not break out and whole regiments of sufferers disband at once and return to their homes. History cannot furnish a more noble example of the devotion of troops to their leader and to the cause of freedom.

"But the widespread evils did not end here; Congress was divided and grumbling, the legislatures of the separate States often selfish and suspicious, both thwarting his plans and rendering powerless his efforts, yet he had no thought of yielding the struggle. And when in the following spring proposals of reconciliation were made by the King he at once met them with his stern opposition. Three years of war and disaster had passed, ending with the winter quarters at Valley Forge, and the struggle seemed farther than ever from a favorable termination, but Washington stood in the midst of his little army as fixed in his

purpose as he was in the First Congress. He immediately wrote to Congress, saying, 'Nothing short of independence, it appears to me, can possibly do. The injuries we have received from the British nation were so unprovoked, and have been so great and so many, that they can never be forgotten. Besides the feuds, the jealousies, the animosities that would ever attend a union with them, our fidelity as a people, our gratitude, our character as men, are opposed to a coalition with them as subjects, but in case of the last extremity.' "

The sufferings of the soldiers increased as the winter advanced. The few horses in the camp perished from want of forage, and in addition to their other miseries the men were compelled to act as beasts of burden in order to supply themselves with fuel.

On the 16th of February, 1778, Washington wrote as follows to Governor Clinton: "For some days past there has been little less than a famine in camp. A part of the army has been a week without any kind of flesh and the rest three or four days. Naked and starving as they are we cannot enough admire the incomparable patience and fidelity of the soldiery, that they have not been ere this excited by their sufferings to a general mutiny and desertion."

It is only just to say that the majority of those brave soldiers who bore the hardships of Valley Forge were Irishmen or Irish-Americans. When the farmers of Delaware and Lower Pennsylvania were burning their crops rather than give them to the Americans then starving in their cheerless camp, these men of the Irish race remained true to the American cause and bore all the great trials which beset them not only in the hope that better days would come but in the stern performance of a noble duty—hope or no hope. Through their patriotism and perseverance the final triumph was won and the freedom and independence of the nation established.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE BRITISH EVACUATE PHILADELPHIA—THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH—THE HEROISM OF MOLLY PITCHER.

While the Americans were starving at Valley Forge, the English held high carnival in their comfortable quarters in Philadelphia. All discipline was virtually suspended in the army and vilest passions were allowed full rein. The drunkenness and debauchery which prevailed did more to weaken the British than all the battles they had been in. Even the officers did not hesitate to advertise their profligacy in the newspapers.

It was at this time Major-General Grey, the "No-Flint" commander, occupied the residence of Benjamin Franklin, in a court off High street, as his headquarters. The best houses in the city were appropriated to the use of the English officers. Although all of them were more or less despoiled by their occupants, Grey distinguished himself above the rest by stealing Franklin's portrait when he left and carrying it with him to his ancestral home in England. There it remained until 1906, when Earl Grey, great-grandson of the No-Flint General and present Governor-General of Canada, in the hope of prompting an Anglo-American alliance, returned it to the City of Philadelphia. He performed this act of restitution at a public function in New York as if he were conferring a great favor on America, instead of shamefacedly restoring stolen property to its rightful owners.

In the midst of the American hardships at Valley Forge the dawn of American victory commenced to break. On February 6, 1778, through the efforts of Franklin, the French nation entered into an alliance with America, agreeing to send a fleet of sixteen ships and a land force of 4,000 men to aid the struggling colonists. The sole condition exacted on the part of France was that the Americans should make no peace with England except on the basis of absolute independence, and this the Americans faithfully carried out.

As soon as this alliance was entered into England was immediately on her knees before the Americans. She repealed every law objectionable to the colonists, sent commissioners to this country with terms of peace, and even resorted to bribery to end the war. But it was too late. Nothing but complete independence could induce the Americans to lay down their arms. In the British Parliament Burke and Fox taunted the King and Govern-

ment with the capture of Burgoyne, and with Chatham, upbraided them for arming the savages against the colonists. "Against whom," asked the latter in one of his speeches, "have you armed the savages? Against your Protestant brethren."

How melancholy a commentary on the English name, writes Doheny in reference to this narrow expression. If the victims were not Protestants, ferocity might glut itself unrebuked and the voice of England's greatest of great men had been mute. Even he would not have dared to challenge the prejudices of his country.

When the Peace Commissioners found themselves baffled in all their attempts to bring back the Americans to their old loyalty to King George they threw off the mask of friendship. The sheep's clothing was cast aside and they appeared in their real character of ferocious wolves, publicly avowing that henceforth the whole power of England would be devoted to laying the country waste.

To this threat Congress replied with firmness and dignity. "The Congress of the United States of America," it resolved, "do solemnly declare and proclaim that if our enemies presume to execute their threats, or persist in their present career of barbarity, we will take such exemplary vengeance as will deter others from a like conduct. We appeal to that God who searcheth the hearts of men for the rectitude of our intentions, and in His holy presence we declare that as we are not moved by any light and hasty suggestions of anger or revenge, so through every possible change of fortune we will adhere to this our determination."

This closed the negotiations for peace and they were never more renewed, but well did the English carry out their threats. Henceforth, in the North, with the exception of the battle of Monmouth, they never faced the American army in the field, but made war on defenseless women and children and old men, in the absence of their natural protectors—burning and destroying everything in their path and leaving a trail behind them of desolation and death.

During the encampment of the British in Philadelphia they sent out parties at various times to plunder the people and break up the more feeble posts of the Americans. Among the most barbarous troops in these marauding enterprises were the Queen's Rangers, a regiment composed of American Tories from New York and Connecticut and commanded by Major Simcoe. One of these expeditions, in which Simcoe was engaged, was sent out in February, 1778, to locate the position of General Wayne, who was then actively employed in New Jersey in procuring provisions for the starving patriots in Valley Forge. They did not find

Wayne, however, owing to the great vigilance he maintained, but they made the unprotected people suffer for their disappointment.

On March 17, 1778, another British force of fifteen hundred men, under the command of Colonel Mawhood and his majors, Simcoe and Sims, set out for Quintan's Bridge, near Salem, N. J., to "chastise a party of rebels" whom they learned were encamped there. Posting nearly all his men in ambush in a swamp, Simcoe sent forward a few of his rangers to make a feint attack on the Americans. The latter, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, the Irish-American hero of Fort Mifflin, gave chase to these marauders, but they had no sooner crossed the bridge than they were surrounded by the men in ambush and would have been cut down to a man but for the prompt appearance of General Hand, who opened fire with his artillery on the English and enabled the Americans to recross the bridge to safety.

But Simcoe had his revenge for this defeat soon after, when there was no General Hand to interfere with his murderous purpose. On the 20th of March he surrounded a house at Hancock's Bridge, nearer to Salem, on Alloway's Creek, in which a party of Americans lay asleep. Fortunately for the patriots, the greater number of them had left the place the night before, leaving only twenty men as a garrison. The surprise was complete. While all were sleeping the invaders simultaneously forced the front and back doors of the house and all within perished; not even the Tory owner escaped. A patrol of seven Americans, who had been sent down the creek, were also surprised, and all but one were killed.

"The affair at Hancock's Bridge," writes Lossing, "was unmitigated murder. Some who were massacred were not fighting men. No resistance was made, and yet those who asked for mercy were inhumanly slain."

All over the country the same inhuman policy was pursued. In Rhode Island the British General Preston signalized his resumption of command by a series of such attacks. In July, 1777, Preston had been captured in his bed by the brave Major Barton and held a prisoner by the Americans until exchanged for General Lee in May, 1778. During his captivity he was treated with the greatest kindness by Washington, although he was not entitled to the slightest consideration on account of his barbarity toward Ethan Allen when the latter fell into his hands in Canada in the fall of 1775.

Instead of being thankful for Washington's kindness, he remained incensed and mortified by his capture, and determined, as soon as he got the chance, to gratify his thirst for vengeance. Under his command five hundred English troops landed between

Warren and Bristol, R. I., on the morning of May 24, 1778, and proceeded in two divisions to destroy all the American boats and property that fell in their way. One party burned seventy boats and a State galley on the Kickemuet River; the other burned the church and a number of dwellings at Warren and plundered and abused the inhabitants generally. The females were robbed of their jewelry and other valuables in addition to being grossly insulted, and all the live stock were driven away for the British army. They then proceeded to Bristol, where they burned the Episcopal Church and twenty-two dwellings and carried off considerable plunder. A few days afterward another marauding party burned the mills at Tiverton and attempted to fire and plunder the town, but a resolute band of twenty-five men kept them at bay, effectually disputing their passage across the bridge.

The news of the French alliance reached America on May 1, 1778, and was the signal for general rejoicing throughout the country, especially at Valley Forge, where a grand celebration was held in honor of the event, the soldiers huzzaing in unison, "Long live the King of France." Washington entertained the general officers at the close of the festival, and when he took his leave the whole army joined in a general huzza—"Long live General Washington."

On May 24 General Howe retired as commander-in-chief of the British army in America and General Sir Henry Clinton took his place. Admiral Howe, his brother, also resigned the command of the navy and was succeeded by Admiral John Byron, son of the fourth Lord Byron. On account of his ill luck at sea he was nicknamed Foul-weather Jack, and his grandson, the poet, thus perpetuates his fame in that regard:

"Reversed for him his grandsire's fate of yore,
He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore."

Fearing that their army and navy would be captured on the Delaware on the arrival of the French fleet, the British Government sent perempt orders to General Clinton to immediately evacuate Philadelphia; but how or when he was to leave, whether by land or sea, or where he was next to strike, were left mysteries for the brain of Washington to solve.

In the council of war which Washington called to consider these things Lee, just restored to the army by exchange, was naturally opposed to interfering in any way with the evacuation of the British, and his voice still had weight in military councils, his treason being then unknown and unsuspected.

But Greene, Knox, Wayne, and Sullivan, being honest men, thought otherwise. They believed in taking advantage of every

opportunity that might present itself, in the hurry and confusion of departure, to strike some signal blow in retaliation for all they had suffered in their long and dreary encampment at Valley Forge.

Washington's heart was with this latter counsel, but seeing such want of unanimity among his generals, he requested their opinions in writing. Before these were submitted word was brought to him that the enemy had actually evacuated Philadelphia.

Sir Henry Clinton had taken his measures with great secrecy and dispatch. His army commenced moving at 3 o'clock on the morning of June 18, 1778, crossing the river in boats from the confluence of the Delaware and the Schuylkill, and by 10 o'clock they were all landed on the Jersey shore.

Three thousand American Tories left Philadelphia with the British, much against the will of the latter, who did not want to be burdened with them. Already despised by their false allies and scorned by their own countrymen, the Tories were commencing to feel the full penalty of their treason.

On the first intelligence of this movement Washington sent General Maxwell with his brigade to co-operate with General Dickinson and the New Jersey militia in harassing the enemy on their march, and, breaking up his camp at Valley Forge, he pressed forward with his main army in pursuit.

As the route of the English lay along the eastern bank of the Delaware as high up as Trenton, Washington was obliged to make a considerable circuit so as to cross the river higher up at Coryell's Ferry, near the place where, eighteen months previously, he had crossed to attack the Hessians with so little hope but with so much success.

On the 25th of June Washington decided to attack the rear of the enemy with a strong advanced detachment, while he held his main army in readiness to give a general battle should circumstances permit. When he found that the British had concluded to march to Sandy Hook and take shipping for New York, he sent Wayne with a thousand men to join the advanced corps, which, thus augmented, was upward of four thousand strong.

The command of this advance properly belonged to Lee as senior Major-General, but it was eagerly sought by Lafayette, as an attack by it was intended, and Lee was strenuously opposed to everything of the kind. Washington willingly gave his consent, provided Lee would be satisfied with the arrangement.

The latter at first consented, but soon changed his mind, pretending he would be disgraced if the young marquis was placed over him. Washington unfortunately acquiesced in this change and Lee was given command of the advanced corps, which

composed the troops under Wayne, Maxwell, Jackson, Stewart, Ramsay, and Scott, the best fighters in the army.

On the evening of the 27th the enemy encamped on high ground near Monmouth Courthouse. Lee, with the advance, was at Englishtown, five miles distant, with his traitorous mind up to lead his brave soldiers to defeat, while the main American army was three miles in his rear. The last thing Washington did that night after closely examining the enemy's position, was to give positive orders to Lee to attack the English rear at dawn, as soon as their front should be in motion.

On the morning of the 28th of June Lee overtook the enemy near Monmouth Courthouse, but the fighting had scarcely begun when his conduct became so strange and his orders so contradictory as to excite uneasiness on the part of Lafayette, who sent a messenger back to Washington, begging him to make all possible haste to the front.

When the Commander-in-Chief, in response to this summons, had passed Freehold Church, on his way to the scene of action, he was astounded at the spectacle of Lee's division in disorderly retreat, with the enemy close at their heels, and the whole American army in immediate danger of being thrown into a confused mob by Lee's forces falling upon them without previous notification.

In a fierce outburst of wrath—one of the very few occasions in which he allowed his just passion to overmaster him—Washington stopped for a moment to upbraid Lee for his cowardly behavior, and then arrested the retreat, rallied his troops into order, and finally drove back the enemy to his old position, after fighting incessantly throughout the day under a torrid sun.

Foremost among the men who assisted Washington in thus turning defeat into victory were the Irish and Irish-American soldiers under his command.

In the worst confusion of Lee's retreat Washington called Colonel Charles Stewart and Colonel Nathaniel Ramsay to his side, and, taking them by the hand, said: "I shall depend on your immediate exertions to check with your two regiments the progress of the enemy till I can form the main army." Well did they both carry out his orders. Colonel Ramsay maintained the ground he had taken till he was left without troops, and then engaged in hand-to-hand encounters with the British Dragoons until he was cut down and left for dead upon the field.

This service on the part of two Irish-American officers was the most important rendered upon the field of Monmouth. It stopped the progress of the British army and gave time to the Commander-in-Chief to bring up and assign proper positions to

the main army. Colonel Ramsay, though fearfully wounded, escaped with his life, but was taken prisoner and suffered long captivity.

Colonel Richard Butler and his brother, Captain Thomas, also distinguished themselves at Monmouth, the latter being personally thanked by General Wayne for defending a defile against vast odds while his brother withdrew his regiment from a most perilous position.

General William Irvine was so incensed with the cowardly and uncalled for retreat that he threatened to charge his troops through Lee's retiring forces if the latter did not allow him to forge to the front.

General Wayne, General Knox, General Maxwell, Colonel Francis Johnstone, Colonel John Fitzgerald, Washington's aide and secretary; Colonel Daniel Morgan, Colonel Michael Jackson, and Colonel Walter Stewart, a cousin of Colonel Charles Stewart—all Irish or Irish-Americans—did all that brave men could do in the most perilous moments of the battle.

Colonel John Fitzgerald, who, as Washington's chief aide, did so much to restore order, was an Irishman who had established himself as a merchant in Alexandria, Va., and was one of Washington's most trusted neighbors. In 1770 he bought the south side of King street, from Fairfax street to the Potomac River, and banked out to the wharf, which was for many years known as Fitzgerald's wharf. He left his business to follow General Washington to the Revolutionary War and became his aide-de-camp and confidential agent in communicating to his home at Mount Vernon such matters as it might be dangerous to commit to writing. He aided to bring to light the conspiracy to malign Washington and deprive him of the command of the American army, and he followed and threatened to whip a Mr. Roberdeau unless he surrendered some papers relating to it.

When independence was won Colonel Fitzgerald returned to his Alexandria business and was Washington's right-hand man in the creation and working of the old Potomac Company. He was ever a welcome guest at Mount Vernon and often entertained the great chief at his home, where Burke's bank in Alexandria now stands. He was Mayor of Alexandria in 1786 and Collector of Customs in 1798. Washington died in the early winter of 1799 and in the spring of 1800 Fitzgerald followed to the land of spirits.

The terrible heat of the day of the battle of Monmouth caused the suspension of hostilities as darkness approached and Washington slept under a tree ready to resume the battle in the morning. But the British commander, Sir Henry Clinton, fear-

ing certain defeat, withdrew his forces during the night and took up his march to New York by way of Sandy Hook, leaving 300 dead and all his wounded upon the field. The American loss was 67 killed and 170 wounded.

Lee was tried by court-martial, found guilty, and sentenced to a year's suspension from the army. When that time had expired he wrote an insulting letter to Congress and was immediately dismissed from the army. He retired in disgrace to his estate in Virginia and lived there long enough to witness the triumph of the cause he had done so much to injure. On a visit to Philadelphia in October, 1782, he was suddenly seized with fever and died in a tavern, friendless and alone. He died as he lived, harboring evil thoughts until the last. In his last will he ordered that his body should not be buried within a mile of any church, as since his arrival in America he had kept so much bad company in this world that he did not wish to continue it in the next. Lee's conduct at Monmouth was unaccountable at the time of the court-martial, but the disclosures since made as to his behavior while in captivity make it certain that he was a traitor and did his best to bring defeat to American arms at the instigation of England.

The great heroine of the battle of Monmouth was an Irish woman known in history as Molly Pitcher. She was the wife of John Hayes, a gunner in the artillery, and was privileged to accompany him in his campaigns. Monmouth was not the first battle in which she nobly distinguished herself.

Nearly nine months before, at the battle of Fort Montgomery, on the Hudson, she had the honor of firing the last gun at the British. When the Americans retired from the fort as the enemy, in overpowering numbers, scaled the ramparts, her husband dropped his match and joined his comrades in the retreat. Molly, standing by, caught up the match, touched off the gun, and then made good her escape.

"She was a sturdy young camp follower," writes Lossing, in describing her bravery at Monmouth, "only twenty-two years old, and in devotion to her husband she illustrated the character of her country women of the Emerald Isle. In the action at Monmouth, while her husband was managing one of the field pieces, she constantly brought him water from a spring near by. A shot from the enemy killed him at his post, and the officer in command, having no one competent to fill his place, ordered the piece to be withdrawn. Molly saw her husband fall as she came from the spring and also heard the order. She dropped her bucket, seized the rammer, and vowed that she would fill the place of her husband at the gun and avenge his death. She performed the duty with a skill and courage which attracted the at-

tention of all who saw her. On the following morning General Greene presented her to Washington, who, admiring her bravery, conferred upon her the commission of sergeant. By his recommendation her name was placed upon the list of half-pay officers for life. She left the army soon after the battle of Monmouth and died near Fort Montgomery, among the Hudson Highlands. She usually went by the name of Captain Molly. The venerable widow of General Hamilton, who died in 1854, told me she had often seen Captain Molly. She described her as a stout, red-haired, freckled-faced young Irish woman, with a handsome, piercing eye. The French officers, charmed by the story of her bravery, made her many presents. She would pass along the French lines with her cocked hat and get it almost filled with crowns."

John R. Musick, in his "Independence," gives the following sketch of Captain Molly, which, he says, was handed down by his grandfather:

"Suddenly a battery came thundering up and took position. A woman was sitting on one of the gun carriages, her head bare and her fiery red hair gleaming in the sunlight. She leaped off as the gun came to a halt.

"'It's Molly Pitcher,' said one of the soldiers, as he rammed a charge into his gun.

"She was covered with dust, her neck bare and sun-browned, her sleeves rolled up above her elbows and her face streaked with perspiration.

"'Molly, we want water,' said her husband, who seized the rammer and drove the swab into the gun.

"'I'll bring it to ye,' she cried, seizing a bucket and running down the hill to a spring. The whistling balls and shrieking shells which flew about her head, clipping off the leaves and shivering the branches, were unheeded by this stout young camp follower. She was not over twenty-two years of age, a native of the Emerald Isle, and brave as any man.

"Molly Pitcher had been to the spring for a bucket of water and was hastening up the hill, the perspiration standing out in great beads upon her forehead and trickling down upon her sun-browned face. She saw her husband, who stepped forward to swab the gun, stagger back and fall. She ran to him and cried: 'They have murdered him—they have murdered him.'

"'That is the fifth man killed at this gun,' said the captain. 'Withdraw the piece,'

"'Why?' cried Molly.

"'There is no one to man it.'

"'I will man it,' she cried. Then, with a glance at her husband, who lay bleeding at her feet, she added: 'I will avenge him! I will avenge him!'

"She seized the rammer, swabbed the gun and rammed home the charge. The cannon was sighted and fired. Thus she stood at her post throughout the terrible battle. Men were struck so close to her that the blood actually spurted on her face. At last swabbing material was exhausted. She took off her apron. That did not last long, and her skirts followed—all went to feed the rapacious maw of that murderous gun. Still the dark mouth demanded more, and the flannel blouse and shirt of the artillerist who assisted her went also to feed the dark throat of the gun."

Forty years ago a great dispute arose as to the burial place of Captain Molly, no less than six States claiming the honor of holding her remains in their soil. The citizens of Carlisle, Pa., were so convinced that she was buried there that they erected a monument to her memory in 1876, and held a procession in her honor and placed a cannon over her grave on the one hundred and twenty-seventh anniversary of the battle of Monmouth.

The people along the Hudson just as stoutly maintain that she was buried near Fort Montgomery, where a stone marks the place of her interment. Lossing, while preparing his *Field Book of the Revolution* in 1850, interviewed Mr. Beverley Robinson, eighty-seven years of age, and Mrs. Rebecca Rose, eighty years of age, who lived near Fort Montgomery all their lives, in reference to Captain Molly. They remembered her well as she went about that section with an artilleryman's coat over her petticoats and a cocked hat on her head, and Mrs. Rose stated that she lived between Fort Montgomery and Buttermilk Falls (now called by the more select title of Highland Falls), and died there.

Whether or not Captain Molly died near Fort Montgomery, as Lossing and many others assert, it is certain that she lived in Carlisle many years after the war, as it is on record that on Washington's Birthday, 1822, she was voted a gift of forty dollars and a pension of forty dollars a year by the Pennsylvania Legislature.

Too many places cannot claim the honor of holding the remains of the noble Molly. They deserve credit for their willingness to pay tribute to the humble heroine who bravely did her share in the War of Independence.

William Collins, the gifted Irish poet, whose lamented death occurred some years ago, contributed the following stirring stanzas to the *Celtic Magazine* of July, 1884, in memory of Cap-

tain Molly and the brave men who fought with her at the battle of Monmouth:

CAPTAIN MOLLY PITCHER.

By William Collins.

On the bloody field of Monmouth
 Flashed the guns of Greene and
 Wayne,
 Fiercely roared the tide of battle,
 Thick the sward was heaped
 with slain.
 Foremost, facing death and dan-
 ger,
 Hessian, horse, and grenadier,
 In the vanguard fiercely fighting,
 Stood an Irish cannonier.

Loudly roared his iron cannon,
 Mingling ever in the strife,
 And beside him, firm and daring,
 Stood his faithful Irish wife.
 Of her bold contempt of danger,
 Greene and Lee's brigades could
 tell,
 Every one knew "Captain Molly,"
 And the army loved her well.

Surged the roar of battle round
 them,
 Swiftly flew the iron hail,
 Forward dashed a thousand bayo-
 nets
 That lone battery to assail.
 From the foeman's foremost col-
 umns
 Swept a furious fusillade,
 Mowing down the massed bat-
 talions
 In the ranks of Greene's bri-
 gade.

Fast and faster worked the gun-
 ner,
 Soiled with powder, blood, and
 dust,
 English bayonets shown before
 him,
 Shot and shell around *him
 burst;
 Still he fought with reckless dar-
 ing,

Stood and manned it long and
 well,
 Till at last the gallant fellow
 Dead beside his cannon fell.

With a bitter cry of sorrow,
 And a dark and angry frown,
 Looked that band of gallant
 patriots
 At their gunner stricken down.
 "Fall back, comrades; it is folly
 Thus to strive against the foe."
 "No! Not so," cried Irish Molly;
 "We can strike another blow.

"In the bloody breach of Limerick,
 I have heard my mother tell
 How the fairest maids of Ireland
 Fought and for their country fell,
 And within that breach of danger
 Feared not gun or cannon's
 crack,
 And at last in blood and terror
 Drove the tyrant William back.

"We fight 'gainst the same red
 banner,
 And the same red hireling band;
 George or William, 'tis no mat-
 ter—
 Both hail from the same false
 land.
 Down with tyrants! No surrender!
 Here I'll stand beside this gun
 Till we beat them and defeat
 them;
 Come, I'll show you how 'tis
 done."

Quickly leaped she to the cannon
 In her fallen husband's place,
 Sponged and rammed it fast and
 steady,
 Fired it in the foeman's face.
 Flashed another ringing volley,
 Roarded another from the gun;
 "Boys, hurrah!" cried gallant
 Molly,
 "For the flag of Washington."

Greene's brigade, tho' torn and
shattered,
Slain and bleeding half their
men,
When they hear that Irish slogan,
Turn and charge the foe again.

Knox, and Wayne, and Morgan
rally
To the front they forward wheel,
And before their rushing onset,
Clinton's English columns reel.

Still the cannon's voice in anger
Rolled and rattled o'er the plain.
Till there lay in swarms around it
Mangled heaps of Hessian slain.
"Forward! Charge them with the
bayonet!"

'Twas the voice of Washington;
And there burst a fiery greeting
From the Irishwoman's gun.

Moncton falls; against his columns
Leap the troops of Wayne and
Lee,
And before their reeking bay-
onets

Clinton's red battalions flee.
Morgan's rifles, fiercely flashing,
Thin the foe's retreating ranks,
And behind them, onward dashing,
Ogden hovers on their flanks.

Fast they fly, those boasting
Britons,
Who in all their glory came,
With their brutal Hessian hire-
lings,

To wipe out our country's name.
Proudly floats the starry banner,
Monmouth's glorious field is
won,
And in triumph Irish Molly
Stands beside her smoking gun.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE FRENCH FLEET—SULLIVAN'S RHODE ISLAND CAMPAIGN—THE MASSACRES OF WYOMING AND CHERRY VALLEY—THE SURPRISE AND PLUNDER OF NEW HAVEN AND THE BURNING OF FAIRFIELD AND NORWALK.

The arrival of the French fleet at the mouth of the Delaware on July 8, 1778, was the occasion of much rejoicing on the part of the Americans, though many lamented the fact that it did not arrive a few weeks earlier, when it could have brought the war to a close by hemming in the British in Philadelphia and destroying their inferior fleet.

The fleet consisted of twelve ships of the line and six frigates, with a land force of 4,000 men. It was under the command of the Count d'Estaing, a man who had seen much service both on sea and land and who had fought in India under Count Lally, the Franco-Irish hero of Fontenoy. He was taken prisoner at Madras in 1759, but was released on parole.

He soon after joined the navy, was given command of two ships, and inflicted great damage on the English while in the east, but on his return was captured by British cruisers. He was imprisoned in Portsmouth and subjected to cruel treatment. Admiral Boscawen, who was chief commander of the British forces in India, often said that if ever he should get "the villain in his power again" he would chain him upon the quarter deck and treat him like a baboon.

D'Estaing returned these bitter feelings with interest, and long afterward, when about to be guillotined by the French revolutionists, he said: "Send my head to the English; they will pay you well for it."

Count d'Estaing was a sincere friend of the American cause. Through the aid of Marie Antoinette he placed in the King's hands a memoir against the timid policy of the French ministers and aided considerably in bringing about the alliance with America. While in American waters the fates seemed to be against him, and, though he entered into the war with spirit, his efforts were generally doomed to defeat.

The moral effect of his presence, however, drove the British out of Philadelphia and eventually out of Newport, and otherwise helped the cause of the patriots in many material ways.

Even when he returned to France he endeavored to persuade the ministry to send 12,000 men to America as the best way of pursuing the war, and his advocacy, united with that of Lafayette to the same end, resulted in the sending of the Count de Rochambeau and 6,000 men to aid in the struggle for independence.

On July 13, while encamped at Paramus, Washington received a letter from Congress informing him of the arrival of the French fleet and instructing him to concert measures with the commander, the Count d'Estaing, for offensive operations by sea and land.

The count also wrote to Washington imparting the object of his mission. "Nothing will be wanting to my happiness," he concluded, "if I can succeed in it. It is augmented by the consideration of concerting my operations with a general such as your excellency. The talents and great actions of General Washington have insured him, in the eyes of all Europe, the truly sublime title of Deliverer of America."

In the correspondence which followed it was at first decided that the count should enter New York bay and capture or destroy the British fleet. Should he succeed in this, which his greatly superior force rendered more than probable, he was to proceed against the city, with the co-operation of the American forces.

To be close at hand for such a purpose, Washington crossed the Hudson with his army at King's Ferry and took up his headquarters at White Plains on July 20, filled with high hopes for his country.

The discovery that the French ships could not cross the bar at Sandy Hook compelled Washington and D'Estaing to change their programme and transfer the scene of their operations from New York to Rhode Island, where the British, to the number of 6,000 men under General Pigot, with headquarters at Newport, on Rhode Island proper, were strongly fortified.

General John Sullivan was in command of the Americans in Rhode Island, with headquarters at Providence, having been appointed to that important post in the spring of 1778.

The French fleet appeared off the harbor of Newport on July 29, and the next morning, to the great joy of the inhabitants, anchored near Breton's Reef, where General Sullivan had a conference with the admiral and a plan of operations was agreed upon. Washington had previously directed Sullivan to call on the New England States for 4,000 militia, and the victors of Bunker Hill and Bennington nobly responded to the summons. The Massachusetts militia marched under John Hancock as general, while the heroes of Bennington were commanded by William

Whipple. Two brigades of Continental infantry, under Lafayette, was sent from the main army, and the whole force, 10,000 strong, was arranged in two divisions, under Greene and Lafayette, with Sullivan in supreme command.

On the morning of the 5th of August d'Estaing commenced operations. Two of his vessels approached to the attack of four British frigates and some smaller vessels lying near Providence Island. Fearing to fight the Frenchman, and unable to escape, the British burned all their ships to prevent d'Estaing from capturing them. Had the Americans been prepared to co-operate with d'Estaing at this juncture the whole British force at Newport would have been compelled to surrender. Although General Sullivan had everything in readiness at Providence, delays in the arrival of troops prevented his departure for Newport, and it was nearly a week before he was able to advance upon it. This unavoidable delay proved fatal to the enterprise.

On the 10th of August Sullivan landed his forces on Rhode Island proper and encamped upon the high ground known as Quaker Hill, about ten miles north of Newport. The British retreated before him and strongly entrenched themselves three miles north of that city.

Two days after d'Estaing left Sandy Hook four British men-of-war arrived there under Admiral Byron. With this reinforcement Howe determined to proceed to the relief of the King's forces at Newport, and on the afternoon of the 9th of August, with a fleet of twenty-five sails, appeared off that harbor.

The next morning, instead of landing his marines to co-operate with Sullivan, who was then on the ground, d'Estaing sailed out of the harbor to give battle to the British in the open sea, where he thought he could fight to the best advantage. The first day was spent by both fleets in maneuvering for position, and on the next a terrific storm occurred, which scattered the belligerents and postponed all thought of action.

The same storm inflicted terrible injury on Sullivan's army, exposed as they were to all its fury. Not a tent or marquee could be kept standing, several soldiers perished, many horses died, and all the powder delivered to the troops was destroyed by the fierce rain. The troops were in a deplorable state when the storm ceased, but in a day or two they were on the alert again, and, expecting the prompt return of the French fleet, they marched forward to within two miles of the enemy's lines and took up their position on Honeymoon Hill, where they began to construct batteries and make regular approaches.

Their situation, however, was growing critical. On the evening of the 19th they descried the expected fleet standing in towards

the harbor. All was exultation in the camp. Should the French with their ships and troops attack the town by sea and land on one side, while the Americans assailed it on the other, the surrender of Newport was inevitable.

But their hopes were doomed to disappointment. D'Estaing came back, according to his promise, but his ships were in such a dismantled state after the storm that he felt it his duty to retire to Boston for repairs. All remonstrances with him were in vain, and he left the Americans to carry on the fight alone. Lafayette even followed him to Boston to induce him to come back, riding the entire distance of seventy miles in six and a half hours, but only succeeded in getting a promise that he would march his troops by land to aid the Americans in the siege if requested.

Thus left to his own resources, and fearing the return of the British fleet, which could cut off his retreat to the mainland, Sullivan deemed it prudent to retire to the north end of the island. Being pursued by the British, he made a stand at Quaker Hill, and there, on August 29, from 7 in the morning to the same hour in the evening, he fought what Lafayette pronounced the best contested battle of the war and succeeded in driving back the British with great loss.

Taking advantage of their confusion and under cover of darkness, Sullivan marched down to the ferry, and before midnight the whole American army had crossed in flat-bottomed boats to the mainland in good order and without the loss of a man. Much dissatisfaction was expressed at the failure of the Americans in Rhode Island, and d'Estaing and Sullivan were subjected to some severe criticism, but both were not only exonerated but warmly thanked by Washington and Congress for their action in the matter. Washington knew Sullivan too well to attach any blame to him and wrote as follows to d'Estaing:

"If the deepest regret that the best concerted enterprise and bravest exertions should have been rendered fruitless by a disaster which human prudence was incapable of foreseeing, or preventing, can alleviate disappointment, you may be assured that the whole continent sympathizes with you. It will be a consolation for you to reflect that the thinking part of mankind do not form their judgment from events, and that their equity will ever attach equal glory to those actions which deserve success, as well as those which have been crowned with it. It is in the trying circumstances to which your excellency has been exposed that the virtues of a great mind are displayed in their brightest luster and that a general's character is better known than in the hour of victory. It was yours by every title which can give it, and the adverse ele-

ments which robbed you of your prize can never deprive you of the glory due to you."

While the British occupied Rhode Island the whole eastern seaboard was at their mercy. Warships patrolled up and down Long Island Sound, capturing almost every craft that came along and sending its crew to the prison ships. Sometimes, however, the fates went against them and they fell a prey to Yankee ingenuity, victory being wrenched from them by ships far inferior to their own. This was the case with a British warship stationed in the neighborhood of New London. A Yankee captain, who had previously suffered at her hands, resolved to square the account if possible. He conceived a scheme to capture the big warship with his little brig and prevailed upon an American colonel to grant him the use of one hundred soldiers for the enterprise. These he secreted in his hold and started on his voyage. He was hailed as usual by the warship and asked what he had on board.

"Vegetables, garden sass, and lots of other sass," he responded.

This unusual answer aroused the curiosity of the Englishmen, and they nearly all crowded on board the little Yankee to view the strange cargo. At a signal from the captain the hatches were thrown open, the American soldiers rushed on deck and made prisoners of all the Britishers. There being only a few men left on board the warship, she was easily seized by the Americans and brought back to New London in triumph, to the great joy of all the inhabitants.

As related by Crimmins, Captain Melally, the Irish commander of an American privateer, captured another British warship through a stroke of good fortune. He was with his ship at Newport after the enemy had evacuated it when the British sloop-of-war Crawford sailed into the harbor, her captain supposing the place to be still in the possession of the King's troops. Captain Melally soon made him realize his mistake and seized the valuable prize without firing a gun or the loss of a single man.

The British held possession of Rhode Island until October 25, 1779. During their three years' stay they desolated the entire State, and their last act was to burn the barracks at Fort Adams and the lighthouse upon Beavertail Point, the flaming torch marking their exit as well as their entrance and their stay.

After the battle of Rhode Island they directed their main efforts towards the subjugation of the South, but they continued to rack the eastern and middle States with predatory expeditions and massacres unequalled for fiendishness in the whole history of war. The threat of the peace commissioners that the country

would be laid waste was carried out to the letter whenever possible.

The peaceful valley of Wyoming, in Pennsylvania, was one of the first places selected for these murderous assaults. The British and Tories of Central New York, allied with a band of Indians nearly one thousand strong and commanded by John Butler, made a descent upon it in July, 1778.

This John Butler was one of the Ormondes of Ireland, the most treacherous of all the English servitors in that country, and he carried out in Wyoming the same bloody policy by which his ancestors had desolated Ireland for ages.

At the beginning of July, 1778, Butler and his band of murderers appeared in Wyoming. There was no one to oppose them but old men and children, all the fighting men being absent in the patriot army. Colonel Zebulon Butler, of the Continental army, an Irish Butler, who was no relative of the Tory, happened to be home on leave of absence at the time and defended the place as best he could, but without avail. His little army of boys and their grandfathers was easily defeated by the white and red savages, who outnumbered them three to one, and then commenced a reign of terror which depopulated the whole valley. Every house was burned to the ground and all the inhabitants were either murdered in cold blood or driven into the swamps and mountains.

"The Indians flung away their guns," writes Newcome, in his vivid description of the awful scenes, "and resorted to the spear, the scalping knife, and tomahawk. Soon they had strewn the plain with the bodies of 160 victims, reserving others, including the captains of the six Wyoming companies, for the torture fires which were kindled on the river bank as soon as night fell. The vanquished patriots to whom life remained fled through the fields of ripening grain to the Susquehanna River and flung themselves into the flood, where many were scalped and slain. A few swam to Monokasy Island, but were pursued and butchered there.

"One of the wildest scenes of the fateful day had Queen Esther, the Amazonian ruler of the Senecas, for its central figure. Some twenty of the Connecticut settlers who were taken prisoners by the British and Indians were ranged around in a circle. Outside this ring of death a row of savages stood with drawn spears, making escape impossible. Then Queen Esther entered the circle, armed with a death maul, and crushed in the skulls of her victims, whose scalps were afterward fastened to her golden girdle in ghastly adornment.

"The most fearful scenes of all were witnessed as night fell. Then more than a thousand homes of the settlers were set on fire and the valley became one red scene of ruin from Dial Rock to

Nanticoke, below Wilkes Barre. At Fort Forty, where most of the women and children of the settlement had been placed for safety, the wildest panic prevailed and hundreds fled in terror before the cry, 'The savages are coming.' Many of the women were drowned in the Susquehanna, others went down the river in canoes, and on rafts, but the greatest number made their way to the wilderness known as the Great Swamp and plunged into its depth to escape the nameless horrors which they dreaded.

"The saddest, most pathetic phase of all that terrible chapter is the story of the sufferings endured by those refugees. They perished pitifully in scores, and the region now called the Pocus was strewn with their famished bodies. For years the place was known as 'the shades of death.' History has never done full justice to the sacrifices and sufferings of the people of Wyoming or given their sad story its proper perspective. They were as much the victims of the revolutionary war as were those who died fighting by the side of Washington. The immortal Washington himself evidently recognized this fact when he sent a force of 4,000 men a year later, under command of General John Sullivan, of New Hampshire, to chastise the Six Nations in their stronghold and destroy their homes and fields as a fitting reprisal for the devastation of Wyoming."

As the guest of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, President Roosevelt recently visited the scene of these horrors, and his blood must have coursed swiftly through his veins as he read the following inscription on the monument which marks the resting place of the martyrs:

"Near this spot was fought, on the afternoon of Friday, the 3d of July, 1778, the battle of Wyoming, in which a small band of patriotic Americans, chiefly the undisciplined, the youthful, and the aged, spared by inefficiency from the distant ranks of the republic, led by Colonel Zebulon Butler and Colonel Nathan Denison, with a courage that deserved success, boldly met and bravely fought a combined British, Tory, and Indian force of thrice their number. Numerical superiority alone gave success to the invader, and widespread havoc, desolation, and ruin marked his savage and bloody footsteps through the valley. This monument, commemorative of these events and the actors in them, has been erected over the bones of the slain by their descendants and others who gratefully appreciate the services and sacrifices of their patriotic ancestors."

One of the most pathetic incidents of Wyoming was the abduction of Frances Slocum, a little girl of five years of age. Her mother, bereft of husband and father in the massacre, mourned the lost one until she went to her grave, but never could be con-

vinced that she was dead. Search after search resulted in sad failure, and it was not until the summer of 1837, fifty-nine years after her capture, that truthful tidings of the lost Frances were received.

Colonel Ewing, a son of the Irish-American revolutionary general of that name and Indian agent at Logansport, Ind., was the means of proving her complete identity. Under date of January 20, 1835, he wrote as follows to the postmaster of Lancaster, Pa., with a request that his communication be published in a Pennsylvania newspaper:

"There is now living near this place among the Miami tribe of Indians an aged woman, who a few days ago told me she was taken away from her father's house on or near the Susquehanna River when she was very young. She says her father's name was Slocum. She is old and feeble and thinks she shall not live long. These considerations induced her to give the present history of herself, which she never would before, fearing her kindred would come and force her away. She has lived long and happily as an Indian, is very respectable, wealthy, sober, and honest. Her name is without reproach."

This letter was thrown aside by the postmaster, who believed it to be a hoax, but a year and a half later his wife unearthed it from a mass of papers and had it published in the Lancaster Intelligencer, through which it finally reached the Slocum family.

Joseph Slocum, the brother of Frances, and a surviving sister, journeyed to Logansport, and Colonel Ewing sent for the woman of whom he had written, whose home was some twelve miles away. Toward evening the next day she came into the town riding a spirited young horse, accompanied by two daughters in full Indian costume.

Having lost all knowledge of her native tongue an interpreter was procured and she listened seriously to what her people had to say. She remained almost silent at the interview, but promised to return next morning. She was true to her appointment, and her brother then alluded to a mark of recognition which his mother said would be a sure test. While playing one day with a hammer Joseph, then two and a half years old, gave Frances a blow upon the middle finger of the left hand, which crushed the bone and destroyed the nail. The aged woman became greatly excited during his recital, and with tears streaming down her face she held up the wounded finger, thus banishing all doubt. Her feelings for her kindred were aroused and scenes long since forgotten flitted before her mind. She made earnest inquiries for the members of her family and told the story of her own life.

She said the first night of her captivity was the unhappiest in

her memory. She was kindly treated and brought up in an Indian family as their daughter. She became expert in all the employments of Indian life and married a young chief of her nation. So happy was she in her domestic relations that the chance of being compelled to return among the whites was the greatest evil that she feared, for she had been taught that they were the implacable enemies of the Indians, whom she loved. She told the whole story of her life, and when she concluded she lifted her right hand in a solemn manner and said: "All this is as true as that there is a Great Spirit in the heavens." She continued to live with the Indians, surrounded by her children and grandchildren. The affecting story of her life was laid before Congress, and John Quincy Adams pleaded her cause so eloquently that he drew tears from the eyes of his listeners. Congress gave her a tract of land a mile square and there her descendants still dwell.

In addition to the horrors of Wyoming, the country along the Mohawk in New York and the counties of Schoharie and Otsego were severely scourged by the Indians and Tories all through the summer and fall of 1778. Sir John Johnson, son and heir of Sir William Johnson, who died before the revolution; Colonel John Butler, the destroyer of Wyoming; his son, Walter Butler, and Joseph Brant, an Indian chief of the Mohawk Nation, were the chief perpetrators of all the crimes committed on the settlers in this section.

Sir William Johnson was an Irishman of the same type as John Butler, and settled in the Mohawk Valley in 1738, where he built himself a castle and was ruler of affairs generally. He was a man of no moral character whatever, but treated the Indians with some justice in order to win their friendship. After the death of his wife he never married again, but maintained many mistresses, both Indian and white, in his baronial hall at Johnstown, N. Y., Molly, the sister of Joseph Brant, by whom he had eight children, being one of them.

Sir John Johnson inherited all the evil qualities of his father, with the added one of bitter hatred for the Americans in their fight for liberty. He secured for Brant a colonelcy in the British army and incited him against the white settlers by other preferences. Brant, though a born savage, was really more humane than his Tory confreres, and many times refused to slaughter women and children at their behest.

Early in the spring of 1778 Brant and his warriors, with a large number of Tories, appeared at Oghkwaga, his headquarters the previous year. There he organized scalping parties and sent them out upon the borders. The settlers were cut off in de-

tail. Marauding parties fell upon the isolated families, and the blaze of dwellings upon the hills and in the valleys nightly warned the yet secure inhabitant to be on the alert. Their dwellings were turned into forts and women and children had to learn the use of arms.

Brandt descended upon the small settlement of Springfield, at the head of Otsego Lake, ten miles west of Cherry Valley, in May, and burned every house but one, in which he collected the women and children and kept them unharmed. This act of mercy was attributed to the fact that he was not accompanied by Tories in this expedition and he was free to act in accordance with the dictates of his own more humane conscience.

Captain McKean, with some volunteers, whose headquarters were at Cherry Valley, was upon his trail at this time, and wrote him a letter censuring him for his predatory warfare and intimating that he was too cowardly to show himself in open and honorable conflict. McKean challenged him to single combat, or with an equal number of men, and concluded by telling him that they would change him from a Brant to a goose. This letter reached Brant and irritated him exceedingly, for he soon after wrote to a Tory named Cass that the people of Cherry Valley would find themselves mistaken in calling him a goose. It doubtless, too, incited him to join Walter Butler in desolating Cherry Valley some months later.

Brant destroyed the settlements of Andrustown and German Flats, and continued on the warpath until checked by the arrival of troops from the main army.

Soon after the battle of Monmouth, Colonel William Butler and his Pennsylvania regiment, with a detachment of Morgan's rifle corps, among whom was Timothy Murphy, who greatly frightened the Indians with his double-barreled rifle, were ordered to Tryon County to chastise the white and red savages and protect threatened settlements. These troops inspired the people with confidence and they anticipated a season of repose.

Brant was on his way to his winter quarters at Niagara when he met Walter Butler coming back to the settlements to seek vengeance for the imprisonment he suffered at the hands of the patriots. He was arrested the year previous and sentenced to be hanged for the many crimes he had committed, but was pardoned through some powerful influence and finally made his escape.

He obtained from his Tory father the command of a detachment of his rangers and permission to employ them, with the Indians under Brant, in an expedition against the settlers in Tryon County. Brant, hating young Butler cordially, at first refused to

join him, but was finally induced to accompany the expedition, their united forces amounting to about seven hundred men.

Cherry Valley, the most important settlement on the head waters of the Susquehanna, was selected as the first place of slaughter. Colonel Alden, the American commander there, received timely warning of their coming, but treated the matter lightly and made no preparations for defense. He lost his own life in consequence and was responsible for the hideous slaughter which followed.

On November 10, 1778, thirty-two of the inhabitants, mostly women and children, and sixteen soldiers of the garrison, were killed under the most revolting circumstances. The whole settlement was plundered after the massacre, and every building in the village was fired when the enemy left with their booty and prisoners, the latter numbering nearly forty.

While Walter Butler was primarily responsible for the destruction of Cherry Valley, and for all the horrors enacted, his father, who provided him with the means of carrying out his terrible vengeance, must also be included in the infamy. But the younger fiend was the worst of the two. He spared neither friend nor foe in his desolation, and even Brant, the savage, recoiled from his atrocious orders. He was cruel and bloodthirsty to the end, and was shunned and viewed with horror by every one. He was so cordially hated that when he was killed by the Oneidas in 1781, while the other dead were buried with decency, his body was left to rot under the elements or to be devoured by the wild beasts.

Brant the savage had many good qualities. He was magnanimous to his fallen foes, grateful for friendship, and never harmed women or children. Dr. Dwight relates that Walter Butler ordered a woman and child to be slain in bed at Cherry Valley, when Brant interposed, saying: "What! Kill a woman, a child! That child is not an enemy to the King nor a friend to Congress. Long before he will be big enough to do any mischief the dispute will be settled." When in 1780 Sir John Johnson and Brant led a desolating army through the Schoharie and Mohawk valleys, Brant again displayed his humanity by sending back an infant that had been captured, with the following letter to the American commander: "Sir, I send you by one of my runners the child, which he will deliver, that you may know that, whatever others may do, I do not make war upon women and children. I am sorry to say that I have those engaged with me who are more savage than the savages themselves."

After the massacre of Cherry Valley, Brant inquired for Captain McKean, who, with his family, had left the settlement. "He sent me a challenge," said Brant. "I came to accept it. He

is a fine soldier thus to retreat." When it was explained to him that Captain McKean would not turn his back upon an enemy, Brant replied: "I know it. He is a brave man and I would have given more to take him than any other man in Cherry Valley, but I would not have hurt a hair of his head."

No opportunity was allowed to pass by the British whereby injury could be inflicted on defenseless people. On September 5, 1778, while the fleet of Lord Howe, having on board General Sir Henry Clinton, with 5,000 British soldiers, was on its way to New York from its unsuccessful attack on the French fleet, Clinton ordered his marauding officer, General Grey, to land with his troops at New Bedford, where between 5 o'clock in the evening and noon the next day he burned ships, houses, and other property to the value of \$323,000. Grey and his troops then proceeded to Martha's Vineyard, where they destroyed several vessels and made a requisition for the militia arms, the public money, 300 oxen, and 10,000 sheep. The defenseless inhabitants were obliged to comply with the requisition, and the marauders returned to New York with a plentiful supply of provisions for the British army.

Three weeks after this General Grey again distinguished himself in his usual manner by a midnight attack on the Americans at Tappan, N. J., who lay sleeping and unarmed in barns. "At midnight," writes Lossing, "Grey approached silently, cut off a sergeant's patrol of twelve men without noise, and completely surprised the troop of horse. Unarmed and in the power of the enemy, they asked for quarter, but this was inhumanly refused by Grey, who, like Tryon, was a famous marauder during the war. On this occasion he gave special orders not to grant any quarter. Many of the soldiers were bayoneted in cold blood. Out of 104 persons sixty-seven were butchered."

In October, 1778, by command of Sir Henry Clinton, Major Ferguson, a Scotchman, led a band that destroyed the shipping in Little Egg Harbor, N. J., burned the houses, and laid waste the lands of the patriots. They surprised Pulaski's command in the dead of night and killed all they could, about forty in all, taking no prisoners. In 1779 he did the same sort of work along the Hudson and subsequently distinguished himself in like manner in the South.

New Haven, Conn., suffered equally with its sister cities along the seaboard throughout the revolutionary war, but its severest trial was an invasion by a British force, under Governor Tryon, of New York, and General Garth, in the summer of 1779. Many of our present-day historians claim that the excesses of the British army were the work of irresponsible officers, who went

beyond the commands of their superiors, but it has been proved that the chief commanders designed the whole plan of predatory warfare and received orders from the home government to carry it out.

Governor Tryon, of New York, placed himself on record as an advocate of the torch in a letter which he wrote after he had destroyed Continental Village, near Peekskill, on October 9, 1777, in reply to one of remonstrance from the patriot General Parsons. "I have," he says, "candor enough to assure you that I should, were I in more authority, burn every committee man's home within my reach, as I deem those agents the wicked instruments of the continued calamities of this country; and in order sooner to purge this country of them I am willing to give \$25 for every acting committee man who shall be delivered up to the Kings' troops."

Arthur Lee, the agent of Congress in Europe, notified Governor Trumbull, of Connecticut, of the intended attack on that State. Writing to him from Paris, under date of April 6, 1799, he says: "I have received intelligence that it is determined in the British cabinet to send over immediate orders to New York for an expedition through the sound up Connecticut River. The enemy are to land at Weathersfield and proceed by land to New Haven Bay, where they are to re-embark, after having plundered and destroyed all in their path."

Owing to adverse winds and the capture of some of his papers, Lee's information did not arrive in time to warn the Americans, and it was only on the night before their landing that they received intelligence of the British approach.

Sir Henry Clinton placed Tryon in chief command of the expedition, which consisted of 2,600 men, two warships, and forty-eight transports and tenders, the naval commander being Sir George Collier. They did not go beyond New Haven and landed there on the morning of July 5.

As the inhabitants were taken by surprise, they at first offered but slight resistance to the English, and before night the town was in complete possession of the invaders, who committed many excesses and crimes, plundering deserted houses, ravishing unprotected women, and murdering several citizens. It was their intention to lay the town in ashes, but the aroused citizens soon collected in such formidable numbers that they were forced back to their ships before they had time to carry out their full designs.

Among the first to oppose the British was the Rev. Dr. Daggett, a former president of Yale College, who took a musket in his hand and joined the patriot cause. He was soon wounded and taken prisoner, and would have been murdered but for the inter-

ference of a young Tory who had been a student in the college. He was cruelly injured with bayonets after he had surrendered and asked for quarter. But even while he was thus cruelly treated and abused, and cursed at the same time, his patriotism remained unshaken, and when asked if he would again take up arms, he firmly replied: "I rather believe I shall if I get the opportunity."

The learned doctor, in his own hand, leaves on file in the office of the Secretary of State at Hartford the following record of the treatment he received at the hands of the British:

"I was insulted in the most shocking manner by the ruffian soldiers, many of whom came at me with fixed bayonets and swore they would kill me on the spot. They drove me with the main body a hasty march of five miles or more. They damned me—those that took me—because they spared my life. Thus, amid a thousand insults, my infernal drivers hastened me along faster than my strength would admit in the extreme heat of the day, weakened as I was by my wounds and the loss of blood, which at a moderate computation could not be less than one quart. And when I failed in some degree through faintness they would strike me on the back with a heavy walking staff and kick me behind with their feet. At length, by the supporting power of God, I arrived at the Green, New Haven. But my life was almost spent, the world around me several times appearing as dark as midnight. I obtained leave of an officer to be carried into the Widow Lyman's and laid upon a bed where I lay the rest of the day and succeeding night in such acute and excruciating pain as I never felt before."

Dr. Timothy Dwight, for twenty-one years president of Yale College, gives the following graphic description of the burning of Fairfield: "On July 7, 1779, Governor Tryon, with the army, sailed from New Haven, and the next morning disembarked upon the beach. A few militia assembled to oppose them and fought with great intrepidity through most of the day. But the expedition was so sudden and unexpected that efforts made in this manner were necessarily fruitless. The town was plundered; a great part of the houses, together with the two churches, the court house, jail, and school houses, were burnt. The barns had just been filled with wheat and other produce. While the town was in flames a thunderstorm overspread the heavens just as night came on. The conflagration of 200 houses illuminated the earth, the clouds, and the waves of the sound with a union of gloom and grandeur at once inexpressibly awful and magnificent. The sky speedily was hung with the deepest darkness wherever the clouds were not tinged by the melancholy luster of the flames. At intervals the lightning blazed with a livid and terrible splendor. The thunder

rolled above. Beneath, the roaring of the fires filled up the intervals, while a deep and hollow sound, which seemed to be the protracted murmur of the thunder, reverberated from one end of heaven to the other. Add to this convulsion of the elements, and these dreadful effects of vindictive and wanton devastation, the trembling of the earth, the sharp sounds of muskets occasionally discharged, the groans here and there of the wounded and dying, and shouts of triumph, then place before your eyes the crowds of miserable sufferers, mingled with the bodies of the militia, and from the neighboring hills taking a farewell prospect of their property and their dwellings, their happiness and their hopes, and you will form a just but imperfect picture of the burning of Fairfield. It needed no great effort of imagination to believe that the final day had arrived, and that, amid this funeral darkness, the morning would speedily dawn, to which no night would ever succeed."

The cruelties committed upon helpless women and children and the wanton destruction of property at Fairfield were worthy only of savages, and made the name of Tryon a synonym for everything infernal. The passions of the soldiery were excited by strong drink, and murder, pillage, and brutal violence to women were their employment throughout the night.

On the same expedition Governor Tryon sailed into Norwalk on the night of the 11th of July. Here the terrible scenes of Fairfield were re-enacted and 212 buildings, among them two churches and five ships, were given to the flames. While the village was burning Tryon sat in a rocking chair on Graman's Hill and viewed the devouring flames with all the pleasure of a Nero.

Altogether Tryon destroyed on this expedition 606 buildings and seventeen ships, with a vast quantity of merchandise and provisions.

Even Lecky, the English historian, feels called upon to expose the barbarity of the British in the conduct of the war. "Two expeditions," he writes, "must be specially noticed, for they proved that the threats of the peace commissioners that the war would be carried on in a harsher spirit by the English were by no means idle. Governor Tryon strongly represented to the English government that 'vigorous and hostile depredations' by small detachments sent from the army at New York would soon make America 'call aloud for the settlement offered by the King's commissioners.'

"In May, 1779, an expedition, commanded by Sir George Collier and General Matthew, made a descent upon Virginia, burned or captured more than one hundred and thirty vessels, destroyed nearly all the magazines, storehouses, and dock yards over a large area, burned every house in the little town of Suffolk, ex-

cept a church and one private building, reducing many country houses to ruin, and carried off or destroyed great quantities of tobacco and provisions.

"About six weeks later a second expedition, in which 2,600 land troops were employed, under the personal command of Governor Tryon, descended upon Connecticut. The little town of New Haven was given up to almost indiscriminate plunder. Fairfield, East Haven, and the flourishing town of Norwalk were set fire to and wholly or partially destroyed, and an immense amount of property of many kinds was plundered or burned. The conduct of the British was only slightly palliated by the allegation that the towns which were burned had fired upon English troops. Vast numbers of peaceable and inoffensive persons, who did not make a shadow of resistance, were ruined and outraged."

And again Lecky says that "the American prisoners who had been confined in New York after the battle of Long Island were so emaciated and broken down by scandalous neglect or ill usage that Washington refused to receive them in exchange for an equal number of healthy British and Hessian troops. There were numerous instances of plundering and burning of private houses brought home to the British soldiers or their German allies; and several small towns were deliberately burned because they had fired on British soldiers, because they had become active centers of privateering or because they contained stores and magazines that might be useful to the Americans."

Lecky naturally leans to the English side and makes all the excuses possible in its behalf, but even as he states the case it is a terrible arraignment—as bad almost as the picture of English rule in Ireland which he drew when he was yet free from that pernicious influence which later made him recant his most truthful writings and enlist himself among the enemies of his native land.

In his earlier days Lecky warmly indorsed Burke's opinion of the penal laws in Ireland and held them to be, as Burke did—"a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."

This was the machine that Clinton, Grey, Tryon, and the other leaders of English civilization introduced into America during the Revolution with the full approbation of the King and government. It was merely the transplanting of the old Irish machine, encrusted with the blood of centuries—the setting of brother against brother and father against son, the employment of the torch and tomahawk, the constant practice of treachery and de-

ceit, and the encouragement of everything vicious and depraved in human nature.

But even in the face of all these bitter experiences and provocations Washington and Congress not only refrained from anything like retaliation, but treated those who fell into their hands with a charity and kindness that Lecky feels called upon to acknowledge.

"It is," he writes, "but justice to the Americans to add that their conduct during the war appears to have been almost uniformly humane. No charges of neglect of prisoners, like those which were brought, apparently with too good reason, against the English, were substantiated against them. The conduct of Washington was marked by a steady and careful humanity, and Franklin also appears to have done much to mitigate the war. It was noticed by Burke that when a great storm desolated the West Indian Islands in 1780 Franklin issued orders that provision ships should pass unmolested to the British, as well as to the other isles, while the English thought this a proper time to send an expedition against St. Vincent's to recover it from the French."

This marked the difference between American and English civilization, and the same conditions, unchanged and unchangeable, exist to-day.

During the latter part of 1778 and 1779 Washington continued to hover around the Hudson Highlands, his lines extending from the borders of Connecticut, across the Hudson, to the Raritan River in New Jersey. Here he watched the movements of the enemy and stood ready to intercept them whichever way they advanced. He did his best to protect the eastern and middle states from the inhuman onslaughts of the English, but he had no means of stopping their attacks on the coast towns which we have chronicled.

He had, moreover, to watch and guide the conflict in the South and to direct the special expeditions which he successfully launched against the British—like the brilliant storming of Stony Point by General Wayne and the advance of General Sullivan against the Indians in Western New York—two of the greatest achievements in the Revolutionary War, which were, we are proud to say, carried out by Irish-Americans.

CHAPTER XXXI.

GENERAL JOHN SULLIVAN'S EXPEDITION AGAINST THE TORIES AND INDIANS, AND THE GALLANT STORMING OF STONY POINT BY GENERAL ANTHONY WAYNE—THE TWO GREAT MILITARY EVENTS OF 1779, ONE OF THEM THE MOST GLORIOUS IN THE HISTORY OF THE REVOLUTION, CARRIED OUT BY IRISH-AMERICAN COMMANDERS.

In the early months of 1779 Washington spent much time in Philadelphia endeavoring to arouse Congress to a proper sense of its duty to the army in the field and to pay due attention to public affairs. He was highly incensed at the manner in which the patriot camp was forgotten amid the revelry of the capital.

"An assembly, a concert, or a dinner," he wrote to Colonel Harrison, of Virginia, "that will cost three or four hundred pounds, will not only take off men from acting in this business, but even from thinking of it, while a great part of the officers of our army, from absolute necessity, are quitting the service, and the more virtuous few, rather than do this, are sinking by sure degrees into beggary and want. I confess to you I feel more real distress on account of the present appearance of things than I have done at any one time since the commencement of the dispute."

A sectional spirit had also developed in many of the States which kept most of the best men at home and left national affairs in the hands of representatives in no way equal to those who had prepared the Declaration of Independence and stood behind the first movements of the war.

Presuming that the English would maintain their present posts and carry on the war as heretofore, Washington decided to remain entirely on the defensive. He made only one exception to this rule, and that was an innovation on his part to which he had hitherto refrained from resorting.

The ravages and massacres perpetrated by the Indians and their British and Tory allies at Wyoming, Cherry Valley, and elsewhere called for signal vengeance to prevent their repetition and Washington was forced against his will to adopt the tactics of the enemy—to penetrate the Indian country and make war upon them in their own style.



GENERAL JOHN SULLIVAN.

The command of this expedition was at first tendered to General Gates, but that officer, thinking more of his personal comforts than the interests of his country, declined the honor. General John Sullivan, always ready to comply with the wishes of Washington, was then placed in charge of the movement, with the hearty concurrence of Congress.

An incident occurred during the preliminary stages of the campaign which gave Washington great pain, but which clearly proved, as Irving says, how well he understood the genius and circumstances of the people over whom he was placed and how truly he was their protector even more than their commander.

General Maxwell's New Jersey brigade of militia was ordered to march as one of the component parts of the expedition, when the officers of its first regiment hesitated to obey. By the depreciation of the paper money their pay was incompetent to their support; it was in fact merely nominal. The consequence was, as they alleged, that they were loaded with debt and their families at home were starving; yet the State turned a deaf ear to their complaint. Thus aggrieved, they addressed a remonstrance to the legislature on the subject of their pay, intimating that, should it not receive the immediate attention of that body, they might, at the expiration of three days, be considered as having resigned and other officers might be appointed in their places.

Here was one of the many dilemmas which called for the judgment, moderation, and great personal weight and influence of Washington. He was eminently the soldier's friend, but he was no less thoroughly the patriot general. He knew and felt the privations and distress of the army and the truth of the grievances complained of, but he saw also the evil consequences that might result from such a course as that which the officers had adopted. Acting, therefore, as a mediator, he corroborated the statements of the complainants on the one hand, and urged on the State Government the necessity of a more adequate provision for the officers and the danger of subjecting them to continued privations.

On the other hand, through General Maxwell, who did all he could settle matters satisfactorily, Washington represented to the officers the difficulties with which the Government itself had to contend from a deranged currency and exhausted resources. He called upon them, therefore, for a further exertion of that patience and perseverance which had hitherto done them the highest honor at home and abroad, had inspired him with unlimited confidence in their virtue, and consoled him amid every perplexity and reverse of fortune to which the national affairs had been exposed.

In this way Washington rose superior to the perplexing situation, all difficulties were overcome, and the officers marched with their regiment.

General Sullivan assembled his forces at Easton, Pa., in May, 1779. With over three thousand men he crossed the wilderness to the Susquehanna and ascended that river, through the desolated region of Wyoming and on to the territory of the Six Nations in Western New York. At Tioga he was joined by an army under General James Clinton, who had come down from the Mohawk Valley, through Lake Otsego and the East Branch of the Susquehanna.

Their united forces numbered five thousand men, and together they swept the Indian country like a fiery blast, driving the Indians and English before them like a pack of frightened beasts and destroying everything in their path. They marched past the site of the present city of Elmira, through the lake country in the central portion of the State, and did not come to a halt until they reached Livingston County, almost within hailing distance of where Rochester now stands.

The white and red savages harassed them somewhat in their march, but generally fled before them. They made only one determined stand—at Newton, in Chemung County, within five miles of Elmira, where they were defeated with great loss. In this battle, which was fought on Sunday, August 29, the enemy's force consisted of British regulars, two battalions of Royal Greens, Tories, and Indians, in all numbering about 1,500 men. They were commanded by Colonel John Butler and his son Walter, while Brant led on the Indians. They designed to catch the Americans in an ambuscade by concealing their works and posting their forces so as to attack simultaneously both flanks, front and rear.

Their secret fortification was discovered just in time, and General Hand advanced to within four hundred yards of their breastworks, where, while waiting for the main army to come up, he was several times attacked by parties of Indians, who rushed out with war-whoops and then retreated into the fort. A hill upon the right swarmed with savages and Sullivan ordered Poor to sweep it with his brigade. They retreated before him, darting from tree to tree and rock to rock, but kept up a scattering fire until Proctor's artillery was brought into play and decided the fortunes of the day. Brant, perceiving that all was lost, raised the loud, retreating cry of "Oonah, Oonah," when savages and Tories abandoned their works and fled across the river in great confusion, closely pursued by the victors. Only three Americans were

killed and about fifty wounded, but the loss to the enemy was far greater.

One of the most tragic incidents of the expedition was that of Lieutenant Thomas Boyd and his little detachment of twenty-eight men who were sent to reconnoiter the position of the enemy in the vicinity of Conesus Lake on September 12, 1779.

Boyd was completely surrounded by the loyalist Butler and his Tories and Indians. Again and again he attempted to break through their line, but without success. He then sought to retreat, but was encompassed on all sides. The odds were fearful—eight hundred of the Indians and Tories to twenty-five Americans—but the scouts determined to sell all their lives as dearly as possible, and relief from the patriot army, which was only about a mile distant, was expected every moment.

Covered by a clump of trees Boyd and his men poured a murderous fire upon the enemy as they were closing around them, numbers of whom were seen to fall. In all, fifteen of Boyd's party were slain, eight escaped, Boyd and his sergeant, Michael Parker, were captured, and four had been sent out early in the morning to report to General Sullivan.

Among those who escaped was the noted Timothy Murphy, the sharpshooter, an account of whose hairbreadth escapes and deeds of daring would fill a volume. Boyd and Parker were put to death with the most cruel tortures, an account of which we quote from the oration delivered at Elmira by Erastus Brooks.

Among the slain were John Conroy, William Faughey, William Harvey, James McElroy, John Miller, and Benjamin Curtin, all distinctively Irish names, and samples of the men of Ireland who bravely gave up their lives for American independence.

Lieutenant Thomas Boyd was from Derry, Pa., and belonged to Colonel William Butler's regiment. He was only twenty-two years of age at the time of his awful death and was of fine physique, engaging manners, brave almost to recklessness, and endowed with many noble qualities.

Sullivan's expedition is but little spoken of in present histories and its great importance is lost sight of in the adverse comments directed mainly against General Sullivan, although he only carried out the peremptory orders of Washington and Congress. In 1879 interest was aroused in the movement by a series of centennial celebrations in the towns and cities along the line of Sullivan's march. The very existence of these towns and cities and the flourishing conditions which they enjoyed were in themselves ample evidence of the benefits conferred by General Sullivan on the Empire State.

He opened up the whole western territory to white settlement and by administering a severe lesson to the Indians and their even more savage allies, the English, he secured to the husbandman the peaceful pursuits which brought prosperity to the country. Before his march it was impossible for a white man to live in that section. After it the coalition of the English and the red men was utterly broken and peace generally reigned where all was desolation before.

"Our revolution," writes Headley, in his life of General Sullivan, "called forth every variety of talent and tried it in every mode of warfare. We had not only to organize a government and army with which to meet a powerful antagonist, and also quench the flames of civil war in our own land, but were compelled to meet a cloud of savages on their own field of battle, the impenetrable forest, and in their own way. The English enlisted them against us by promises of plunder and appealing to their revenge.

"The tragedies of Cherry Valley and Wyoming finally aroused our government to a vigorous protest. Washington being directed to adopt measures to punish these atrocities and secure our frontiers, ordered Sullivan to take an army and invade the Indian territories. The Six Nations, lying along the Susquehanna and around our inland lakes, were to be the objects of this attack. His orders were to burn their villages, destroy their grain, and lay waste their land.

"A partisan warfare had been long carried on between the border inhabitants and the Indians, in which there had been an exhibition of bravery, hardihood, and spirit of adventure never surpassed. For female heroism, patient suffering, personal prowess, and manly courage nothing can exceed it. Yet it had hitherto been a sort of hand-to-hand fighting, a measuring of the Indian's agility and cunning against the white man's strength and boldness; but now a large army with a skillful commander at its head was to sweep down everything in its passage."

The Six Nations consisted of the tribes of the Mohawks, Onondagas, Oneidas, Senecas, Cayugas, and Tuscaroras. The first five were a long time allied and were known as the Five Nations. They were joined by the Tuscaroras of North Carolina in 1714 and from that time the confederation was known by the title of the Six Nations. Their great council fire was in the special keeping of the Onondagas, by whom it was always kept burning.

The shortcomings of historians with regard to the Sullivan Expedition against the Six Nations is more than made up by the official action of the State of New York. In 1887, pursuant to an

act of the legislature, Frederick Cook, Secretary of State, prepared and published a large volume of nearly six hundred pages containing all the journals of the expedition, the official reports of General Sullivan and his officers, and the records of the various centennial celebrations to which we have alluded.

A mere glance at this volume will show that the Irish element largely predominated in the movement. On page 66 is printed a sketch of General Sullivan's order of march, with the names of the generals and their positions in the line. Of the six leading commandants we find that five are Irish or Irish-Americans. Generals Sullivan and Clinton were born of Irish fathers and mothers, while General Hand, who led the advance; General Maxwell, who commanded the left wing, and Colonel Thomas Proctor, who had charge of the artillery, were born Irishmen.

General Poor was the only leading officer not of Irish origin, but he commanded the troops of New Hampshire, the great majority of whom were Irish, as were also the Pennsylvanians under Hand and the New Yorkers under Clinton.

On Saturday, September 25, news reached the camp that the King of Spain had joined the American alliance, and caused great rejoicing among the officers and soldiers. In the evening the whole army was drawn up and guns were fired in honor of the occasion, the soldiers uniting in hearty cheers for Congress and the King of Spain.

General Sullivan ordered that a fatted bullock, with five gallons of spirits, should be served to the officers of each brigade to enable them to hold banquets in celebration of the event. General Hand, with his officers and those of Proctor's artillery, repaired to a bowery erected for that purpose and held their banquet in great state, one of their toasts being: May the Kingdom of Ireland merit a stripe in the American standard.

This incident in itself serves to show the great prominence of the Irish element in the army—Ireland being the only country ever mentioned in such connection.

In the celebrations held in 1879 to mark the centennial anniversary of General Sullivan's expedition many interesting things were said by the leading men of the time, and we will make a few extracts from them to prove the gratitude of the American people and the great importance which they attached to the event. In them, as well as in the revolution, the names of Ireland and America were gloriously intertwined.

From the official report of the centennial proceedings on the battlefield of Newton, now Elmira, we quote: "The action of the several committees having the matter in charge, culminated in one of the grandest centennial demonstrations of the period.

Many of the most eminent men of the land honored the occasion by their presence. From the obscurity of a century, the Sullivan Expedition was at once raised to the front rank of the military exploits of history, and took its place, and will hereafter be recognized, among the most important events of our revolutionary history."

The inscription upon the marble tablet inserted in the monument sufficiently testifies to the importance of the event:

Near this spot,
On Sunday, the 20th day of August, 1779,
the forces of the Six Nations under the leadership of
JOSEPH BRANT,
assisted by British Regulars and Tories,
were met and defeated by the Americans under the command
of Major General JOHN SULLIVAN, of New Hampshire,
whose soldiers, led by
Brig. Gen. James Clinton of N. Y., Brig. Gen. Enoch Poor of N. H.,
Brig. Gen. Edward Hand of Pa., and Brig. Gen. Wm. Maxwell of
N. J., completely routed the enemy and accelerated the
advent of the day, which assured to the United States
their existence as an
INDEPENDENT NATION.

1779

1879

In his poem, written specially in honor of the same event, the Hon. P. H. McMaster thus alludes to General Sullivan:

He bore him in the nation's fight
A gallant gentleman—true knight,
Content to serve, as fit to rule.
Of ancient lineage of Erse,
Its blood electric, took its course
With Gaelic fervor through the veins
But amid strands of steady nerve,
That kept from waste the vivid spark,
And held it in their coil—for work.

Erastus Brooks, in his address at Elmira, thus summarizes the state of affairs in 1779 both in Europe and America:

"The year 1779 was also the year of armed neutrality of the northern powers, and the year when a hundred thousand Irish volunteers assembled to improve the opportunity of existing depression in England, to secure, if they could, independence for Ireland, just as we now hear the self-same and earnest cry for home rule in Ireland. The naval victories off Cape Vincent and the West Indies changed all these bright expectations and resulted abroad in the final treaties of peace at Paris and Versailles. At home the year 1779 commenced the fifth year of the revolution, and everywhere, from Canada to Florida, unmixed gloom per-

vaded the land. St. Augustine was held by the British. Georgia fell into the hands of the enemy, and a British colony was proclaimed there in the midst of the war. Moultrie was driven from Black Swamp into Charleston, which was saved, but for the time only, by the bravery of General Lincoln and Governor Rutledge. Virginia was ravaged; Portsmouth and Gosport, Norfolk, and Suffolk burned to ashes, just as later on in the same year the infamous Governor Tryon, sent by Sir Henry Clinton, laid waste Connecticut, with orders to pillage and burn, as he did, Greenwich, Norwalk, and Fairfield, and the shipping of New Haven. Here it was not only fire, sword, and plunder, but the worst of all crimes, even in war, the unbridled license of town and camp, so that fleeing women were often frantic from the dread of personal brutality. But the only effect of this destruction of seaport towns and plantations was to cement the union of the people and to inspire them with fresh zeal for independence. The contest was now chiefly at the South, but from thence Sir Henry Clinton called back his dogs of war, intent upon the double purpose of cutting off all communication between North and South and building a line of posts from New York to Canada."

Further on in this address Mr. Brooks asserts that the English were more cruel than the Indians and cites the awful tortures inflicted on Lieutenant Boyd as an illustration. "Cruel indeed," he says, "have been the excesses of Indian warfare, and far worse in Massachusetts and Virginia than in Wyoming, but in this campaign of 1779 the Indians spared the lives of Lieutenant Boyd and his sergeant, while the Loyalist Butler, at a later hour, calmly looked on and beheld them stripped and whipped, and in the case of Boyd, his nose cut off, his tongue cut out, his toe nails drawn from their sockets, one of his eyes plucked out, his breast cut open and his heart taken out and placed in his right hand. In all this world's history I hope there is no excess, if, indeed, any parallel, to this piece of barbarity, but just as it is, with all its monstrosity, an English officer is in part, if not wholly, responsible."

Mr. Brooks could have found a parallel to this appalling horror in the Irish Revolution in 1798, when, after the battle of Arklow, the Ancient Briton regiment cut out the heart of the Rev. Michael Murphy, the patriot general, roasted it, and ate it.

The Hon. Steuben Jenkins, of Wyoming, Pa., grandson of Lieut John Jenkins, official guide to General Sullivan, also delivered a brilliant address at Elmira, which he concluded as follows:

"From what has been given, it will be seen there was no battle fought during the Revolutionary conquest that was more

decisive in its results, that inspired greater hope or caused greater joy, if we except Yorktown, than that fought here on this ground. It fully equals in these respects, if it does not exceed those of Trenton, of Saratoga, and Monmouth. In breaking down the Indian confederacy, the right arm of British power in America was palsied and the principal field of their operations was closed to them forever. The haughty and chivalric spirit of this splendid race of savages, whose skill and eloquence in council and whose mighty conquests and long-continued domination over surrounding tribes attracted the attention and won the admiration of the endlightened world, seemed to have been worthy of a better fate, but the degrading and demoralizing influence of association with the British and Tories dragged them down to the lowest depths of depravity and terminated their career amidst the execrations of mankind, with none to mourn their unhappy end."

Lieutenant Governor William Dorsheimer was the orator of the day at the centennial celebration at Waterloo, N. Y., and paid a splendid tribute to the Irish immigrants who had helped to build up the Empire State. "What have they not done for us?" he said. "Not only have they built up our canals, railroads, and cities, not only have they tilled our farms, manned our ships, tended our flocks, and borne our burdens, but they have fought upon every battlefield and assisted in every triumph of our history. Montgomery died under the walls of Quebec; Fulton, of Irish descent, launched the first successful steamboat upon our waters; Ireland sent here the legal learning of Emmet and the soft eloquence of Thomas Francis Meagher. The son of one Irish immigrant has long been the leader of the American bar, the son of another represents you in the Senate of the United States."

We could quote many other tributes from this great book published by the State of New York, but we have given enough to show the importance of General Sullivan's Indian expedition and the great benefits it conferred on the patriot cause.

We could, too, go more into detail as to the services rendered by Irishmen in the campaign, for they abounded not only in the rank and file, but among the commissioned officers—such men as Colonel William Butler, of the Kilkenny Butlers, of Pennsylvania; Major William Scott, of New Hampshire; Major Robert Cochran, of New York, and Lieutenant Thomas Boyd, who was tortured to death by the Indians, being examples of many others who nobly distinguished themselves. General Sullivan and his soldiers received the warmest thanks of Congress and Washington. The latter, in general orders, thus speaks of the expedition and its results:

"The commander-in-chief has now the pleasure of congratulating the army on the complete and full success of Major-General Sullivan, and the troops under his command, against the Seneca and other tribes of the Six Nations, as a just and necessary punishment for their wanton depredations, their unparalleled and innumerable cruelties, their deafness to all remonstrances and entreaty and their perseverance in the most horrid acts of barbarity."

The success of the expedition was hailed with plaudits throughout the United States and Congress voiced the general appreciation by unanimously adopting the following resolution on October 14, 1779:

"Resolved, that the thanks of Congress be given to His Excellency, General Washington, for directing, and to Major-General Sullivan, and the brave officers and soldiers under his command, for effectually conducting an important expedition against such of the Indian nations as, encouraged by the councils and conducted by the officers of His Britannic Majesty, had perfidiously waged an unprovoked and cruel war against the United States, laid waste many of their defenseless towns, and with savage barbarity slaughtered the inhabitants thereof."

While General Sullivan was carrying out Washington's orders against the Indians and Tories in Western New York another Irish-American, General Anthony Wayne, was accomplishing the most brilliant work of the whole war in his gallant storming of Stony Point—the two great military achievements of 1779 being thus the work of sons of Irishmen.

Much stress is laid by certain writers on the fact that because General Wayne's grandfather was an Englishman he cannot be credited to Ireland—a vain assumption which is easily set aside by the bare remembrance that even the father of one of the greatest Irishmen in history—Thomas Davis—was born and brought up in Wales.

General Wayne's father was born and brought up in Ireland, and that he was himself thoroughly Irish is proved by his warm interest in the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick in Philadelphia; an organization in which he took the greatest pride and of which he was a most devoted member.

His love for Ireland and Irishmen is still further proved by his anxiety for the welfare of his two Irish colonels of the Pennsylvania Line when he was unjustly superseded in the command of that noble organization by General St. Clair, the commander who had given up Ticonderoga without a blow and an officer in every way inferior to Wayne, who, as Spears says, had won the

plaudits of every fighting man in the army at all the battles where he had been present from Three Rivers to Monmouth.

Wayne felt so deeply pained when he learned that he was to be superseded by St. Clair that he at first thought of resigning from the army. But he rose above his just indignation and, resolving to do his whole duty by his country in spite of ill treatment, contented himself by asking for a leave of absence, stating at the same time that if he were allowed to withdraw from the command Colonel Richard Butler and Colonel William Irvine would not be degraded from the work of brigadiers, which they had been doing, to that of colonels. His leave of absence was granted and he retired to rest for a little while to prepare himself, without knowing it, for the greater glories that were to come.

One of the objects of Sir Henry Clinton in descending upon Virginia and Connecticut was to draw Washington from the Hudson. He thought that the American commander would divide his army to oppose him in these forays and leave the Hudson Highlands unprotected. This is proved by a letter which he received early in 1779 from Lord George Germain, the British Minister of War, in which he said: "It is most earnestly wished that you may be able to bring Mr. Washington to a general and decisive action at the opening campaign."

While General Mathews and Sir George Collier were desolating the South Washington received intelligence of movements at New York which made him apprehend an expedition against the Hudson Highlands.

Since the loss of Forts Montgomery and Clinton the main defenses of the Highlands had been established at the sudden bend of the river between West Point and Constitution Island, where, in addition to the forts on either side, a great iron chain had been stretched across the stream. Washington also had projected two works just below the Highlands, at Stony Point and Verplanck's Point, on opposite promontories, to serve as out-works of the mountain passes and to protect King's Ferry, the most direct and convenient communication between the North and South. A small but strong fort had been erected at Verplanck's Point and was garrisoned by Captain John Armstrong and seventy men. A more important work was in progress at Stony Point, two miles above Haverstraw, and the two forts were expected when completed to form the lower gates to the Highlands.

Washington's information as to a British expedition up the Hudson proved to be correct. On the 30th of May Sir Henry Clinton, strengthened by the return of Sir George Collier and his marauding ships and forces from Virginia, set out on his second

grand cruise up the Hudson with about seventy ships, one hundred and fifty flat boats, and a land force of five thousand men, Collier commanding the ships and Vaughan the soldiers, with Sir Henry himself as commander-in-chief.

The first aim of the British was to get possession of the two forts which Washington had just established, and on the morning of the 31st the forces were landed in two divisions, one under Vaughan on the east side, seven miles below Verplanck's Point, and the other under Sir Henry in person to attack Stony Point.

The garrison at Stony Point, which consisted of only forty men, retired to the Highlands on the approach of the enemy and the fort was taken without bloodshed. The next morning the guns of the captured fortress were pointed towards Fort Lafayette, opposite on Verplanck's Point, and a heavy cannonade was opened upon it. In addition to this assault the little garrison was attacked in the rear by Vaughan and were compelled to surrender themselves as prisoners of war. The loss of these forts was greatly lamented by Washington and he bent all his efforts to regain them, for West Point was now seriously threatened. He therefore brought the main body of the American army from Middlebrook, N. J., toward the Highlands and established his headquarters at Smith's Clove, some miles in the rear of Haverstraw and in the vicinity of the present Turner's station on the Erie Railroad.

On the other hand Sir Henry Clinton gave orders for the immediate strengthening of the forts, and to guard the detachments left for that purpose he descended the river with his army only as far as Phillipsburg, now Yonkers.

It was intended by the British to wind up the destruction of Connecticut by a grand assault on New London, but as greater opposition was expected there than at the other places Tryon returned to Long Island for reinforcements and Sir George Collier repaired to Throgg's Neck to confer with Sir Henry Clinton.

In this conference Sir Henry was assured that the recent ravages in Connecticut were producing the most salutary effects; that the principal inhabitants were incensed at the apathy of Washington in remaining encamped around the Hudson while their homes were laid in ashes; that they complained equally of Congress and talked of making terms for themselves with the British commanders; finally it was urged that the proposed expedition against New London would confirm the inhabitants in these sentiments—the old English methods of villification and brute force.

But, for a good reason, this assault on New London never took place. Washington, it is needless to say, was not insensible

to the misfortunes of Connecticut. While he could do nothing along the seaboard to protect its inhabitants against the inhuman assaults of the English, he was preparing other means to effectually check them.

On June 23 Washington moved his headquarters to New Windsor, near Newburg, leaving General Putnam in command of the main army at Smith's Clove. On July 1, 1779, General Wayne was appointed to the command of a brigade of light infantry—the picked men of the whole army—which had been specially organized by Washington for the attack on Stony Point. Wayne's headquarters were at Sandy Beach, in the vicinity of Dunderberg Mountain, between Fort Montgomery and the main army at the Clove, and about fourteen miles from Stony Point.

The British had now greatly enlarged and strengthened the two forts in question, well supplied them with ammunition and stores, and the garrison in each consisted of more than six hundred men, while several British warships were anchored close by. Such was the situation of the two armies when the attack of the Americans under Wayne and Howe upon Stony Point and Verplanck's Point was planned and executed by order of Washington.

At high noon, on July 15, Wayne's brigade moved from Sandy Beach through the narrow defiles of the Dunderberg, over rough crags and across deep morasses, in single file, and at 8 o'clock in the evening, after a sultry day's march, formed in battle order a mile and a half below Stony Point.

The position of the fortress was such that it seemed almost impregnable. Situated upon a huge rocky bluff, an island at high water, and always inaccessible dry-shod except across a narrow causeway in the rear, it was strongly defended by outworks and a double row of abatis. Upon three sides of the rock were the waters of the Hudson and on the fourth was a morass, deep and dangerous.

All of these works of defense Wayne had already seen from the heights of Dunderberg, and he had reported to Washington that he did not think a storm practicable, but when he had discussed the matter with Washington he promptly said to his chief:

"General, I'll storm hell if you will plan it."

At Wayne's suggestion Washington himself went to view the works, and because of their strength it was then decided that the assault should take place at midnight. Washington sent Wayne his final plan of attack on July 10, allowing him the privilege to change it as it might seem best when the time came.

The next day, accompanied by Colonels Butler and Febiger, Wayne went carefully over the ground, and now he was resolved

to storm the fort at all hazards and only waited for the ebbing of the tide to begin the attack.

At 11:30 o'clock at night the Americans commenced their silent march. All the dogs in the neighborhood had been killed the day before, that their barking might not betray the approach of strangers. A negro guide named Pompey, with two strong men disguised as farmers, advanced alone. These, giving the countersign, seized and gagged the two first sentinels, and the whole of Wayne's little army, except a detachment of three hundred men, who remained in the rear as a reserve, crossed the morass to the foot of the western declivity unobserved by the enemy.

The troops now divided into two columns—the van of the right consisting of 150 volunteers under Lieutenant-Colonel De Fleury, the brave Frenchman, and that of the left of 100 volunteers under Major Stewart, each with unloaded muskets and fixed bayonets. An advance guard of twenty picked men for each company, under Lieutenants Gibbon and Knox, preceded them to remove the obstructions. These vans composed the forlorn hope on that memorable night, and so fierce was the fire which rained upon them that seventeen out of the twenty men under Gibbon were shot down in the advance.

A little past midnight the advanced parties moved silently to the charge, one on the southern and the other toward the northern portion of the height. They were followed by the two main divisions; the right, composed of the regiments of Febiger and Meigs, being led by General Wayne in person, and the left, composed of the Pennsylvania regiment and two companies under Major Murfree, was commanded by Colonel Richard Butler.

The Americans were not discovered until within pistol shot of the pickets upon the heights, when a skirmish ensued between the sentinels and the advanced guards. The pickets fired several shots, but the Americans, true to orders, relied entirely upon the bayonet and pressed forward with vigor. The garrison was aroused from their slumbers and instantly the deep silence of the night was broken by the roll of the drum, the loud cry of *To Arms, To Arms*, the rattle of musketry from the ramparts and abatis, and the roar of cannon, charged with the deadly grape-shot, from the embrasures.

In the face of this terrible storm the Americans forced their way, at the point of the bayonet, through every obstacle, until the van of each column met in the center of the works, where each arrived at the same time.

At the inner abatis Wayne was struck upon the head by a musket ball which brought him to his knees. His two brave aids,

Fishbow and Archer, raised him to his feet and carried him gallantly through the works. Believing himself mortally wounded the general exclaimed, as he arose: "March on; carry me into the fort, for I will die at the head of my column."

But the wound was not very severe, and he was able to join in the loud huzzas that arose when the two columns met as victors within the fort. Sixty-three of the garrison were killed and the remainder surrendered as prisoners of war. Wayne had fifteen killed and eighty-three wounded, and his brilliant achievement was rendered all the more glorious for the clemency he exercised. Not a life was taken after the flag was struck and the English received that mercy which they never gave to others.

As soon as Wayne had sent the news to Washington and thanked his men he turned his newly acquired guns on Fort Lafayette and the shipping. The latter cut their cables and dropped down the river. Through a series of errors the detachment under General Howe, from West Point, which was to have acted against Verplanck's Point, failed to arrive on time and Fort Lafayette remained in the hands of the English.

Tidings of the capture of Stony Point reached Sir Henry Clinton just after his conference with Sir George Collier at Throgg's Neck. The expedition against New London was instantly given up, the transports and troops were recalled from their ravages, a forced march was made to Dobb's Ferry on the Hudson, and Sir Henry followed with a great force, hoping that Washington would quit his fastnesses and risk a battle for the possession of Stony Point.

But "Mr." Washington again disappointed the British general. Having administered his stinging rebuke and checked the outrages in Connecticut, he evacuated Stony Point and drew his forces together in the Highlands, while Sir Henry, deeply mortified, was again obliged to sail down the beautiful river.

The storming of Stony Point stands out in bold relief as one of the greatest achievements of the revolution, and Wayne and his brave soldiers received the most hearty congratulations from all sides. As Dr. Benjamin Rush wrote to him, they established the national character of their country and taught the English enemy and the world at large that bravery, humanity, and magnanimity were the national virtues of the Americans.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE IRISH FIGHTERS IN THE SOUTHERN CAMPAIGNS—THE CAPTURE OF SAVANNAH AND ITS SIEGE BY THE ALLIED FRENCH AND AMERICANS—FALL OF CHARLESTON—GOVERNOR RUTLEDGE ON THE BARBARITIES OF THE ENGLISH—GENERAL THOMAS SUMTER—THE SONG OF MARION'S MEN—CAPTAIN JOHN MCCLURE AND HIS "CHESTER ROCKY CREEK IRISH."

Unable to gain any permanent advantages over Washington in the Middle States, General Sir Henry Clinton resolved to change the scene of military operations to the South, where the failure of the American expedition against Florida, under General Robert Howe, had cast deep gloom upon the people. Howe was censured for this disaster, but the blame properly belonged to those who refused to obey his commands.

Governor Houston, of Georgia, who was at the head of his own militia, refused to take orders from Howe; the same course was pursued by Colonel Williamson, afterward a traitor, who had charge of the volunteers, and Commodore Bowen would not be governed by any land officer. In addition to these dissensions, sickness soon prostrated more than half of Howe's troops and he was compelled to return to Georgia without striking a blow.

Taking advantage of these depressing circumstances, the British resolved to invade Georgia, with Savannah as the chief point of attack. It was arranged that a naval force, with land troops from the North, should enter the river and invest the city, while General Prevost, who commanded the British forces in Florida, should march toward the same point from St. Augustine with his regulars, Indians, and Tories, dealing death and destruction on the way.

Lieutenant Colonel Campbell sailed from Sandy Hook on November 27, with more than two thousand British land troops, covered by a squadron under Commodore Parker, and on December 29 landed at Brewton's Hill, three miles below Savannah.

Though General Howe did all he could in defense of that city, he was easily defeated by Campbell and his two thousand troops. Howe had only a force of eight hundred and fifty men, and of these more than one hundred were either killed in action

or drowned in the swamps bordering the river, while four hundred and fifty-two soldiers were taken prisoners.

These captives were placed on board ships, where disease speedily destroyed them. Commodore Parker not only neglected his prisoners, but was most brutal in his manner. According to McCall's History of Georgia, among those confined in these horrid prison ships was the venerable Jonathan Bryan, aged and infirm. When his daughter pleaded with Parker for an alleviation of the sufferings of her father he treated her with vulgar rudeness and contempt. The bodies of those who died were deposited in the marsh mud, where they were exposed and eaten by buzzards and crows.

On January 9 Fort Sunbury, on St. Catherine's Sound, was captured by General Prevost and his forces from Florida. General Prevost now assumed supreme command in Georgia and dispatched Lieutenant Colonel Campbell, at the head of two thousand troops, against Augusta, which fell before him on January 29.

Though Georgia soon fell a prey to the British and their Indian allies, they met with many severe and costly checks in their ruthless conquest. Under General Lincoln, who succeeded Howe as American commander in the South, spirited rallies often were made which brought confusion and destruction to the British.

On February 14, 1779, Colonel Pickens, aided by the forces of Colonel John Dooley, both Irish-Americans, dealt a telling blow to the seven hundred English under Colonel Boyd, at Kettle Creek. Boyd was after losing one hundred of his men in a skirmish with the Americans, and had crossed the Broad River, closely pursued by Pickens, who marched in battle order, his right being commanded by Colonel Dooley. Ignorant of the proximity of his pursuers, Boyd halted on the north side of Kettle Creek, and was suddenly attacked by the Americans. In the utmost confusion, Boyd and his followers were compelled to retreat, and his whole force was scattered to the winds, seventy of the Tories being killed and seventy-five taken prisoners. The prisoners, being native Americans, were taken to South Carolina, tried for high treason under a law of that State, and sentenced to death, but only five of the ringleaders were executed.

This was one of the severest blows which Toryism in the South had yet received in the campaign, and it was administered by Irish-Americans, who there, as elsewhere, were foremost in the ranks of the patriots. Even Lecky admits that the Irish Presbyterians, who were especially numerous in the South, were everywhere bitterly anti-English, and that, outside New England, they did more of the real fighting of the Revolution than any other class.

In this regard we may quote an extract from a letter written by Most Rev. P. N. Lynch, Catholic Bishop of Charleston, on February 23, 1867, when he was presenting the claims of South Carolina as a most desirable location for Irish immigrants:

"This invitation to immigrants from Ireland," writes the gifted Bishop, "is but a repetition of what was done a hundred years ago, when there was a large immigration of Irish Protestant farmers to South Carolina; and with them must have come many Catholics, who, in those days when there was neither priest nor Catholicity in the country, soon lost the faith. The Irish immigration almost took possession of the State. Irish family names abound in every rank and condition of life, and there are few men, natives of the State, in whose veins there does not run more or less of Irish blood. South Carolina is probably the most Irish of any of the States of the Union. While its inhabitants have always had the impetuous character of the Irish race, nowhere has there been a more earnest sympathy for the struggles of Irishmen at home."

While General Lincoln was organizing his army at Purysburg, in the Beaufort district, another severe blow was dealt to the English at Port Royal, where the forces under Colonel Gardiner were defeated by General Moultrie and driven from the island.

Soon after this, hearing that General Lincoln and his army had gone up the Savannah River toward Augusta, General Prevost resolved to make a descent upon Charleston, and on April 25, with two thousand chosen troops and a considerable body of loyalists and Indians, he crossed the Savannah, at Purysburg, and pushed forward by the coast road toward Charleston.

When Lincoln heard of this movement of Prevost he considered it a feint to draw him from Georgia. With that view, he crossed the Savannah, and for three days marched down its southern side, hoping either to bring Prevost back or to capture Savannah. Meanwhile he detached Colonel Harris, with three hundred of his best light troops, to reinforce Moultrie, who was retreating before Prevost toward Charleston. Governor Rutledge, who was as active as ever in the interests of his country, and who had gone up to Orangeburg to embody the militia, advanced toward Charleston at the same time with six hundred men of that district, and when Lincoln recrossed the Savannah in pursuit of Prevost the spectacle was presented of five armies marching toward Charleston, the Americans having the advantage of four to one.

The Americans arrived in good time at Charleston, and soon put that city in such a state of defense that Prevost, after con-

siderable bluster, was forced to withdraw, on May 12, by way of the islands along the coast, the road by which he had come being blocked by the Americans. Lincoln followed him up, and brought him to a stand at Stono Ferry, thirty miles from Charleston. There both armies remained facing each other for a month, Prevost fearing to move forward and Lincoln not feeling quite strong enough to attack him.

At length, on June 20, 1779, Lincoln resolved on an assault, but after a contest of an hour and twenty minutes he deemed it prudent to withdraw. As the Americans fell back the whole English garrison rushed upon them, but they were held in check by the light troops under Pickens, who had his horse shot under him during the battle. The loss of the Americans was three hundred killed, wounded, and missing, while that of the English, though intrenched behind their works, was about the same.

Three days afterward the English evacuated Stono Ferry and returned by boats to Savannah, thus meeting with dismal failure in their second attempt to capture Charleston.

With the exception of about eight hundred men, Lincoln's army now dispersed, and he retired to Sheldon, in Beaufort County, to prepare for the fall campaign, which was to open sooner than he then anticipated.

On the 3d of September, 1779, Count d'Estaing, after defeating the English fleet under Admiral Byron in the West Indies, arrived below Savannah with twenty ships of the line, eleven frigates, and six thousand soldiers. So sudden was his appearance at Tybee Island that four British warships fell into his hands without a struggle.

A plan was immediately arranged between General Lincoln and D'Estaing to besiege Savannah. The French forces were landed without opposition, and the Admiral took command of them in person, and he was joined by the Americans under Lincoln, who had come up by forced marches from Charleston.

On the 16th of September D'Estaing summoned the English to surrender, but Prevost asked for a day's grace to consider the matter, which was granted. This delay proved ruinous to the fortunes of the French and Americans. Prevost did not waste time in consideration of D'Estaing's summons, but applied himself with all his might to strengthening his position and in summoning to his assistance eight hundred men under Colonel Maitland, who arrived in Savannah, after eluding the French ships in a fog, before the time was up.

Thus prepared, Prevost defied the French and Americans, who then resolved to take the place by siege.

From September 23 to October 9 the siege was vigorously carried on, and at dawn on the latter date, before a sufficient breach was made in the works, the combined French and Americans moved to the assault, the former being led by D'Estaing and Count Dillon, his second in command, and the latter by General Lincoln. Though they fought with great valor and had many times mounted the ramparts, they were repulsed with great slaughter, the united forces suffering a loss of more than one thousand men in killed and wounded.

In the disastrous retreat which followed Count Pulaski, the brave Pole, was mortally wounded, the hero Jasper was killed, and Count d'Estaing was seriously wounded in two places. Colonel William Thomson and his regiment of sharpshooters distinguished themselves in the assault, as did also Count Dillon and his Franco-Irish soldiers, but it was all in vain, and the American cause received a crushing blow.

Lincoln and his little army, now woefully reduced in numbers, hastened back to Charleston, and D'Estaing and his ships and forces left America forever. Though the gloom occasioned by this defeat was widespread and disheartening, the Irish in the interior never gave up hope. They retired for a while into their fastnesses, but emerged again to strike telling blows against British power in America.

When Sir Henry Clinton was assured that the French fleet had left American waters for good he lost no time in organizing a new invasion against the South. Leaving Knyphausen in charge of New York, he sailed from that port on December 26, 1779, with eight thousand five hundred men and a powerful fleet under Admiral Arbuthnot, but his voyage was so tempestuous that he did not land on St. John's Island, thirty miles below Charleston, until the 11th of February following. He came fully resolved that this third attempt to capture the capital of the South would be successful, and accordingly he brought with him all the latest appliances of war, and determined to move slowly but surely toward his goal. It was not until the 12th of March that Sir Henry landed his troops on Charleston Neck, and from that time until its fall, just two months later, the doomed city was closely invested by land and sea.

The Assembly of South Carolina was in session at the time the enemy appeared, and Governor Rutledge, a man, as Irving says, eminent for his talents, patriotism, firmness, and decision, was immediately clothed with supreme powers. As in the former sieges, he applied himself with judgment and vigor to the duties of the hour. He called out the militia, brought three hundred

negroes to build new fortifications, and did all in his power to place the city in a state of proper defense.

Commodore Whipple, a kinsman of the Irish-American signer of the Declaration of Independence, commanded an American squadron of nine vessels within the harbor and he was assigned the task of preventing the British ships from crossing the bar. He found out, however, owing to the shallowness of the water, that he could not bring his ships near enough to defend it, and took a position where his guns might be abreast the batteries of Fort Moultrie.

The Commodore afterward moved up to the mouth of Cooper River and sunk most of his own and some merchant vessels between the town and Shute's Folly, thus forming an effectual bar to the passage of the British ships up the channel to rake the American works upon the Neck.

General Lincoln commanded the troops within the city, but as his whole force only amounted to about fourteen hundred men, lacking in all the required essentials, his first impulse was to evacuate the city, collect a sufficient army from the upper country, and then return and drive out the invaders.

The tardy movements of Clinton, however, caused him to change his views, and he resolved to maintain a siege, doing all in his power in the meantime to strengthen his position and muster in reinforcements from the surrounding country.

The condition of Charleston at the time of this third siege could not have been more gloomy or deplorable. The paper money was worth literally nothing and it took seven hundred dollars to buy a pair of shoes. Provisions were short and famine added its grim visage to the other terrors of the inhabitants. In fact, the patriots were exceedingly weak in everything but courage and a firm determination to fight to the last ditch.

When the British batteries were opened on the town, the great object of the Americans was to keep open the channel of communication with the country by the Cooper River, the last that remained by which they could receive reinforcements and supplies, or retreat if necessary.

For this purpose Governor Rutledge, leaving the town in the care of Lieutenant Governor Gadsden, set off to the country and endeavored to rouse the militia between the Cooper and Santee rivers. His success was extremely limited, as he was quickly followed by detachments of British under Tarleton and others, who scourged the country and maltreated women and children. On the 14th of April Tarleton surprised and scattered the Americans near Monk's Corners and Governor Rutledge was driven higher up the Santee.

On the 18th of April Cornwallis arrived at Charleston with three thousand fresh troops from New York. At a council of war held four days later by the Americans it was proposed to retreat to the open country, but the inhabitants implored Lincoln to remain, as they dreaded the brutalities of the English when the town was at their mercy. Honorable terms of surrender were prepared, but they were scornfully rejected by Clinton and the bloody work went on.

The Americans made a gallant sortie on the English, but apart from killing twenty of their number it had no effect on their progress. When Clinton had all his works completed he demanded a surrender, and his ultimatum was received. He insisted upon a full surrender of the garrison and citizens as prisoners of war, all the military works and arms, and the entire shipping in the harbor. These terms were rejected by General Lincoln, and at 8 o'clock on the evening of May 9, after a day's cessation, the firing commenced again.

It was an awful night in Charleston and was never forgotten by those who experienced its terrible trials. The thunder of two hundred cannon shook the city like an earthquake, clouds of lurid smoke shut out the moon and stars, shells whirled through the air, and houses were already burning in five different places.

"It appeared," says Moultrie in his description, "as if the stars were tumbling down. The fire was incessant almost the whole night, cannon balls whizzing and shells hissing continually among us, ammunition chests and temporary magazines blowing up, great guns bursting, and wounded men groaning along the lines. It was a dreadful night."

The leading citizens, headed by Lieutenant Governor Gadsden, at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 11th, requested Lincoln to accept Clinton's terms and that noble American reluctantly consented to do so. The firing ceased at dawn, and just before noon on the next day the Americans marched out and laid down their arms.

After the fall of Charleston the real misery of the inhabitants began. Every stipulation made by Sir Henry Clinton for their welfare was not only grossly violated, but he sent out expeditions in various sections to plunder and kill the inhabitants and scourge the country generally. One of these under Tarleton surprised Colonel Buford and his Virginia regiment at Waxhaw, N. C., and, while negotiations were pending for a surrender, the Americans, without notice, were suddenly attacked and massacred in cold blood. Colonel Buford and one hundred of his men saved themselves by flight. Though the rest sued for quarter, one hundred and thirteen of them were killed on the spot and one hundred and

fifty more were so badly hacked by Tarleton's dragoons that they could not be removed. Only fifty-three out of the entire regiment were spared and taken prisoners. "Tarleton's quarter" thereafter became the synonym for barbarity.

On the 5th of June, flattering himself that the South was effectually conquered, Sir Henry Clinton set sail for New York with Arbuthnot and his ships and a large part of his troops, leaving the South under the tender mercies of Cornwallis. This latter gentleman was even more cruel than Clinton, and more flagrant in his violations of the conditions of capitulation. Feeling the silent influence of the eminent citizens under parole to be restoring patriotic sentiment, he resolved to expatriate them to Florida.

Lieutenant Governor Gadsden and seventy-seven other public and influential men were taken from their beds by armed parties, before dawn on the morning of the 27th of August, hurried on board the Sandwich prison ship, without being allowed to bid adieu to their families, and were conveyed to St. Augustine.

The pretense for this measure, by which the British authorities attempted to justify it, was the false accusation that these men were concerting a scheme for burning the town and massacring the loyal inhabitants. Nobody believed the tale, and the act was made more flagrant by this wicked calumny. Arrived at St. Augustine, the prisoners were offered paroles to enjoy liberty within the precincts of the town. Gadsden, the sturdy patriot, refused acquiescence, for he disdained making further terms with a power that did not regard the sanctity of a solemn treaty. He was determined not to be deceived the second time.

"Had the British commanders," he said, "regarded the terms of capitulation at Charleston I might now, although a prisoner, enjoy the smiles and consolations of my family under my own roof; but even without a shadow of accusation preferred against me, for any act inconsistent with my plighted faith, I am torn from them, and here, in a distant land, invited to enter into new engagements. I will give no parole."

"Think better of it," said Governor Tonym, who was in command; "a second refusal of it will fix your destiny—a dungeon will be your future habitation."

"Prepare it, then," replied the inflexible patriot. "I will give no parole, so help me God!"

And the petty tyrant did prepare it; and for forty-two weeks that patriot, of almost threescore years of age, never saw the light of the blessed sun, but lay incarcerated in the dungeon of the castle of St. Augustine. All the other prisoners accepted paroles, but they were exposed to indignities more harrowing to the sensitive soul than close confinement. When they were exchanged,

in June, 1781, they were not allowed to even touch at Charleston, but were sent to Philadelphia, whither their families had been banished when the prisoners were taken to the Sandwich. More than a thousand persons were thus exiled, and husbands and wives, fathers and children, first met in a distant State after a separation of ten months.

Nearly all the soldiers taken prisoners at Charleston were confined in prison ships in the harbor, where foul air, bad food, filth, and disease killed hundreds of them. Those confined at Haddrell's Point also suffered terribly. Many of them had been nurtured in affluence; now, far from friends and entirely without means, they were reduced to the greatest straits. They were not even allowed to fish for their support, but were obliged to perform the most menial services. After thirteen months' captivity, Cornwallis ordered them to be sent to the West Indies, and this cruel order would have been carried out but for the general exchange of prisoners which took place soon afterward.

England displayed her real civilization in the South while that section was under the heel of her despotic power. She spread ruin on every hand and resorted to the most inhuman methods of warfare.

According to Garden's *Revolutionary Anecdotes*, Governor Rutledge, in speaking before the South Carolina Assembly at Jacksonboro, thus eloquently referred to the rigorous and unjustifiable conduct of the British authorities:

"Regardless of the sacred ties of honor, destitute of the feelings of humanity, and determined to extinguish, if possible, every spark of freedom in this country, the enemy, with the insolent pride of conquerors, gave unbounded scope to the exercise of their tyrannical disposition, infringed their public engagements, and violated their most solemn treaties. Many of our worthiest citizens, without cause, were long and closely confined—some on board prison ships and others in the town and castle of St. Augustine. Their properties were disposed of at the will and caprice of the enemy, and their families sent to a different and distant part of the continent without the means of support. Many who had surrendered prisoners of war were killed in cold blood. Several suffered death in the most ignominious manner, and others were delivered up to savages and put to tortures, under which they expired. Thus the lives, liberties, and properties of the people were dependent solely on the pleasure of the British officers, who deprived them of either or all on the most frivolous pretenses. Indians, slaves, and a desperate banditti of the most profligate characters were caressed and employed by the enemy to execute their infamous purposes. Devastation and ruin marked their

progress and that of their adherents; nor were their violences restrained by the charms or influence of beauty and innocence; even the fair sex, whom it is the duty of all and the pleasure and pride of the brave to protect, they, and their tender offspring, were victims to the inveterate malice of an unrelenting foe. Neither the tears of mothers nor the cries of infants could excite in their breasts pity or compassion. Not only the peaceful habitation of the widow, the aged, and the infirm, but the holy temples of the Most High were consumed in flames, kindled by their sacrilegious hands. They have tarnished the glory of the British army, disgraced the profession of a British soldier, and fixed indelible stigmas of rapine, cruelty, perfidy, and profaneness on the British name."

General Lincoln, though he accomplished all that a brave and able officer could do, was severely censured by the unthinking for his failure at Charleston. He was sent to prison in New York immediately after his surrender, and General Gates was appointed in his place as American commander in the South, assuming command on July 25.

This appointment was made without the consent of Washington, who had grave fears as to its results, and was the occasion of much unfavorable comment. Yet the advent of Gates gave courage to the wavering. The South was far from being dead or conquered, and even a Gates could still inspire her with renewed hope and call back her surviving soldiers to their old posts of duty.

Governor Rutledge, still afield in the cause of his country and as strong as ever in patriotic fervor, met and welcomed Gates as he crossed the line into South Carolina. Francis Marion, ardent and full of hope, but who now had only twenty followers, with their clothes torn to tatters, also appeared at the camp of Gates and excited the laughter of the soldiers by the grotesque appearance of himself and his ragged men.

Gates, too, would have joined in the ridicule had not Governor Rutledge, who knew Marion's sterling worth, recommended him in the highest manner, but even then Gates was too conceited to regard Marion seriously or offer him a place in his army.

But here an opportunity offered whereby Governor Rutledge could show his appreciation of Marion and at the same time administer a rebuke to the quondam hero, Gates.

The patriots of the Williamsburg district, who had again risen in arms, sent for Marion to command them, and there and then Governor Rutledge appointed him a brigadier general and sent him to the men of Williamsburg with the full authority of the State.

Among the bold, energetic, and faithful patriots of the South, Lossing truly says that none holds a firmer place in the affections of the American people than General Francis Marion. The gallant Jasper was the first man he enrolled in his company when the call to arms was sounded, and the brave Major James, the "Swamp Fox" of his brigade, another sterling Irishman, was always at his side.

We cannot here follow all the great exploits of Marion, but we must give, for the benefit of our young readers, the glorious "Song of Marion's Men," by the gifted Cullen Bryant:

SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

Our band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Out tent the cypress tree;
We know the forest round us
As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of throny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass;
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery ..
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear;
When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil.
We talk the battle over
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gather'd
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
 The band that Marion leads—
 The glitter of their rifles,
 The scampering of their steeds.
 'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
 Across the moonlight plain;
 'Tis life to feel the night wind
 That lifts his tossing mane.
 A moment in the British camp—
 A moment—and away,
 Back to the pathless forest
 Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
 Grave men, with hoary hairs,
 Their hearts are all with MARION,
 For MARION are their prayers.
 And lovely ladies greet our band
 With kindest welcoming,
 With smiles like those of summer,
 And tears like those of spring.
 For them we wear these trusty arms,
 And lay them down no more,
 Till we have driven the Briton
 FOREVER FROM OUR SHORE.

When Sir Henry Clinton wrote to the British government, after the fall of Charleston, that there were few men in South Carolina who were not either prisoners or carrying arms with him, he was counting without his host. His braggart letter had not yet arrived in England before Rutherford, Sumter, Marion, Pickens, Lacy, Neill, and hosts of minor leaders were again in the field to give battle to the Tories and the English regulars who were scourging the country with fire and sword.

The border districts between North and South Carolina were almost wholly settled by Irishmen, and these were the first to emerge from their fastnesses and oppose the destroyers of their homes.

Captain John McClure, whose men were known as the "Chester Rocky Creek Irish," struck the first blow at Beckhamville early in June, as we have described, and now, with others of his race, like the Gastons, the Crawfords, the Winns, and the Jacksons, he hastened to join Sumter, who had temporarily retired to Mecklenburg, in North Carolina.

Colonel Sumter was one of the most daring patriot leaders in the South. While we cannot positively substantiate the assertion that he was of Irish origin, all the evidence in our possession points to that assumption, and all the traits of his character are unmistakably Celtic. He was courageous and tactful as an officer, and generous, high-minded, and patriotic in his nature.

Early in July, 1780, Sumter crossed the line into South Carolina and soon gave evidence that all patriotic Americans were not on the English prison ships or in the English army.

He found the Tories rallying in great numbers to the English standard and growing bolder and more overbearing as their strength increased. The affair at Beckhamville and another defeat of a like nature which the Tories suffered at the hands of McClure alarmed Colonel Turnbull, the English commander at Rocky Mount, and he sent out Captain Christian Huck, one of the most unscrupulous officers in his command, to chastise the offending rebels. Huck was noted for his cruelty and profanity. Ramsay says that he had been often heard to say that "God Almighty had turnel rebel, but if there were twenty Gods on their side they should all be conquered."

When he started on his marauding mission on the night of July 11 the first stop he made was at the residence of Captain Bratton, a brother officer of McClure. There he rudely demanded of Mrs. Bratton the whereabouts of her husband. "In Sumter's army," was her prompt reply. Huck at first tried to win her to the royal cause and then resorted to threats to make her disclose her husband's retreat, but she firmly refused all information, even when a sharp reaping hook was at her throat, in the hands of a brutal soldier. This was not the first brave deed of Mrs. Bratton. After the fall of Charleston she was intrusted with the safe-keeping of some gunpowder by Governor Rutledge, and she deliberately blew it up with her own hands when it was in danger of capture by the enemy. She was a noble woman, and her fortitude and patriotism are still remembered in the South.

The score against Huck was a long and bloody one. He had already burned the iron works of Colonel Hill and the dwelling of a Presbyterian minister and had murdered an innocent young man on his way to church on Sunday morning with his Bible in his hand. Now he was about to pay the penalty of his crimes.

After leaving the house of Mrs. Bratton he encamped for the night about a half mile distant in the middle of a lane. At a little past midnight Colonel Neill and the companies of Captains McClure and Bratton cautiously approached their sleeping enemy. At dawn they entered each end of the lane and fell upon Hucks' party with fury. The surprise was complete, and for an hour a fierce battle ensued. Huck and Colonel Ferguson, of the Tory militia, were killed, and all their forces dispersed. McClure and his company pursued the fugitive to Rocky Mount, and only one American was lost in this successful encounter.

About the same time the notorious Cunningham and his band, called the "bloody scout," were spreading terror in the present

counties of Union and Spartanburg, and far south of the Enoree. Against this desperate gang the trusted John McClure was also dispatched, and he not only chased them out of the district, but captured four of the ruffians and brought them back to Sumter's camp upon the Waxhaw.

These successes, together with strong feelings of revenge against the English for their barbarous conduct of the war, daily strengthened Sumter's hands, and presently, with six hundred brave men, most of whom were Irish, and a commission as brigadier general, promptly sent him by the ever watchful Rutledge, he felt himself strong enough to attack the English post at Rocky Mount, though in numbers and appointments they were far superior to his own command.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CAPTAIN JOHN M'CLURE, ONE OF THE MASTER SPIRITS OF THE SOUTH—THE BATTLES OF ROCKY MOUNT, HANGING ROCK, CAMDEN, KINGS MOUNTAIN, AND THE COWPENS—SUMTER DEFEATS TARLETON AND WEMYSS, WHILE CAMPBELL AND MORGAN ACHIEVE SIGNAL VICTORIES OVER THE BRITISH AT KINGS MOUNTAIN AND THE COWPENS.

On July 30, 1780, Sumter crossed the Catawba at Blair's Ford and advanced on Rocky Mount. He was accompanied by Colonels Neil, Irvine, and Lacy, with Captain John McClure and the nine sons of the venerable Judge Gaston.

At an early hour he appeared on the crown of the hill overlooking the British position. Leaping the abatis after three assaults the Americans drove the British into the houses at the foot of the slope, but from these they were unable to dislodge them, having no artillery. Loading a wagon with dry brush and straw and igniting it, they rolled it down on the houses, whereupon the British hoisted a flag. Thinking they intended to surrender, Sumter ordered his men to cease firing, but just then a shower of rain extinguished the burning wagon and the British defied him. Having no other means to drive them from the houses, Sumter was compelled to withdraw. The gallant Colonel Neil was killed in the first assault.

Seven days afterwards Sumter again attacked the English at Hanging Rock, twelve miles from Rocky Mount. At first he drove the English before him and captured two of their strongest positions, but his men, flushed with the prospect of an easy victory, dallied too long in the British positions already seized and became disordered. Of his six hundred men Sumter could only rally two hundred for his final attack on the English, but even with these he was forcing the enemy back until fresh troops came to their aid, when he thought it prudent to retreat. The engagement lasted about four hours and was one of the best fought battles of the war between raw American militia and English regulars, the latter being so severely handled that they were unable to follow Sumter when he retired. The brave Captain John McClure and Captain Read, of North Carolina, were killed in this battle, while

Lieutenant Crawford, cousin of Andrew Jackson, and Ensign McClure, brother of the Captain, were severely wounded. Of Captain John McClure Lossing thus writes:

"John McClure was one of the master spirits of South Carolina. He was a nephew of the venerable Judge Gaston, and partook of that patriot's purity and zeal in the cause of Republicanism. Of him General Davie said: 'Of the many brave men with whom it was my fortune to become acquainted in the army, he was one of the bravest; and when he fell we looked upon his loss as incalculable.' He fell at the first fire of Bryan's Loyalists, pierced by two bullets, and at the same time four of his cousins, sons of Judge Gaston, lay bleeding near him. When his friends came to his aid he urged them to leave him and pursue the enemy. After the battle he was taken, with other wounded soldiers, to Waxhaw Church, where his mother went to nurse him. From thence he was taken to Charlotte, and on the 18th, the very day when his commander was surprised at Fishing Creek, he expired in Liberty Hall, where the celebrated Mecklenburg resolutions were drawn up. McClure was a native of Chester District, and his men were known as the Chester Rocky Creek Irish. The first wound which he received in the engagement was in the thigh. He staunched it with wadding, when another bullet passed through him at the breast. Two of the Gastons fell dead across each other, a third was mortally wounded, and a fourth had a cheek shot away."

After his battle of Hanging Rock Sumter recrossed the Catawba, and on the 15th of August intercepted and captured a British detachment conveying stores to their main army at Camden, thus securing forty-four wagon loads of the necessities of war and at the same time liberating some American prisoners.

The next day the battle of Sanders Creek, near Camden, S. C., took place, between the Americans under Gates and the English under Cornwallis, the former suffering the greatest and most overwhelming defeat they had hitherto experienced on any field.

Baron de Kalb, the brave Bavarian who had come over with Lafayette, had been sent forward by Washington to the aid of General Lincoln, but he arrived too late, and now he joined forces with Gates, who was on his way to attack the British at Camden under Lord Rawdon.

Cornwallis was at Charleston, but when he heard of the approach of the Americans he hastened forward with fresh troops to the aid of Rawdon. Gates was so lacking in his duties that he did not know of his presence until after the battle had commenced. Even then he scouted the advice of De Kalb, who thought it prudent to retire to a more favorable battleground.

While the Americans were approaching, Cornwallis marched to meet them, but neither army was aware of the close proximity of its opponent until the advance guards met at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 16th. In the battle that ensued at sunrise De Kalb commanded the right wing of the Americans, made up of Delaware and Maryland regulars, and was driving the English before him until the left wing, composed of inexperienced militia, gave way and fled precipitately from the field. Gates allowed himself to be virtually swept from the field by his retreating forces and he did not stop in his cowardly flight until he was eighty miles from the scene of action.

Though attacked on all sides, De Kalb and his brave Continentals continued the encounter, fighting bravely to the last. Bare-headed and dismounted, with sword in hand, De Kalb engaged in one personal encounter after another, encouraging his men with his voice as well as his example, until he had received eleven wounds. His lieutenant carried him from the field, but he died three days afterwards and was buried in Camden.

After the battle there was nothing left of Gates' army. More than one thousand of his men were either killed, wounded, or taken prisoners, and all his artillery and supplies were captured. All his generals escaped with the exception of General Rutherford, who was compelled to surrender after being deserted by his militia. This was the humiliating end of Gates and all his vain-glorious boasting.

Sumter conducted his little army, together with the forty loaded wagons he had captured, to what he thought was a safe retreat, but he, too, was doomed to meet temporary defeat at the hands of the enemy.

On the 18th of August, while he and his men were enjoying a much-needed rest at Fishing Creek, entirely unaware of the presence of the enemy, they were surrounded by Tarleton and his dragoons and completely taken by surprise. Between three and four hundred of his men were killed and wounded without being able to defend themselves, but Sumter himself, with three hundred and fifty of his troops, made good their escape.

These reverses, which followed each other in quick succession, left South Carolina once more in possession of the British, but it remained so only for a little while. The spirit of patriotism soon reasserted itself, and the outrages perpetrated by the soldiers and Tories caused the people to unite in little bands for the protection of their homes and families.

The country west of the Broad River and the section lying between that stream and the Wateree, from Columbia northward

to the State line, was never really subdued, though Cornwallis flattered himself that he had the entire State under his heel.

When he was leaving for North Carolina to reduce that State to a like condition he detached Major Ferguson, a Scotchman, with two hundred soldiers and Tories to put the finishing touches on his work, ordering him to embody the loyalists beyond the Wateree and Broad rivers to crush any spirit of patriotism that might remain and to join him at Charlotte, in North Carolina, to continue the good work in that yet rebellious State.

Ferguson kept up his march of desolation, collecting and arming all the Tories in his path, until the end of September, when he encamped with more than a thousand men at Gilbert Town, west of the Broad River, near the site of the present village of Rutherfordton, the county seat of Rutherford, in North Carolina. On his way there he captured two Mountain Men and sent them forth, on parole, to inform the American officers on the western waters that if they did not desist from their opposition and take protection under his standard "he would march his army over the mountains, hang their leaders, and lay waste their country with fire and sword."

These were not idle threats on the part of Ferguson, for he was allowing the miscreants under his command to commit horrible outrages on persons and property wherever they marched.

But their crimes soon brought vengeance on their heads, and the battle of Kings Mountain, on October 7, 1780, ended their bloody career.

This battle on Kings Mountain was one of the most important in the Revolution, because it was a turning point, like Bennington, where the patriots of the South made a splendid rally and administered a knockout blow to the English and their Tory allies. Previous to that battle they had met with reverse after reverse and had been scattered through the mountains in small bodies under no general command.

Colonel Charles McDowell, the son of an Irishman, was the chief agent in uniting them. When he heard that Ferguson had been sent against them by Cornwallis he went over the mountains for the purpose of obtaining assistance. While there, in consultation with Colonels Shelby and Sevier, the two Mountain Men arrived, conveying Ferguson's dire message. But this savage threat did not dismay the patriots. They decided to unite their scattered bands and also agreed to ask Colonel William Campbell, of Washington County, Virginia, to come to their assistance with all the forces he could raise. Campbell, the son of an Irishman, responded to their call without delay, bringing with him four hundred men, and Colonel McDowell was sent to

hunt up General Gates to take command of the united forces. Gates, as usual on such occasions, could not be found, and the command devolved on Colonel Campbell, and it was under his direction that the battle of Kings Mountain was fought and won.

The united American forces consisted of sixteen hundred men, but only about a thousand of the best mounted took part in the action on Kings Mountain. Though Colonel Campbell was in chief command, he allowed all the other colonels their own way, and the tactics of the entire body is best described by the following speech delivered by Colonel Cleveland as the battle was about to commence:

"My brave fellows," he said, "we have beaten the Tories and we can beat them again. They are all cowards. If they had the spirit of men they would join with their fellow-citizens in supporting the independence of their country. When engaged you are not to wait the word of command from me. I will show you by my example how to fight. I can undertake no more. Every man must consider himself an officer and act from his own judgment. Fire as quick as you can and stand as long as you can. When you can do no better get behind trees or retreat, but I beg of you not to run quite off. If we be repulsed let us make a point to return and renew the fight. Perhaps we may have better luck in the second attempt than in the first. If any of you be afraid, such have leave to retire, and they are requested immediately to take themselves off."

Not a man, however, took himself off. They all remained and literally carried out these rough but effective directions of border warfare. Ferguson fiercely attacked them with fixed bayonets, and one group after another were compelled to retire, but they only retreated a short distance, and, getting behind trees and rocks, they renewed their fire and swiftly shot down their British assailants.

In this way the battle was continued until Ferguson was forced to his last desperate charge, which is thus graphically described by Senator William Campbell Preston, of South Carolina, grandson of Colonel William Preston, of Donegal, of whom we have already spoken:

"Ferguson, with a gallantry which seemed to rise with his desperate condition, rode from rank to rank and post to post, cheering, driving, and encouraging his men, until he found his army pressed, actually huddled together, on the ridge, and falling as fast as the Americans could load and shoot. He determined on one more desperate charge, and taking his position at the head of his cavalry, in a voice that rose loud above the din of the battle, he summoned his men 'to crush the damned rebels into the earth!'

The summons was heard by the Americans, and one round of their rifles was stopped, and, instead of their roar, there was heard only the click of the cock. It was the serpent's low warning of coming death. The pause was but for a moment, when Ferguson and De Peyster, horse and foot, burst like an avalanche down the mountain side; by the time they came within sixty paces every rifle was loaded and under deadly aim. Ferguson fell at the first discharge with seven mortal wounds. The patriots rushed forward to meet the shock as De Peyster's regulars, with bayonets set and sabers in rest, came crashing down upon them. Not Agincourt or Cressy, with all their chivalry, ever felt a shock more fearful than that, but had the heavens then rained British bayonets it could not have stopped those patriots. The destinies of America—perhaps of mankind—depended on their muscle. Like martyrs they went to the death; like lions they rushed to the carnage; officer and soldier—half naked, with bloodshot eyes and parched tongues—pounced upon the charging enemy until their hot breath and fierce glare was seen and felt by the craven Tory and his bulldog master; and as they crouched, gathering for the last spring, a wild, terror-stricken shriek rose above the roar—a yell for mercy—a white flag was run up, and God's champion shouted 'Victory, liberty!'

Of the eight colonels whose commands fought at Kings Mountain four of them were Irish or Irish-Americans, namely, Colonel Campbell, of Virginia; Colonel Charles McDowell, of North Carolina, and Colonels Lacy and Hill, of South Carolina. As Colonel McDowell had been sent to look up Gates, his place during the battle was filled by his brother, Major Joseph McDowell.

The McDowell family of North Carolina was noted for its patriotism during the Revolution. It was founded by Joseph McDowell and his wife Ellen, a woman of remarkable energy, who emigrated from Ireland in 1730. They lived for a while in Pennsylvania and Virginia, but finally settled at Quaker Meadows, on the Catawba River, North Carolina. Their family was called the Quaker Meadow McDowells, to distinguish it from that of their cousin John, who raised another large and distinguished family in the same State.

Charles McDowell, the eldest son of Joseph, was an ardent patriot at the beginning of the Revolution and was placed in command of an extensive district in Western North Carolina. When the British invaded that section in 1780 he organized troops, fortified posts, and gained victories over them at Pacolet River, Musgrave Mill, and Cave Creek. His wife, like his mother, was a noted woman of the Revolution and was possessed of great presence of mind and courage. She aided him in all his patriotic

works, and while he was secretly manufacturing in a cave the powder that was afterwards used at Kings Mountain, she made the charcoal in small quantities in her fireplace, carrying it to him at night to prevent detection. A party of marauders having plundered her house in the absence of her husband, she collected her neighbors and pursued and captured the robbers, and at the muzzle of a musket compelled them to return the stolen goods. After the battle of Kings Mountain she visited the scene of action and nursed the wounded, many of whom were bitter Tories who had persecuted her family and neighbors.

Joseph and William McDowell were also active patriots and shared the honors of their brother Charles in all his campaigns, and both nobly distinguished themselves at Kings Mountain.

The victory at Kings Mountain was the most complete of the entire war. Not a single man of the English force of eleven hundred and five men escaped. Ferguson himself was killed and all his men were either killed, wounded, or taken prisoners, while fifteen hundred stand of arms, which Ferguson carried for the purpose of arming his Tory recruits, were also captured. Though all the Tory prisoners were notorious marauders and had previously inflicted terrible injuries on their victors, not one of them was maltreated after they laid down their arms. The morning after the battle, however, ten of the most bloodthirsty of the lot were tried by court-martial, found guilty of murder, and hanged.

This was the closing scene of the battle of Kings Mountain, an event which created hope in the hearts of the patriots and dealt a fatal blow to the royal cause in the South. It proved to Cornwallis that South Carolina was not conquered and made him hasten back from the North State to try his faltering hand once more. On October 30, 1780, he established his headquarters at Winnsborough, in Fairfield County, midway between the Broad and Wateree rivers, and was thus in the center of a district mainly settled by the Irish and consequently filled with the friends of freedom and the hereditary enemies of English rule.

The rivers of South Carolina bear an important part in its history, and along their banks many of the most hotly contested battles were fought. The Santee River is formed by a union of many noble streams flowing from the north and northwest. The Catawba River, after its entrance from North into South Carolina, is called the Wateree. Parallel to it, about thirty to forty miles westward, flows the Broad River, which, after receiving many tributaries from the northwest—principal among which are the Pacolet, the Tiger, and the Enoree—joins the Saluda at Columbia. The united stream is called the Congaree, and it in turn joins the Wateree thirty miles below Columbia, and then becomes the Santee.

After his defeat at Fishing Creek, on the Catawba, Sumter, with a small volunteer force which he collected in Mecklenburg County, N. C., maintained a flying warfare and kept up the spirit of liberty along the waters of the Broad River. He crossed that stream and by rapid marches ranged the country watered by the Enoree and Tiger rivers in the vicinity of the Broad. His men were all mounted; they would strike a blow in one place to-day, and to-morrow their power would be felt in a far distant section. Marion, Pickens, the McDowells, and Lacy were engaged in similar work elsewhere, and in the midst of it all at Winnsborough Cornwallis was sorely puzzled as to the best direction in which to strike.

He first sent Tarleton to find and subdue Marion, who was out with the men of Williamsburg along the lower Santee, and then dispatched Major Wemyss to prevent Sumter from attacking the British fort at Ninety-Six, down near the Savannah River. Sumter at the time was among the Chester Irish on the east side of the Broad River, fifty-three miles above Camden. Wemyss, with a considerable force of well-mounted men, reached his immediate vicinity on the evening of November 11, 1780, and fearing that Sumter might be apprised of his proximity before morning and cross the river, he resolved to attack him at midnight.

About 1 o'clock in the morning Wemyss rushed upon Sumter's camp, but that vigilant officer was prepared to receive him. Tarleton had caught him napping once, but now he always slept with one eye open. His horses were all saddled and bridled, ready to retreat or pursue, as circumstances might require. His readiness astounded the British, for they expected to find him and his men asleep.

As soon as they were within rifle shot Sumter gave a signal, when a deadly volley crashed into their ranks and twenty-three of their number were laid dead upon the field. A skirmish ensued, but the British could not recover themselves and soon fled in wild alarm. The next morning Major Wemyss was found among the wounded, bleeding profusely. His blood was mercifully staunch, and though he had been guilty of many cruelties toward the patriots and in his pocket was a list of houses he had burned, Sumter treated him kindly and allowed him to go to Charleston on parole.

In this magnanimous action Sumter was merely showing the difference between the civilization of the backwoods and that of the English. Had Wemyss been successful in catching Sumter's men asleep he would have murdered every one of them in cold blood, as Tarleton did at Waxhaw.

Sumter now united his forces with those of Clarke, Twiggs, and others from Georgia, and was prepared to advance on Ninety-Six, but he had no sooner crossed the Enoree than he was intercepted by Tarleton, who was recalled by Cornwallis from his expedition against Marion and sent in pursuit of Sumter with all possible speed.

Tarleton's design was to get in the rear of Sumter and cut off his retreat, but the latter was too quick for him and rapidly retreated until he reached Blackstock's plantation on the Tiger river, in the extreme western part of Union County. Though closely pursued by Tarleton, Sumter here decided to give him battle without waiting to be attacked. Suddenly descending from the hill upon which he had drawn up his forces, he poured a well-directed volley upon the English. Recovering from this attack, they rushed upon the Americans with great fury, but were twice driven back in confusion. Amazed at this result, Tarleton withdrew his forces, but suddenly wheeled and made another desperate charge. This time he was met by the Georgia militia, under Colonels Twiggs and Jackson, who bravely held him back until the deadly volleys of Winn's reserved riflemen spread consternation in his ranks and brought complete victory to the Americans.

Tarleton fled in dismay, leaving two hundred of his men on the field, more than ninety of whom were killed and one hundred wounded. The Americans lost only three killed and five wounded.

Though Sumter was seriously wounded in the breast and had to relinquish the general command to Colonel Twiggs, he was not completely disabled, and continued active to the end of the battle. As soon as he had buried the dead and made the wounded of the enemy as comfortable as possible, he forded the swift-flowing Tiger and retired into North Carolina until his wounds were healed, when he again came forth to give battle to the enemies of his country.

Owing to the readiness he displayed in giving battle and the quickness with which he rallied from defeat, Sumter was deservedly called the Gamecock of the South. Cornwallis was obliged to speak of him as the most troublesome of his enemies, which was the highest compliment he could pay him, and on January 13, 1781, Congress passed a resolution of thanks to him and his men, in which his victory at Hanging Rock and his defeat of Wemyss and Tarleton are particularly mentioned.

Though Washington was much cast down by the abject failure of Gates in the South, he was far from giving up hope of final victory in that section. Knowing well the brave spirit of the Carolinians and Virginians, and believing they would yet retrieve their fallen fortunes under more competent leaders, on October

14, 1780, he appointed General Greene as their chief commander, being empowered by Congress to supplant Gates.

Washington also induced Colonel Daniel Morgan to join the Southern army, though he at first declined to do so because Congress failed to promote him, and he was unwilling to serve under Gates, whom he personally disliked on account of his treachery to Washington. But after the great disaster at Camden he declared that it was no time to let personal considerations influence him, and he joined Gates at Hillsborough in September. Congress, too, awoke to a realization of its duty by making him a brigadier general on October 13, 1780, and it was not long before it had reason to congratulate itself upon this tardy act of justice, which resulted in placing Morgan in a situation where his great powers could be made of the utmost service to the country.

Greene assumed command of the Southern army at Charlotte, N. C., on December 2, 1780, and forthwith set to work to improve its condition. He found only fifteen hundred men fit for duty, and these were dispirited by defeat, only half fed, and scantily clothed. Opposed to him was an army of 3,224 men, mostly veterans, abundantly supplied with all the requirements of war, and led by an able and unscrupulous general. Though the task before him was enough to daunt the boldest spirit, he was cheered by the presence of the dashing Morgan and other kindred spirits, and assumed his duties with sanguine hope.

This was the condition of affairs immediately preceding the battle of the Cowpens, on January 17, 1781, an event which proved another of those important victories which bore the American cause onward and pointed plainly to its final triumph.

Twenty-six years ago, when the centennial anniversary of the great event had just been celebrated, Michael Cavanagh wrote a glowing description of the battle of the Cowpens for the Celtic Monthly. As the battle was waged mainly by men of Irish blood in behalf of American freedom, and against the old enemy of their race, we follow Cavanagh's account as much as possible, embodying as it does the true spirit of Irish and American patriotism.

The battle ground of the Cowpens, so called from its previous use as a common pasturage, is situated in the vicinity of Spartansburg, a small town in the northwestern portion of South Carolina, near the North Carolina border. Greene's first step in reorganizing his army was to divide it into two detachments, the largest of which, under himself, was stationed on the east side of the Pedee River, seventy miles from the headquarters of Cornwallis, at Winnsborough. The other division consisted of about one thousand men, under General Daniel Morgan, who established

his headquarters on the northern bank of Pacolet River, near Pacolet Springs.

Morgan's little army was comprised of four hundred Continental Infantry, under Lieutenant Colonel Howard, of the Maryland Line; one hundred dragoons, under Lieutenant Colonel William Washington; two companies of Virginia Militia, under Captains Triplet and Fate, and the balance of North Carolina and Georgia Militia, under Majors McDowell and Cunningham.

So successful were the attacks of the patriot cavalry on the predatory Tory bands that Cornwallis became alarmed and determined to disperse Morgan's forces. He thereupon dispatched Tarleton and eleven hundred men, with orders to force Morgan to fight or retreat over the Yadkin. As the English forces were superior in numbers; discipline, and military appointments, their commander felt confident of success. Evidently he had forgotten Bunker Hill and needed another lesson to refresh his memory.

On learning of Tarleton's superior numbers Morgan retreated from his camp and took up a more favorable position in the Thicketty Mountains on a low foothill, covered with heavy forest trees, but clear of undergrowth. There, on the morning of the 17th, having carefully inspected the ground, he drew up his forces in battle array and confidently awaited the approach of the enemy.

On the crest of the hill he stationed the Continentals as his rear line. One hundred and fifty yards in advance of them he posted the South Carolina Militia, under Pickens, who had joined him the preceding night. Further down the slope, one hundred and fifty yards in advance of Pickens, were placed the men of North Carolina and Georgia, under McDowell and Cunningham. The reserve, consisting of Washington's troopers and McCall's mounted militia, occupied a hill in the rear of all.

Tarleton reached the site of Morgan's camp soon after the latter's departure. Confident of overtaking the patriot forces, he pressed eagerly forward in his pursuit, riding all night. Early on the morning of the 17th he captured two American scouts and compelled them to reveal the place of Morgan's encampment. He came in sight of the American position a little after 8 o'clock, and, fearing they might yet elude him, he determined to make an instant attack.

At a signal from Tarleton the English, with loud shouts, rushed on the Americans. Coming in range of McDowell's and Cunningham's riflemen, they were met by a shower of bullets, which strewn their path with prostrate redcoats. After delivering this one effective volley the riflemen fell promptly back to the flank of the line under Pickens. The British rushed forward and poured in a close volley on the South Carolina men. These re-

turned the fire with effect, but when they were confronted with a bayonet charge they fell back to the flank of the Continentals. Their movement was attended with some confusion, but order was immediately restored by Pickens.

Tarleton now charged with impetuosity on the Continentals, who met him with equal resolution, and a hot struggle ensued for some minutes, when the English showed symptoms of giving ground. In this critical moment the British reserve, under McArthur, advanced to the support of their comrades, and while their movement restored confidence to the latter, McArthur attempted to outflank Howard. But the American, perceiving his intent, ordered his first company to charge on the British infantry. His order was mistaken, and the company, instead of charging, fell back. This unfortunate movement came near jeopardizing the American chances of victory, for the whole line gave way at the same moment. But Morgan was equal to the emergency. He ordered the line to retreat to the eminence behind which the cavalry were posted, out of sight of the enemy. This command was being executed in good order, when Tarleton, believing it to be but the commencement of a general retreat, ordered another bayonet charge, and his exulting infantry, with loud shouts, rushed forward in disorder to complete their enemy's supposed discomfiture.

Seldom, in broad daylight, were warriors more completely surprised. When the struggling pursuers got within a few yards of the Americans Howard ordered his men to face about and deliver a volley at short range. With a promptitude that vouched for their high state of discipline, the patriots obeyed, and, as if struck by a lightning flash, the pursuers were smitten to the earth in swathes. The astonished survivors of this terrific and totally unexpected volley were instantly brought to a confused halt, and before they could recover from their terror and bewilderment Howard completed their discomfiture by a vigorous bayonet charge, and they broke and ran for their lives. The battle was lost to the British past redemption.

But their cavalry were destined to share in the disgrace of the infantry, for while the main bodies were engaged on the hillside Tarleton's horsemen gained the rear of the American position and fell furiously on McCall's mounted militia. But they had more than the Georgians to deal with. The veteran Virginia dragoons, with the gallant Colonel Washington at their head, dashed down on them with a cheer. Their shock was irresistible, and the British recoiled and fled, hotly pursued by the avengers. Infantry and cavalry got inextricably intermingled, and such as escaped being killed or captured never cried halt till they crossed the

Broad River at Hamiltons' Ford and gained Cornwallis' encampment, twenty-five miles from the Cowpens.

The British loss in this decisive battle was nearly equal to the entire American force engaged, and consisted of 300 killed and wounded and 600 prisoners, 2 pieces of artillery, 800 muskets, 100 dragoon horses, and 35 baggage wagons. Only 270 escaped, among them Tarleton, who barely saved himself in a furious single combat with Colonel Washington. The American loss in this astonishing action was 12 killed and 61 wounded. Some of the highest authorities assert that in point of tactics it was the most brilliant battle of the Revolutionary War, and it still appears brilliant when judged by the standards of the greatest masters of the military art. All its movements, though sometimes seemingly the result of stress, were deliberately planned beforehand by General Morgan.

The result of the battle of the Cowpens was received with exultation throughout the length and breadth of the land. The news reached Congress on February 8, and on the day following that body awarded a gold medal to General Morgan, a silver medal to Colonels Howard and Washington, a sword to Colonel Pickens, promotion to Captain Giles, General Morgan's aid, and a vote of thanks to the other officers and soldiers who participated in the battle.

A mere glance at the names of the commanding officers in this battle will show the great predominance of our countrymen. General Morgan, Colonel Pickens, Majors McCall, McDowell, and Cunningham and Captain Giles were all men of the Irish race. Even Colonel Howard had Irish blood in his veins, his grandmother being Johanna Carroll, one of the Carrolls of Maryland.

The following poem on the battle of the Cowpens was published in Harper's Magazine in 1861. As a descriptive ballad we have seldom read anything that surpasses it, either in the realistic picture of the times which it presents or in the stirring patriotism which it breathes. It is a noble production, and we print it here not only for its literary merit, but as a worthy tribute to the brave men who fought and won the battle of the Cowpens:

THE BATTLE OF THE COWPENS.

January 17, 1781.

To the Cowpens, riding proudly, boasting loudly, rebels scorned,
Tarleton hurried, hot and eager for the fight;
From the Cowpens, sore confounded, on that January morning,
Tarleton hurried, somewhat faster, fain to save himself by flight.

In the morn he scorned us rarely, but he fairly found his error,
When his force was made our ready blows to feel;
When his horsemen and his footmen fled in wild and pallid terror,
At the leaping of our bullets and the sweeping of our steel.

All the day before we fled them, and we led them to pursue us,
Then at night on Thicketty Mountain made our camp;
There we lay upon our rifles, slumber quickly coming to us,
Spite the crackling of our campfires, and our sentries' heavy tramp.

Morning on the mountain border ranged in order found our forces,
Ere our scouts announced the coming of the foe;
While the hoar frost lying near us, and the distant watercourses,
Gleamed like silver in the sunlight, seemed like silver in their glow.

Morgan ranged us there to meet them, and to greet them with such favor
That they scarce would care to follow us again.
In the rear the Continentals—none were readier or braver;
In the van, with ready rifles, steady, stern, our mountain men.

Washington, our trooper peerless, gay and fearless, with his forces
Waiting pantherlike upon the foe to fall,
Formed upon the slope behind us, where, on rawboned country horses,
Sat the sudden-summoned levies brought from Georgia by McCall.

Soon we heard a distant drumming, nearer coming, slow advancing—
It was then upon the very nick of nine—
Soon upon the road from Spartanburg we saw their bayonets glancing,
And the morning sunlight played on their swaying scarlet line.

In the distance seen so dimly, they looked grimly—coming nearer
There was naught about them fearful after all.
Until some one near me spoke in a voice than falling water clearer—
"Tarleton's quarter is the sword-blade—Tarleton's mercy is the ball."

Then the memory came unto me, heavy, gloomy, of my brother
Who was slain while asking quarter at their hand;
Of that morning when were driven forth my sister and my mother
From our cabin in the valley by the spoilers of the land.

I remembered of my brother slain, my mother spurned and beaten,
Of my sister in her beauty brought to shame;
Of the wretches' jeers and laughter, as from mudsill up to rafter
Of the stripped and plundered cabin leapt the fierce consuming flame.

But that memory had no power there in that hour to depress me—
No! it stirred within my spirit fiercer ire;
And I gripped my sword hilt firmer, and my arm and heart grew stronger,
And I longed to meet the wronger on the sea of steel and fire.

On they came, our might disdaining, when the raining bullets leaden
Pattered fast from scattered rifles on each wing.
Here and there went down a foeman, and the ground began to redden,
And they drew them back a moment, like the tiger ere his spring.

Then said Morgan, "Ball and powder kill much prouder men than
George's—

On your rifles and a careful aim rely;
They were trained in many battles—we in workshops, fields, and forges,
But we have our homes to fight for, and we do not fear to die."

Though our leader's words we cheered not, yet we feared not—we awaited,
 Strong of heart, the threatened onset, and it came.
 Up the sloping hillside swiftly rushed the foe so fiercely hated;
 On they came with gleaming bayonet, 'mid the cannon's smoke and flame.

At their head rode Tarleton proudly—ringing loudly o'er the yelling
 Of his men we heard his voice's brazen tone—
 With his dark eyes flashing fiercely, and his somber features telling
 In their look the pride that filled him as the champion of the throne.

On they pressed, when sudden flashing, ringing, crashing, came the firing
 Of our forward line upon their close-set ranks;
 Then at coming of their steel, which moved with steadiness untiring,
 Fled our mountaineers, reforming in good order on our flanks.

Then the combat's raging anger, din and clangor, round and o'er us
 Filled the forest, stirred the air and shook the ground;
 Charged with thunder-tramp the horsemen, while their sabers shone be-
 fore us,
 Gleaming lightly, streaming brightly through the smoky cloud around.

Through the pines and oaks resounding, madly bounding from the moun-
 tain,
 Leapt the rattle of the battle and the roar;
 Fierce the hand-to-hand engaging, and the human feshet raging,
 Of the surging current urging past a dark and bloody shore.

Soon the course of fight was altered; soon they faltered at the headen
 Storm that smote them; and we saw their center swerve;
 Tarleton's eye flashed fierce in anger! Tarleton's face began to redden;
 Tarleton gave the closing order, "Bring to action the reserve!"

Up the slope his legion thundered, full three hundred! fiercely spurring,
 Cheering lustily, they fell upon our flanks;
 And their worn and wearied comrades, at the sound so spirit-stirring,
 Felt a thrill of hope and courage pass along their shattered ranks.

By the wind the smoke-cloud lifted, lightly drifted to the nor'ward,
 And displayed in all their pride the scarlet foe;
 We beheld them, with a steady tramp and fearless, moving forward,
 With their banners proudly waving, and their bayonets leveled low.

Morgan gave his order clearly, "Fall back nearly to the border
 Of the hill, and let the enemy come nigher!"
 Oh, they thought we had retreated, and they charged in fierce disorder,
 When out rang the voice of Howard, "To the right about face! Fire!"

Then upon our very wheeling came the pealing of our volley.
 And our balls made red a pathway down the hill;
 Broke the foe and shrank and cowered; rang again the voice of Howard,
 "Give the hireling dogs the bayonet!"—and we did it with a will.

In the meanwhile one red-coated troop, unnoted, riding faster
 Than their comrades, on our rear in fury bore;
 But the light horse led by Washington soon brought it to disaster,
 For they shattered it, and scattered it, and smote it fast and sore.

Like a herd of startled cattle from the battlefield we drove them;
 In disorder down the Mill-gap road they fled;
 Tarleton led them in the racing, fast he fled before our chasing.
 And he stopped not for the dying, and he stayed not for the dead.

Down the Mill-gap road they scurried and they hurried with such fleetness—
 We had never seen such running in our lives;
 Ran they swifter than if seeking homes to taste domestic sweetness,
 Having many years been parted from their children and their wives.

Ah! for some, no wife to meet them, child to greet them, friend to shield
 them!

To their home o'er ocean never sailing back;
 After them the red avengers, bitter hate for death had sealed them,
 Yelped the dark and red-eyed sleuth-hound unrelenting on their track.

In their midst I saw one trooper, and around his waist I noted
 Tied a simple silken scarf of blue and white;
 When my vision grasped it clearly to my hatred I devoted
 Him, from all the hireling wretches who were mingled there in flight.

For that token in the summer had been from our cabin taken
 By the robber hands of wrongers of my kin;
 'Twas my sister's—for the moment things around me were forsaken—
 I was blind to fleeing foeman, I was deaf to battle's din.

Olden comrades round me lying dead or dying were unheeded—
 Vain to me they looked for succor in their need.
 O'er the corpses of the soldiers, through the gory pools I speeded,
 Driving rowel-deep my spurs within my madly bounding steed.

As I came he turned, and staring at my glaring eyes he shivered;
 Pallid fear went quickly o'er his features grim;
 As he grasped his sword in terror, every nerve within him quivered—
 For his guilty spirit told him why I solely sought for him.

Though the blow I dealt he parried, onward carried down I bore him,
 Horse and rider down together went the twain.
 "Quarter?"—HE? That scarf had doomed him; stood a son and brother
 o'er him;
 Down through plume and brass and leather went my saber to the brain—
 Never music like that crashing through the skullbone to the brain.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

GREENE'S RETREAT THROUGH NORTH CAROLINA AND HIS SECOND CAMPAIGN IN THE SOUTH—THE BATTLES OF GUILDFORD COURT HOUSE, HOBKIRK'S HILL, AND EUTAW SPRINGS—WAYNE'S SUCCESSFUL CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA—THE BRITISH EVACUATE SAVANNAH AND CHARLESTON—END OF THE WAR IN THE SOUTH.

The brilliant victory of Morgan at the Cowpens filled Cornwallis with rage, and he at once took the field himself to retrieve the losses incurred by the utter defeat of Tarleton. Leaving behind everything that might impede the swiftness of his march, he set out in pursuit of Morgan, but that able officer succeeded in crossing the Catawba before Cornwallis could overtake him. He was soon joined by General Greene, and then commenced the great military retreat of two hundred and fifty miles, clean across North Carolina, from the Catawba to the Dan. Cornwallis did his utmost to overtake and crush the Americans, but he was outgeneraled by the ever watchful Greene.

The American army during this retreat was in a sad and deplorable condition. Half clad and many of them barefoot, with only one blanket for every four men, they toiled through the mire or left their blood on the frozen ground. At night when they snatched a few moments' repose three soldiers would stretch themselves on the damp ground under one blanket, while a fourth kept watch. But they pressed forward with undying hope and bore their sufferings like true patriots. Over hills, through forests, across three large rivers, and innumerable streams, they pursued their toilsome march, drenched by the rains and chilled by the water through which they waded, with no way of drying their scanty clothing except by the heat of their famished bodies.

For twenty days Greene thus retreated, baffling every attempt of his more powerful enemy to force him to decisive action. For the skill in which it was planned, the resolution and energy with which it was carried through, and the distance traversed it stands alone in the history of the country and covers Greene with more glory than any victory could have done.

It was only when Greene was safely across the Dan and among the more fertile fields of Virginia that Cornwallis gave up the pursuit and doubled back on his march to Hillsborough,

N. C. Here he set up his headquarters and issued proclamations in the usual vainglorious style to the inhabitants, announcing that the rebels were driven from the State, and inviting all to join the standard of the King.

But his glory was only temporary. As soon as Greene had rested his weary army in Virginia and received necessary reinforcements and provisions he recrossed the river Dan, and this time became the pursuer instead of the pursued, resolved to give battle to the English enemy at Guildford Court House. The first move of Greene after crossing into North Carolina was to send General Pickens and Light Horse Harry Lee after Tarleton, who was at his old work of scourging the country in the neighborhood of the Haw. Though they did not catch up with Tarleton, they met and scattered a band of four hundred Tories while on their way to join the English, killing their commander, Colonel Pyle, and one hundred of his men, and teaching a lesson to the loyalists generally that prevented them from rallying to the royal standard.

By a series of maneuvers Greene succeeded in eluding Cornwallis until he found himself in a favorable position for battle at Guildford Court House. Greene had over four thousand men, but most of them were raw militia who had never been in a set battle before. Cornwallis' forces amounted to only 2,200, but they were all veterans to a man and equipped in the most thorough manner.

Greene deployed his forces into three separate lines, the first being the North Carolina Militia, the second the Virginia Militia, and the third the old reliable Continentals from Maryland and Virginia. At the first shock of battle the North Carolina Militia were routed, but the second line offered a stubborn resistance, and was only pushed back after a most desperate struggle. When the Continentals came into action their right wing was victorious, but their left was held in check until Colonel Washington's cavalry came to its assistance and drove the English back to the court house, where they established themselves in a position from which they could not be dislodged. At evening Greene retired with a loss of four hundred men, leaving the English with a nominal victory which cost them six hundred killed and wounded.

The English achieved this nominal victory at Guildford, inasmuch as they retained their position, but it was far worse than an ordinary defeat, and made Fox declare in the British Parliament that "another such victory would ruin the English army."

The battle was one of the most obstinate in the war. After losing nearly one-third of his forces, Cornwallis barely succeeded in keeping possession of the field, but found it necessary next day to retreat, leaving his wounded behind. He fell back to Wilmington, on the coast, where he could get support from the fleet.

Greene pursued him as far as Ramsay's Mills, on the Deep River, and then faced about and marched rapidly back to South Carolina to undertake once more the reconquest of that State. Cornwallis did not pursue him this time. He was so crippled by his recent defeats at King's Mountain and the Cowpens, his long march after Greene, and his supposed victory at Guildford Court House that after a while he had to return to Virginia branded with humiliation and defeat.

Having already alluded to the services of Irishmen at King's Mountain and the Cowpens, we will here recount a few of their achievements along the line of Greene's dreary march and at the battle of Guildford Court House.

Captain Joseph Graham and his North Carolina riflemen opposed the passage of the British over the Catawba at Cowan's Ford, as did also Colonel William Polk, one of the descendants of Robert Pollock, the Irish founder of the Polk family. Colonel Polk commanded a regiment of North Carolina Militia and was accompanied by the Reverend Thomas McCaule as chaplain.

While on his retreat General Greene organized a light army designed to operate between his own main body and that of the British. The command of this army was tendered to General Morgan, but he was compelled to decline it and returned to his home on account of his sufferings from rheumatism. It was made up of a body of militia under General Pickens, a corps of cavalry under Colonel Washington, Virginia militia under Colonel Campbell, the hero of King's Mountain; the regular Maryland infantry under Colonel Howard, who distinguished himself at the Cowpens, and Colonel William Preston and his riflemen. The latter, with some of Lee's legion, succeeded in defeating Tarleton on March 2, 1781, killing and wounding thirty of his force without the loss of a single man. While fighting bravely at the battle of Guildford Court House Colonel Preston received a wound from which he never recovered. We have before alluded to his services and those of the noble family which survived him.

The Virginians who made up the second line at the battle of Guildford Court House were chiefly from Augusta and Rockbridge counties, and were the descendants of the Irish who first settled that portion of the State. One company was composed principally of the congregation of the Rev. James Waddell, who was afterward known as the Blind Preacher of the wilderness along the eastern base of the Blue Ridge Mountains. He gave them a farewell address when they were under arms and ready to march, and many of them were left upon the field of Guildford. The Blind Preacher, who was pronounced by Patrick Henry to be one of the greatest orators he had ever heard, was born in Newry, Ireland, in 1739.

Colonel Charles Lynch, who, with his brother John, founded Lynchburg, Va., also commanded a rifle regiment at the battle of Guildford Court House. He was the son of John Lynch, an emigrant from Ireland.

When Greene returned to South Carolina he intended to invest the English at Camden under Lord Rawdon, but found his small army inadequate for such a purpose. He took up his position on Hobkirk's Hill, ten miles to the north, and here Lord Rawdon attacked him.

Greene had nearly succeeded in driving Rawdon back to Camden when victory slipped from his grasp. Owing to a misunderstanding of orders, the famous Maryland brigade fell into confusion and so deranged Greene's plan that he was forced to retire. His general scheme, however, was so good that Rawdon gained nothing from his victory and was soon compelled to evacuate Camden through the capture of Fort Watson by Lee and Marion.

Now, one by one, the British forts in South Carolina began to fall, and even Augusta was forced to surrender to the intrepid Pickens. On the 22d of May Greene invested Fort Ninety-Six, where he was soon joined by Pickens after his victory at Augusta. The sudden arrival of Lord Rawdon with two thousand fresh troops caused the Americans to raise the siege, but Rawdon's success was only temporary, and he eventually withdrew entirely from that section, falling back upon Charleston, pursued and harassed by the Americans.

All the leaders of the South took part in this pursuit until the last great battle was fought at Eutaw Springs on September 8, 1781. At 4 o'clock on the morning of that memorable fight Greene attacked the British in his usual order of battle. The militia in the first line under Pickens and Marion did gallant service and were warmly supported by the regulars in the second line.

When the whole English army became engaged and the issue yet remained in doubt Greene ordered up his reserves—the Maryland and Virginia Continentals—with the command: "Advance and sweep the field with the bayonet." A loud shout was his answer as the two battalions with trailing bayonets moved swiftly on the foe. The English met them with a galling fire, but nothing could stop their onward charge. Joined by Lee's legion and Washington's cavalry, the English soldiers fled before them like a flock of sheep along the road to Charleston, leaving their tents standing on the field, and a great victory seemed assured to the Americans—in fact, they had distinctly achieved it.

The battle of Eutaw Springs, however, consisted of two separate engagements, in the second of which the English maintained their ground. The standing tents and the plentiful supplies of the

deserted English camp proved too great a temptation to the famished American troops. Thinking the battle was won, they stopped to regale themselves with its provisions, and while they were doing so the English got possession of a brick house and intrenched themselves behind a thick hedge.

Even from these positions Greene could have driven them, but he thought he had already gained enough to secure the object of the battle. One quarter of the English army had fallen dead or wounded on the field, another quarter he had taken prisoners, and these successes he did not wish to risk by continuing the fight, since he knew that the enemy would be compelled to retreat. He had driven them from their camp, taken part of their artillery and a quarter of their army, and crushed forever their boasted superiority with the bayonet. Under these circumstances he withdrew from the battle, though he could have continued it with success and gained it the second time. As it was it proved a great strategic victory, and in the course of the night the British retreated to Charleston in such hot haste as to leave their wounded on the field. The total loss of the British was over 1,000 men, while that of the Americans was 554.

Colonel Howard and the Maryland line again distinguished themselves at Eutaw, sweeping the field with their bayonets. In his account of Howard's fierce encounter with the English Third Buffs, in which nearly half his command were killed or wounded, Lee describes Marylanders and Buffs as falling mutually transfixed on each other's bayonets. General Greene writes that "nothing could exceed the gallantry of the Maryland line; all the officers exhibited acts of uncommon bravery. Howard is as good an officer as the world affords, and deserves a statue as well as any Roman or Grecian hero of them all."

During the battle Colonel Howard was wounded by a ball which passed through the left shoulder. It was so long before this wound was dressed that the surgeon whispered to the attendant to watch closely during the night lest the wound should bleed again, as in that case the patient would die if not immediately attended to. In the morning Howard surprised the surgeon by telling him that he had overheard these instructions and had remained awake himself, thus displaying a self-reliance which he carried into every action of his life. He was afterward Governor of Maryland and United States Senator.

Colonel Richard Campbell, who commanded a regiment of Irish Virginians at Guildford, Hobkirk's Hill, Ninety-Six, and Eutaw, was mortally wounded in the latter battle while leading the charge that drove the British from the field. Hearing some hours after that the enemy were in full retreat, he died exclaiming with his last breath: "I die contented." Many writers have con-

founded him with General William Campbell, the hero of Kings Mountain, but he had a bravery all his own and distinguished himself in every battle in which he was engaged.

After the battle of Eutaw the British were pursued toward Charleston by Lee's Legion and Marion's men, but they managed to hold out there for more than a year after the surrender of Cornwallis.

Greene was active all the time either in trying to alleviate the sufferings of his soldiers or in more closely investing the British at Charleston. Governor Rutledge was always at his side, aiding him all he could, until he retired from the governorship and took his seat in the Continental Congress, where he thought his services would be more beneficial in bringing about the final overthrow of the British enemy and especially in getting the necessary aid to rid his native State of their hateful presence.

In our brief account of the Southern campaigns we were unable to mention many men who rendered important services to the American cause in out-of-the-way places or in positions of minor rank. Among these are Colonel William Butler, Major Andrew Brown, Major Thomas Donahue, of the Sixth North Carolina Foot, and the Rev. John Brown.

Colonel William Butler was the son of James Butler, who was captured and murdered by the notorious provost-marshal, Cunningham, and was graduated at South Carolina College as a student of medicine. He joined Lincoln's army as lieutenant in 1779, was engaged at Stono under Pickens, was with Greene at Ninety-Six, and was detached on several separate expeditions against the Tories, in which he displayed courage and ability. At the head of a body of cavalry, he, with Captain Michael Watson, attacked and dispersed double the number of the enemy at Dean's Swamp, though Captain Watson was killed in the action. He afterward was made Major General of Militia of South Carolina, commanded the troops of that State during the War of 1812, and occupied many other positions of importance in the State and nation. He died in 1821, leaving a family behind him who reflected honor on his name and achieved high positions.

Major Andrew Brown served under both Greene and Gates. He was born in Ireland in 1744 and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He came to America, like Montgomery, as an officer in the British army, but soon left the service and settled in Massachusetts. He espoused the American cause and took an active part at Lexington and Bunker Hill. After the war he established the Federal Gazette in Philadelphia, which he afterward changed to the Philadelphia Gazette. His death was caused by injuries received while fruitlessly endeavoring to save his wife and child

from a fire that destroyed his establishment on January 27, 1797.

John Brown, one of the soldiers who fought with Sumter from 1779 to the close of the war, was born in County Antrim, Ireland, in 1763, and came to this country with his parents, who secured 160 acres of land in Chester County, S. C. When independence was won he resumed his studies, entered the Presbyterian ministry and finally became President of the University of South Carolina.

The most brilliant and successful campaign in the South was that of General Anthony Wayne in Georgia. When he was ordered to the South it was Washington's intention that he should go directly to the aid of General Greene, but the advent of Cornwallis into Virginia caused a change of programme, and Wayne remained in Virginia until the British army was captured at Yorktown.

On the 15th of December, 1781, though yet suffering from a wound received in that all-important campaign, Wayne was ordered to resume his march to the support of Greene, and on the 1st of January following he was sent by that officer to reinstate as far as possible the authority of the Union within the limits of Georgia.

One of the best accounts of Wayne's movements in Georgia is written by Major John Armstrong, of the Revolutionary army, to whose services we have already alluded, though John R. Spears, in his *Life of Wayne*, adds many interesting details.

When Wayne set out on this important expedition his force amounted to less than seven hundred men, mostly raw militia, but among them were Colonel Moylan and one hundred of his brave Irish dragoons. "The offer of a force," says Armstrong, "so obviously inadequate to the purpose would by most men have been certainly regarded as a hardship and probably as an insult, but from Wayne not a syllable of complaint or objection was heard. The command was accepted, not merely with professional submission, but with the utmost alacrity. Substituting activity for discipline and skill, and boldness for numbers, he in the short space of five weeks drove the enemy from all his interior posts, cut off Indian detachments marching to his aid, intercepted the forays of his main body, and on the land side penned him up in a great degree within the narrow limits of the town of Savannah."

Wayne himself substantiates this statement in a letter to General Greene on the 28th of February. "The duty we have done in Georgia," he writes, "was more difficult than that imposed upon the Children of Israel; they had only to make bricks without straw, but we had provision, forage, and almost every other apparatus of war to procure without money; boats, bridges,

etc., to build without materials, except those taken from the stump; and, what was more difficult than all, to make Whigs out of Tories. But this we have effected and have wrested the country out of the hands of the enemy, with the exception only of the town of Savannah. How to keep it, without some additional force, is a matter worthy of consideration."

How Wayne was able to accomplish these things is explained in another letter which he wrote to a friend about the same time: "In the five weeks we have been here not an officer or soldier with me has once undressed except for the purpose of changing his linen. The actual force of the enemy at this moment is more than three times that of mine. What we have been able to do has been done by maneuvering rather than by force."

The wonder of these achievements can only be realized when the forces against which he had to contend are taken into consideration. "To oppose Wayne," says Spears, "there were throughout the State 1,300 British regulars, 500 well-organized and well-armed Tories, with an unaccounted number of Tory refugees, the whole under the command of Sir Arnold Clarke, whose headquarters were at Savannah. In addition to these white enemies must be counted the Creek and Cherokee Indians, who could and did bring several hundred warriors into the field. On the whole, Wayne was outnumbered at all times in the proportion of at least three to one, and now and then five to one. With such a disparity of forces as this, Wayne undertook the work of driving the British from Georgia."

Moreover, the country in which Wayne operated could afford little or no sustenance to his army, as it had been stripped of everything by the marauding foe. "The British soldiers," says Stevens, "most of whom were imported loyalists from the North, or German hirelings, ravaged the country with merciless vigor, while the savages had laid waste nearly all the frontier settlements and often penetrated into the older districts with the torch and scalping knife."

The following paragraph of an intercepted letter from within the British fort proves how well Wayne had succeeded in frightening the enemy and creating alarm and discontent among them by his daring tactics: "We are cooped up within the town of Savannah by about three hundred rebels, while we can muster 2,500 men fit for duty."

"To check a spirit of discontent," writes Armstrong, "produced by this state of things, and infecting alike the army and the inhabitants of the town, General Clarke, the British commander, found it necessary to invoke the aid of his Indian allies—two parties, of whom the one composed of Choctaws, the other

of Creeks, began their march early in May for the British camp. The former, having the shorter distance to travel, were the first to reach the environs of Savannah, where, by Wayne's vigilance and address, they were met and nearly all captured. Instead, however, of treating them as enemies, the general contented himself with retaining two or three of their principal chiefs as hostages and dismissed the remainder with a lecture on the folly of adhering to a power no longer able to protect them and the wisdom of returning immediately to their homes and never again taking an interest in a war with which they had no necessary or natural connection.

"To prevent the occurrence of any similar accident to the Creeks, whose approach was now expected, Clarke, on the 20th of May, detached Colonel Brown with a strong party of horse and foot to meet them at Ogeechee and thence to convoy them to the city.

"Apprised of Brown's movement on the day of its inception, and informed that in returning that officer must necessarily pass along a narrow causeway skirted on both sides by swampy grounds, Wayne hastened to seize this defile. By uncommon labor and perseverance he was able to reach it with the head of his column about 12 o'clock at night, when, somewhat to his surprise, he found the enemy advancing upon him.

"With only a moment to decide on the course to be pursued, his plan was promptly formed. And believing that in night attacks success depends more on prowess than on numbers, he ordered a small party, consisting only of one company of infantry and a single section of dragoons (Moylans'), to charge the advancing column—an order which, according to his official statement, was obeyed with a vivacity and vigor which, in a moment and without burning a grain of powder, defeated and dispersed the whole of it. Colonel Douglass and forty of the English were killed, wounded, or taken prisoners on this occasion, and a valuable acquisition was made in horses and arms.

"The leader of the Creeks had been prevented from reaching Ogeechee on the 20th, as was expected, and, of course, escaped all share in Brown's defeat. Apprised of this event on the 22d, and by no means shaken in his purpose by it, the Indian chief, equally distinguished for courage and for cunning, determined to persevere and even to retaliate as he went along, the blow his ally had suffered on the 21st. Confining his march to the woods and swamps during the 22d and 23d, he on the 24th reached a position within striking distance of Wayne's picket guard, whence, about midnight, creeping through grass, weeds, and bushes, he reached an outlying sentinel, whom he instantly and

silently killed; after which, approaching undiscovered a company of Posey's corps stationed to protect the artillery, he fell furiously upon it with his whole force and compelled it to fall back upon a quarter-guard. But the camp being now sufficiently alarmed, the dragoons mounted, and the infantry brought up, Wayne resorted to his favorite weapons, the saber and the bayonet; and, charging the savages on front, flank, and rear, a general rout on their part ensued, leaving on the field their dying chief and nineteen of his followers, who had fallen around him. In the pursuit which followed twelve of the fugitives were overtaken, making the ascertained loss of the assailants thirty-two. Judging, however, from the character of the conflict, which for fifteen minutes was sustained hand to hand, and the Indian usage of carrying off the dead and wounded, their actual loss was probably much greater."

Spear says that Brown's party consisted of one thousand men, and that the old Tory himself got lost in the swamp for three days. He also states that one of the Indian chiefs singled out Wayne for a personal combat, and got it. Wayne cut him down, but as he lay on the ground dying he drew a pistol and fired it, killing Wayne's horse.

The English ventured out at sunrise, but found their allies scattered to the winds, and Wayne turned on them so fiercely that they were soon glad to retire behind their works, where they remained cooped up within the city until July 11, 1782, when they abandoned the place to Wayne.

After the fall of Savannah Wayne was recalled to South Carolina by Greene. He had contracted malarial fever while fighting in the swamps of Georgia, but he was able to ride into Charleston at the head of the column when the Americans took possession of that city.

Wayne's success in Georgia was hailed with great joy throughout the country and earned for him the warmest acknowledgments of his superiors. Greene wrote to him as follows: "I wish you to be persuaded that I shall do you ample justice in my public accounts to Congress and the Commander-in-Chief. I think you have conducted your command with great prudence and with astonishing perseverance, and in so doing you have fully answered the high expectations I ever entertained of your military abilities from our earliest acquaintance."

Johnson, in his *Life of Greene*, thus alludes to the manner in which Wayne repelled the midnight attack of the Indians: "This surprise rather increased than diminished Wayne's military reputation. Those who knew the difficulty of guarding against such an event from such an enemy were ready to excuse it, while

the firmness, discipline, and valor of the troops and his own promptness and coolness in recovering them from their surprise commanded the admiration of all."

The legislature of Georgia, though the State was reduced to extreme poverty, voted 3,900 guineas, with which a rice plantation was purchased, and presented to Wayne as a token of gratitude from the people of the State.

The men of his command justly shared in the glory of Wayne's victories, and we are proud to say that no corps under him rendered more important service than Moylan's dragoons. In the South as well as the North they were noted for their bravery in action and the promptness and ardor with which they invariably responded to the call of duty.

General Pickens and his Irish Carolinians were about the last men to leave the field, and they did not finally lay down their arms until perfectly assured that every vestige of British power was driven from the country.

It was not until the war was all over—on October 10, 1783—that Congress did full justice to Anthony Wayne by promoting him to the rank of major general. Spears says that in the annals of the United States there is no other case to match that of the failure to promote Anthony Wayne during the progress of the war, but accounts for it by the rule which Congress had early adopted in order to avoid jealousies, by which each State was to have generals in proportion to the number of men it sent into the field.

The two major generalships to which Pennsylvania was entitled were given to Miflin and St. Clair more or less through political influence, which Wayne would not deign to use. "Had a third commission been allowed to Pennsylvania," says Spears, "Wayne would have received it, but in order to prevent sectional jealousy he was ignored. If he felt the slight he never, either directly or indirectly, said so. And because he gave his very best services to his country throughout the war without complaining it is but fair to say that he did his work not from a hope of any kind of reward or praise, but solely because of his love of country and his sense of duty."

Never were truer words written than those of the manly Spears. The great merits of Wayne were not only acknowledged by Washington and the people generally during his lifetime, but the memory of this brave Irish-American and active member of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick will live as long as either Ireland or America lasts.

On the 13th of December, 1782, the patriots of South Carolina were rewarded for all their faithful services and heroic sac-

rifices. When the boom of the morning gun resounded through the American camp outside Charleston on that memorable date—the signal for the British evacuation to commence—shouts of exultation rent the air, and as the American soldiers entered the town so great was their eagerness that their officers could scarcely restrain them from charging on the ranks of the retiring foe.

At 3 o'clock Greene entered, with General Wayne and the Governor by his side, preceded by thirty dragoons and followed by a long procession, while the whole city turned out to share in the joyous ceremonies. "At first," says Headley, "a breathless silence hung over the immense multitude and eyes swimming in tears turned in mute love and admiration toward the advancing chieftains. Suddenly, as if by common impulse, there arose over this deep hush one long and deafening shout, till the city rocked and rung with the jubilee, and 'God bless you!' 'God bless you!' fell on every side from hearts overflowing with joy and gratitude. That was a proud day for the noble-hearted Greene, and in that single moment of bliss he received a full reward for all his toils. As he looked on the thousands of beaming and happy faces his manly breast heaved with emotion, and that great heart, which no toil nor suffering nor danger could subdue, sank under the tide of affection, and the eye that never blanched in the wildest of battle flowed in tears which honored him more than all his achievements."

Thus ended the fierce conflict in the South, and the American cause triumphed at last over the gloom and misery of a long and merciless war.

Preparatory to the evacuation commissioners were appointed to prevent the carrying away of slaves by the British, but the promises made by their commanders were shamefully violated. Moultrie says that more than eight hundred slaves were carried away by the British and sold in the West Indies. During the war twenty-five thousand negroes, valued at twelve million dollars, were thus stolen from South Carolina.

When the Americans entered Charleston they found desolation spread on every hand. The old families were scattered and happy homes were ruined forever. BUT FREEDOM WAS WON, ENGLISH RULE WAS BANISHED, AND TRUE CIVILIZATION WAS FREE TO ASSERT ITSELF. Victory made amends for the heroic sufferings endured, and a new nation was launched into existence which not alone guaranteed the happiness of its own people, but became AN INSPIRATION AND A HOPE TO THE DOWNTRODDEN OF EVERY LAND.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE YEAR 1780 IN THE NORTH—BATTLE OF SPRINGFIELD, N. J.—
THE ARRIVAL OF ROCHAMBEAU AND SIX THOUSAND FRENCH
SOLDIERS—WAYNE'S DESCENT ON NEW JERSEY—THE TREASON
OF ARNOLD AND THE EXECUTION OF ANDRE—WASHINGTON'S
SELECTION OF IRISH TROOPS FOR WEST POINT—THE SO-CALLED
MUTINY OF THE PENNSYLVANIA LINE.

At the opening of the year 1780 Washington's army was encamped in the vicinity of Morristown, N. J. The winter was one of the most severe on record, and the sufferings of the soldiers equaled, if they did not surpass, those endured at Valley Forge two years previously. They lacked everything in the line of clothing, provisions, and shelter, but they bore their hardships with great patience.

Dr. Thacher says of this period: "The sufferings of the poor soldiers can scarcely be described. While on duty they are unavoidably exposed to all the inclemency of the storms and severe cold; at night they have but a bed of straw upon the ground and a single blanket to each man; they are badly clad and some are destitute of shoes. The snow is from four to six feet deep, which so obstructs the roads as to prevent our receiving a supply of provisions. The consequence is the soldiers are so enfeebled from hunger and cold as to be almost unable to perform their military duty."

Washington keenly felt the deplorable condition of his men and it pained him to the heart to be unable to improve it. In a private letter to a friend he said: "We have had the virtue and patience of the army put to the severest trial. Sometimes it has been five or six days without bread, at other times as many without meat, and once or twice two or three days at a time without either. At one time the soldiers ate every kind of horse food but hay. As an army they bore it with the most heroic patience; but sufferings like these, accompanied by the want of clothes, blankets, etc., will produce frequent desertions in all armies, and so it happened with us, though it did not excite a single mutiny."

Notwithstanding these disheartening circumstances, the soldiers kept up their spirits with wonderful determination and invariably responded to the call of duty without flinching.

One night in January an expedition of 1,500 men under Lord Sterling set out in sleighs from Morristown and descended on the British army at Staten Island, but their approach was betrayed and they had to return without success to their camp at daylight. The snow was three feet deep the whole distance of their journey, and the cold was so intense that more than one-third of the whole force was more or less frozen.

On St. Patrick's Day the whole camp at Morristown was enlivened not a little by a rousing celebration of Ireland's national festival, in which Washington himself joined most heartily. In his military orders for the day he not only called attention to the event, but expressed the hope that "while the troops are celebrating the bravery of St. Patrick they will not forget their friends in Ireland, who, like us, are determined to die or be free."

On the 28th of April Washington's headquarters were thrown into gloom by the death of Don Juan de Miralles, the Spanish Minister to America, who, accompanied by the French Minister, the Chevalier de Luzerne, was paying a visit to the Commander-in-Chief. In the midst of the festivities attending their reception Don Miralles was stricken with a fatal fever. The religious ceremonies of the funeral were conducted by a Spanish Catholic priest, and the body was interred with great respect. Washington, with several general officers and members of Congress, walked after the body as chief mourners, while all the officers of the army and numerous citizens followed in a procession extending about a mile.

While General Knyphausen was in temporary command of the British in New York, during the absence of Sir Henry Clinton in the South, he was informed that the American army at Morristown was on the point of mutiny and that the people of New Jersey generally were ready to resume their allegiance to King George.

Accordingly, on the 6th of June, 1780, he ordered General Matthews, with five thousand men, to march toward Morristown, but the opposition which that marauder met soon compelled him to retrace his steps to Elizabeth, many of his soldiers being cut off by small parties of Jerseymen. He burned the village of Connecticut Farms on his way, and during the conflagration Mrs. Caldwell, wife of the Rev. James Caldwell, the fighting parson of New Jersey, and one of the Virginia Irish, was shot to death in her own home.

Some say that Mrs. Caldwell was accidentally killed by a stray bullet, but the general verdict was that she was barbarously murdered by a British soldier, and her death aroused deep indignation throughout the country.

When General Sir Henry Clinton returned from the South he resolved to carry out the programme of Knyphausen in person, and advanced on Springfield on the 23d of June. At first he met with some success, but General Greene, who commanded the Americans, with the aid of the brigades of Maxwell and Stark, soon forced him to retreat like Matthews. He managed to burn the town before he left, but he fled with such haste that Stark's brigade, which immediately took up the pursuit, was unable to overtake him.

Colonel Francis Barber, who acted as deputy adjutant general on the occasion, was particularly recommended by General Greene in his report to Washington. He was born of Irish parents in Princeton, N. J., and was in active service during the whole war, being present at all the principal battles and at the surrender of Cornwallis. He was stationed at Newburgh in 1783, and on the day when Washington announced the signing of the treaty of peace to the army he was accidentally killed by a falling tree.

The Rev. James Caldwell also distinguished himself at Springfield. During the engagement he supplied the Americans with hymn books from a neighboring church to be used as wadding, with the exhortation: "Now put Watts into them, boys!" On November 24, 1781, he was killed at Elizabeth by an American sentry, who was afterward hung for the crime. Such was the popular indignation at the time that it was commonly believed the sentry had been bribed by the British to kill the fighting chaplain. His son, thus doubly orphaned, was brought to France and educated by Lafayette.

The principal event of 1780 was the landing in Rhode Island of Count Rochambeau and 6,000 French soldiers. Their arrival dispelled the gloom which hung over the American cause and helped to tide it over one of its most disheartening periods.

Count Rochambeau was appointed to the command of the army which was destined to support the American patriots and obtained from Louis XVI permission to increase it to 6,000 men. He embarked at Brest on May 2, 1780, and sailed under the escort of Chevalier de Ternay with five ships of the line. Off Bermuda a British fleet attacked them, but it was driven back, and the expedition landed in safety at Rhode Island on July 12, 1780. Rochambeau immediately set to work to erect fortifications, and thus prevented an attack which the British had concerted. Though Rochambeau immediately put himself into communication with the American authorities, it was more than a year before he entered into active service. But though he was tied up in Rhode Island both by the instructions of his own gov-

ernment and the opposition of the British, his presence was a source of comfort to the patriots, which inspired them to prolong the struggle through the desolation which surrounded them.

On July 20 General Wayne, with two brigades of the Pennsylvania Line, made a descent on the narrow neck of land lying between the Hudson and the Hackensack, where but for a false alarm he would have accomplished a feat almost as brilliant as Stony Point.

This neck of land was used as a depot by the British marauders, where they stored the cattle and horses seized in their forays through New Jersey, and on it, in the vicinity of Fort Lee, was erected a large and strong blockhouse.

"To break up this lawless and mischievous establishment," writes Armstrong, "to withdraw from the isthmus supplies of cattle and horses intended for the use of the enemy, to decoy into the defiles near Fort Lee any British detachment sent for the protection of the blockhouse, and, lastly, to make such demonstrations as might detain in port for a few days an armament known to be destined against the French fleet and army then at Rhode Island, formed the object of an enterprise projected by Wayne and approved by Washington. The former, marching accordingly on the 20th of July, 1780, with the two Pennsylvania brigades, a small detachment of artillery, and Moylan's regiment of dragoons, arrived as intended at daybreak of the 21st at Fort Lee.

"Placing two regiments in ambuscade near the defile through which any detachment coming to the aid of the banditti must necessarily pass, he gave to the second brigade a sustaining position in the rear, detached Moylan's dragoons down the Neck to collect and bring off the cattle and horses, while, with the first brigade and artillery, he proceeded to the blockhouse. He kept up a brisk artillery fire on the works for more than an hour, when two expresses in rapid succession brought him information that a number of boats filled with British troops were apparently in movement for the landing. He hastened to withdraw the assailing troops, when the rank and file of the first regiment, indignant at being foiled in the attack, made a rush on the blockhouse, broke through the abatis, attempted an esculade of the stockade, and were only recalled from their object by the remonstrances of their officers and a peremptory order of the general.

"On reaching the second brigade Wayne found, greatly to his own mortification and that of his division, that the reported movement of the enemy had been countermanded. Still, though two objects of the expedition had thus been lost, two had been gained. The cattle and horses collected by Moylan on the Neck

were safely brought off and a delay of three days produced in the sailing of the armament from New York, which had the happy effect of entirely defeating the project on which it was sent."

While the joy occasioned by the arrival of the French was still nerving on the Americans, they were once more thrown into consternation by the great treason of Benedict Arnold and the uncertainty of complication which it for a time involved. They were suddenly confronted with one of the blackest deeds of the Revolution, and even Washington himself gave exhibition of his uneasiness when, in imparting the knowledge to Knox and Lafayette, he exclaimed: "Who now can we trust!" The foulest blow to the cause of American liberty in America had been dealt by one of her own sons.

"During the year," writes Michael Doheny of this crime, "every enterprise of America seemed beset with fatality. But one calamity befell her of more mortification than all her other mischances. Arnold, the soldier in whom she prided and who so often bore her spangled banner to victory, was meditating her betrayal. He sold a priceless fame. In private he had many vices. He was prodigal, exacting and licentious, like Catiline, but his dazzled countrymen saw only his military daring and success, and their estimation of his character was unqualified worship. Had he, after retiring from the walls of Quebec, when unjustly superseded in command, deserted his colors, history would gladly magnify the injuries he received in order to blot out his shame. But it was not so. His treachery is unredeemed even by a weakness.

"Soliciting the command of West Point, the strongest fort in America, he determined to make his treason consummate in its results with his former deeds of daring. Washington unsuspectingly committed the fort to one whose valor excluded all suspicion of his fidelity. No sooner was he invested with the command than the negotiations of treason commenced. The arrangement was that West Point should be surprised by connivance of Arnold, and the garrison placed in such a position as to render any resistance impossible. The *Vulture*, sloop-of-war, bore up the river so as to afford means of communication between Sir H. Clinton and Arnold. Major Andre was commissioned to carry on the negotiation. Fatal mission for him—he died a spy's death in reward for a service no part of the shame of which was attributable to him. A boat conveyed him to the shore. He met Arnold without the posts of either army. Their conference wore away the night, and to return by day would be destruction. He allowed himself to be concealed, contrary to express stipulation, within the American lines. Another night came, and the boatmen

refused to brave a strong gale that then prevailed. Thus disappointed, Andre consented to the humiliation of disguise and a changed name for the purpose of escaping by land to his quarters. He rode with a passport and had nearly completed the dangerous part of his journey, when, mistaking three of the New York militiamen, who demanded his passport, for loyalists, he acknowledged he was a British officer. His interrogators then arrested and searched him. From the papers which they found concealed in his boots they read with horror all the particulars of Arnold's treason in his own hand. Andre, thus detected, offered them a purse of gold, a valuable watch, and, if they accompanied him, lasting and high rewards in England's service. The humble virtue of the New York militiamen spurned the proffered bribe. They delivered their captive to Captain Jameson, then commanding the American scouts. Andre was tried and convicted as a spy. Clinton remonstrated, and the most menacing correspondence suspended for a few days the fate of the unfortunate, brave, and beloved young Englishman, whose lofty deportment won the respect and even regret of those who condemned him to a spy's shameful death. Entreaty, argument, remonstrance were vain. Arnold was then in the camp of Clinton. The victim petitioned for a soldier's death; he was refused. 'Must I die in this manner?' he bitterly exclaimed. 'Inevitably,' was the stern reply. 'Well, then, it will be but a momentary pang!' His last words were: 'You will witness to the world that I die like a brave man.'

"Arnold, raised to the post of brigadier general in the royal army, was urged by a sinister ambition to publish to the world an attempted justification of his treason. And he dared to call on others to imitate his example. His justification was a coward's plea, and would equally vindicate every traitor who deserts the colors raised by himself. All he ever wanted was a redress of grievances, and for this only he unsheathed his sword. Britain was now ready to grant the terms for which he took up arms, and he was satisfied! What matters it that this involved a lie extending over a long career? Those who are prepared to betray must have learned to lie."

Arnold, who justly bears the blackest name in American history, was a man of strange conflicting character. He exhibited the greatest bravery in the field—his courage on occasions was the glory of his compatriots—and yet he was often proved to be a coward when the excitement of clashing arms was absent.

As an instance of this, Stone, in his "Life of Brant," related that Colonel John Brown, a brave Massachusetts soldier who was killed by the Tories in Palatine, N. Y., published a pamphlet in Albany, early in 1777, denouncing Arnold as an avaricious and

unprincipled man, charging him with "selling many a life for gain," and predicting that he would yet become a traitor in the following remarkable words: "Money is this man's god, and to get enough of it he would sacrifice his country."

Arnold, who was then quartered at Albany, was greatly excited when told of this pamphlet. He called Brown a scoundrel and declared that he would kick him whensoever and wheresoever they might meet. This declaration was communicated to Brown, who, by invitation, went to a dinner where he would meet Arnold. The latter was standing with his back to the fire when the former entered, and thus they met each other face to face. Brown walked boldly up to Arnold, and, looking him sternly in the face, said: "I understand, sir, that you said you would kick me. I now present myself to give you an opportunity to put your threat into execution." Arnold made no reply, when Brown retorted: "Sir, you are a dirty scoundrel!" Arnold was still silent, and Brown left the room, after apologizing to the gentlemen present for his intrusion.

The majority of English writers fiercely denounced Washington and the Americans generally for what they termed the foul murder of Andre, claiming that the latter was not a spy and that his conduct throughout the affair was strictly honorable, but Lecky, after doing his utmost to make out a case for Andre, is forced to acknowledge that he was unable to subscribe to the general condemnation of Washington.

"It is strange," says Lecky in forecasting what might happen in the event of Andre reaching New York, "to think how largely the course of modern history depended upon that solitary traveler, for had Andre reached New York the plot would almost certainly have succeeded and the American Revolution been crushed. He had not, however, proceeded far when he was stopped by three young men playing cards near the road. They have been called militiamen, but appear, according to better accounts, to have been members of a party who were engaged in cattle stealing for their own benefit."

Lecky's assumption with regard to the ending of the Revolution in the event of the success of Andre is based only on his personal feelings. The struggle had been continued for so many years and so much bitter feeling against the English existed it is quite safe to say that the war would never end while there was an American left able to bear arms. Washington, as he had said, would have gone over the mountains, if need be, and established himself beyond the Alleghenies in spite of all the armies England could send against him.

Lecky is mistaken, too, about the character of the young men who captured Andre. While they were not attached to the regular army or militia, they were patriots and honest men, and were out on an expedition, under the permit of the American commander, to prevent cattle from being taken to the British in New York.

John Paulding, who may be set down as the chief among them, had been confined in the Sugar House Prison in New York for his patriotism, and, according to Bolton, had only escaped three days previously in the dress of a German Yager. General Van Cortlandt says that he wore this dress on the day of the capture, which tended to deceive Andre and led him to exclaim: "Thank God, I am once more among friends!"

Andre was undoubtedly a young man of estimable character, but he was engaged in a plot to capture the chief fortress of the Americans and had come within their lines to seduce one of their commanders and carry away the plans of his fortress. He was therefore a spy of the most pronounced type.

While his manner may have been charming, he must have been a very poor soldier to allow himself to be captured and stripped by three young men without lifting his hand in his own defense. Any one of a thousand Americans, mounted as he was, would have made short work of the opposition he encountered. Sergeant Jasper, for instance, would have disarmed the three young men in a twinkling or galloped through them like a streak of lightning, and would have been well on his way to New York before they recovered their senses.

Arnold bargained to betray his country for \$50,000 and a brigadier generalship in the British army. Andre was captured near Tarrytown on September 23 after his meeting with Arnold in the house of Joshua H. Smith, near Stony Point. He crossed the Hudson with Smith as guide, who parted with him at Pine's Bridge, over the Croton River. He was taken to West Point and thence to the American headquarters at Tappan, N. J., where he was tried and condemned to death. General Greene presided at his court-martial, which consisted of fourteen American generals, four of whom were Irish-American—Generals James Clinton, Knox, Hand, and Stark. During the trial Andre was in the custody of Colonel Scammel and his New Hampshire Irish regiment, and he was executed by a Tory prisoner named Strickland, who resided in the Ramapo Valley, and who was set at liberty on condition of performing the office of hangman.

Soon after the execution of Andre an unsuccessful attempt was made to abduct Arnold from New York by Sergeant Major Champe, of Light Horse Harry Lee's command. In carrying out

his project Champe had to play the part of a deserter from his company, and he came near being captured by an Irish officer named Captain Patrick Carnes, who, unaware of the secret mission of Champe, did his utmost to overtake the seeming deserter. Lee, under instructions from Washington, had sent Champe on his mission, and he relieved Carnes from the pursuit in order to enable Champe to enter the British lines.

But the brave Champe did not succeed in his object, and Arnold was permitted to continue his treacherous career. He was sent by Sir Henry Clinton on a predatory expedition to Virginia, where he became a bitter scourge to the people, and afterward burned New London, with all the accompanying horrors of English war.

He succeeded to the command of the British army in Virginia on the death of General Phillips, but Cornwallis, much to his credit, refused to serve with such a traitor, and he was transferred to the North.

During his Virginia expedition Arnold asked a captain whom he had taken prisoner what he thought the Americans would do with him if he should fall into their hands. "They will cut off the leg," replied the officer, "which was wounded when you were fighting for the cause of liberty and bury it with the honors of war, but they will hang the rest of your body on a gibbet."

Arnold lived out his life of shame, haunted to the end by the scorn of all mankind, and died in London, England, on June 14, 1801.

John R. Spears, in his admirable "Life of Wayne," thus speaks of the treason of Arnold and of the instinct with which Washington turned to the Irish on that occasion when he sorely needed men at West Point on whom he could absolutely depend:

"The modern writers who have told the story of Arnold's heroic deeds with a view of palliating his crime have shown themselves utterly incapable of comprehending the events and wholly unable to appreciate the true standard of American patriotism. Instead of Arnold's heroism serving as palliation for his treason, it does but consign him to the deeper damnation.

"The utterly unforgivable feature of his crime is found in the fact that it was while standing before the people as a popular hero and in a position to give inspiration to his countrymen of the most remote generation, he plunged into the depths. He robbed us of a hero. It is because of the brilliancy of his previous career that in the world's list of men who have sold themselves into hell there is no name blacker than that of Benedict Arnold.

"It was on September 25 that Arnold's attempt to give West Point to the British was discovered. Wayne was at that time sta-

tioned at Tappan (some distance below the modern Nyack) with his brigade (the First Pennsylvania), and General William Irvine, with the Second Pennsylvania Brigade, was with him.

"It is recorded that when Washington finally learned that Arnold was a traitor he said in a sad voice to Lafayette:

" 'Whom can we trust now?'

"But when he came to answer his own question he turned as if by instinct to the Pennsylvania Line.

"The garrison at West Point had been scattered by Arnold, and Washington looked to see the British come up the river at any time to sweep the Americans by force from the Highlands. There was need of men who could come in haste and who would fight at the word. A messenger was sent galloping down the trail to Tappan. He reached Wayne's tent at 1 o'clock in the morning, and soon the drums were beating the call to arms. The men of both brigades—Wayne's and Irvine's—sprang up, and, with muskets in hand, formed in line. And when rations for the day had been secured, they marched away through the night.

"Most memorable was that dash for the Highlands. For the men had learned why they had been called. They believed that the safety of the nation depended on their exertions, and, 'in four hours in a dark night, without a single halt or a man left behind,' they covered sixteen miles and reached the mouth of the pass that led from the Haverstraw landing through the mountains to West Point. They stopped at 'Smith's white house,' that stood between the main branches of Haverstraw Creek.

"With honest pride Wayne wrote to his friend Hugh Sheel (his brother member of the Friendly Sons), October 2, 1780, to say: 'When our approach was announced to the general he thought it fabulous, but when convinced of the reality he received us like a god, and, retiring to take a short repose, exclaimed: "All is safe and I again am happy."'

" 'The protection of that important place' (West Point), Wayne adds, 'is committed to my conduct until a proper garrison arrives. I shall not throw myself into the works, but will dispute the approaches inch by inch and at the point of the bayonet—decide the fate of the day in the Gorge of the Defiles at every expense of blood. * * * It is not in our power to command success, but it is in our power to produce a conviction to the world that we deserve it.' "

Although throughout 1780 the greatest exertions were made to maintain the public credit—the patriotic citizens of Philadelphia alone subscribing \$1,500,000, more than one-third of which was given by Irishmen—toward the close of the year the value of Continental money was reduced almost to nothing, and it was

truly said by the officers of the Connecticut Line "that four months' pay of a private would not purchase a bushel of wheat and that the pay of a colonel would not buy oats for his horse."

In the South, as we have seen, the patriots were being scattered by the English, and in the North famine threatened to disband the entire army, while everywhere the unrelenting hand of persecution was most vigorously applied among the defenseless people. Yet the patriots had no thought of giving up the struggle, and in the midst of all their hardships they hoped on.

"As the work of vengeance proceeded," writes Michael Doheny of this trying period, "death, exile, ruin became the ambition of the Americans. There was some yielding—sordid spirits will be everywhere—but devastation of property and danger to life were courted as holy charms which great and good men wooed with prayer. But the highest sacrifice that was offered to liberty was the gentle advocacy of womanhood. On no occasion during this long and wasting war was patriotism more tested. The gaiety of the ballroom, so seductive in female eyes, had no charms for women. Better sphere for them the prison ships; better exercise stepping on the road to exile. No country where the life of virtue is so guarded can ever perish. Where fathers, brothers, husbands, lovers were on exile's way the gentle ministers of freedom blessed them; where they were doomed to follow they trod the road of banishment lightly and uncomplainingly. Fairest source of hope's drawing! And it never changed afterward."

That is a high compliment to the men and women of the Revolution, but it is only a just and honest one. No one, not even the most patriotic American, writes with deeper sympathy for that noble struggle than Michael Doheny. Though he had never seen America at the time he wrote his history, his Irish heart naturally went out to those fighting for liberty and independence in that great land of which he was afterward destined to become a leading citizen.

"In this state of affairs," continues Doheny, "British intrigue found its way into the American camp. Placards inciting to mutiny were circulated among the soldiers. One of them thus invokes the loyalty of the Irish then serving under Washington: 'I am happy in acquainting the old-countrymen that the affairs of Ireland are fully settled and that Great Britain and Ireland are united as well from interest as from affection.' But not then nor since did the day arrive that saw England and Ireland united in affection or interest, and upon that occasion, as upon many others, the Irish soldier could remember nothing in connection with the

English name save that it was a blight on the destiny of his country. How he acted there and elsewhere it is needless to tell."

Many prejudiced writers have gone to great lengths to belittle the Irish troops under Washington on account of the so-called mutiny of the Pennsylvania Line, mainly composed of Irishmen, which occurred on January 1, 1781. This uprising of the soldiers, as all the events connected with it proves, was not an exhibition of disloyalty to the American cause, but a revolt against conditions which could no longer be borne and a movement to bring those to task who had long neglected their duties as civil officers of the new government.

The soldiers of the Pennsylvania Line were reduced to a state of actual starvation and nakedness which no human beings could stand—a condition repeatedly attested by their officers—and they had either to die of cold and hunger in their cheerless camp or speak out in a manner that would make their complaints heard. They naturally took the latter course, and though it at first assumed the ugly symptoms of a mutiny, it resulted in arousing the authorities to their duty in a just and peaceful settlement of the soldiers' claims.

Lossing puts the matter in its proper light and tells the truth about the conditions which led up to the disturbance. "The whole movement," he writes, "when all the circumstances are taken into account, should not be execrated as military rebellion, for if ever there was just cause for men to lift up their strength against authority, those mutineers possessed it. They had suffered every privation during a long and, in many respects, disastrous campaign, and not a ray of hope appeared in the gloomy future.

"The Pennsylvania Line at that time consisted of about two thousand men and was stationed at the old camp ground near Morristown. There was still due them their pay for twelve months, and nakedness and famine were their daily companions. The officers had murmured somewhat, and the soldiers took courage and spoke out boldly. They appointed a sergeant major their commander, and on the evening of the 1st of January the whole line, except a part of three regiments, paraded under arms without officers.

"General Wayne was in command of the Pennsylvania troops and was much beloved by them. He exerted all his influence to bring them back to duty, but they would not listen to him. On his cocking his pistol they presented their bayonets to his breast, saying: 'We respect and love you; often have you led us into the field of battle, but we are no longer under your command; we warn you to be on your guard.'

"Wayne appealed to their patriotism; they pointed to the impositions of Congress. He reminded them of the strength their conduct would give the enemy; they exhibited their tattered garments and emaciated forms. They avowed their willingness to support the cause of freedom, for it was dear to their hearts, if adequate provision could be made for their comfort, and declared their intention to march directly to Philadelphia and demand from Congress a redress of their grievances. Finding threats and persuasions useless, Wayne resolved upon a line of policy that proved effective. He supplied them with provisions, and, with Colonels Stewart and Butler—officers whom they greatly respected—marched with them. They reached Princeton on the 3d, and there a committee of sergeants submitted their demands in writing to Wayne.

"Intelligence of this revolt reached Washington and Sir Henry Clinton on the same day. The headquarters of the former were at New Windsor, on the Hudson, just above the Highlands; of the latter in the city of New York. An American council of war heartily approved the course pursued by General Wayne, and Washington, whose patience had often been severely tried by the tardy movements of Congress, was willing to have that body aroused to activity by circumstances which should demand immediate and undivided attention.

"Sir Henry Clinton, mistaking the spirit of the mutineers, thought to gain great advantage by the event. He dispatched two emissaries—a British sergeant and a New Jersey Tory named Ogden—to the insurgents, with a written offer that on laying down their arms and marching to New York they should receive their arrearages in hard cash; that they should be well clothed, have a free pardon, and be taken under the protection of the British government. Like his masters at home, Sir Henry entirely misapprehended the spirit and the incentives to action of the American soldiers. They were not mercenary nor soldiers by profession, fighting merely for hire. The protection of their homes, their wives and little ones, and the defense of holy principles formed the motive power and the bond of union of the American army, and the soldier's money stipend was the least attractive of all the inducements which urged him to take up arms. Yet, as it was necessary to his comfort and even his existence, the want of it afforded a just pretext for the assumption of power delegated to a few.

"The mutiny was a democratic movement, and, while the patriot felt justified in using his weapons to redress grievances, he still looked with horror upon the armed oppressors of his country and regarded the act and stain of treason, under any circum-

stances, as worse than the infliction of death. Clinton's proposals were, therefore, rejected with disdain. 'See, comrades,' said one of the leaders, 'he takes us for traitors. Let us show him the American army can furnish but one Arnold, and that America has no truer friends than we.'

"They immediately seized the emissaries, who, being delivered, with Clinton's papers, into the hands of Wayne, were tried and executed as spies, and the reward which had been offered for their apprehension was tendered to the mutineers who seized them. They sealed the pledge of their patriotism by refusing it, saying: 'Necessity wrung from us the act of demanding justice from Congress, but we desire no reward for doing our duty to our bleeding country.'

"Congress appointed a commissioner to confer with the insurgent troops at Princeton, and the result was a compliance with their just demands. Thus terminated, as Thacher remarks, a most unfortunate transaction, which might have been prevented had the just complaints of the army received proper attention in due season."

There is no evidence of treason in that account nor in any other written by an honest man. The story of the mutiny given by Spears is substantially the same as the foregoing, but he goes much further in placing the blame where it properly belongs. He tells how Wayne had to cut off the tails of the soldiers' coats in order to cover protruding knees and elbows, and that he had to beg even for the needles and thread to do so—how he wrote to President Reed for God's sake to procure the clothing by Christmas at farthest, and how he warned him that they never stood upon such perilous ground.

"Half starved, half naked," writes Spears, "with their clothing gone to pieces, as Wayne had predicted, the men became desperate and arose with arms in hand and marched away in solid column, 1,300 strong. John Adams, in a burst of indignation after St. Clair's flight from Ticonderoga, had said: 'We never shall be able to defend a post till we shoot a general.' These mutineers might have said with greater justice: 'We never shall be able to maintain the nation till we shoot a few politicians.' And if they had said it their sentiment would have found sympathy in many breasts even to this day.

"Wayne and his officers supposed that they might march to Elizabeth and join the British. In this the men were greatly wronged. They were headed for Philadelphia to argue with Congress. On learning their intention, Wayne, with Colonels Richard Butler and Walter Stewart, followed the mutineers and remained with them until the trouble was settled. Under the influence of

these officers the men elected leaders, maintained an astonishing regularity and discipline, confined and eventually hanged two emissaries sent among them by the British, and finally came to an agreement with President Reed, of Pennsylvania.

"At the beginning of the revolt the men had said to Wayne while they held their bayonets to his breast: 'We love you, we respect you.' And when the wrongs of the men had been righted nearly two-thirds of them re-enlisted.

"Neither Congress nor the Pennsylvania Assembly had been able to find any way to relieve the men before the revolt, but when the two bodies of politicians learned that a column of determined men, 1,300 strong, was on the way to Philadelphia to ask questions at the point of the bayonet, means for supplying the unfortunate troops were quickly discovered.

"It seems worth while pointing out that this revolt was an exercise of what in this day is called lynch law. It is a shocking fact, but one worth the most serious consideration of every patriot, that at intervals throughout the entire history of the nation bodies of sober-minded men have felt obliged to openly violate statute law in order to obtain natural rights and do justice. This statement is not made to defend any form of lynch law, but to point out a fact that has not received sufficient consideration."

The following account of Lecky also shows that the Irish troops were thoroughly loyal to America and conducted themselves in the most orderly manner while acting independently of their officers:

"The year 1781, which at last gave a decisive turn to the American war, began under circumstances very unfavorable to the American cause, for it opened with by far the most formidable mutiny that had yet appeared in the American army. No troops in that army had shown themselves more courageous, more patient, and more devoted than the Pennsylvania Line. Its privates and noncommissioned officers consisted chiefly of immigrants from the North of Ireland, and it is remarkable that they had done good service in suppressing the mutiny of Connecticut troops in the preceding year. Their pay, however, was a whole year in arrears. They were left nearly naked and exceedingly destitute of provisions, and an ambiguity in the terms of their enlistments gave rise to a fierce dispute. The mutineers kept together in a disciplined body, elected their own temporary officers, committed no depredations, and proclaimed their full loyalty to the American cause and their readiness, if their grievances were redressed, to return to their old officers.

"In the weak condition of the American forces such a body, if it had gone over to the English, might have turned the fortunes

of the war, and Washington was for some time in extreme alarm lest the contagion should spread through the other regiments, Sir Henry Clinton, the English general, sent confidential messengers to the revolted troops and endeavored by large offers to win them to his side. But the Pennsylvania Line were as steadfast as ever in their hostility to England, and they not only rejected the offers that were made to them, but actually arrested the English emissaries and sent them prisoners to the American camp, where they were tried and hanged as spies. Congress at once opened a negotiation with the revolted troops and at length induced them to lay down their arms. When a purse of one hundred guineas was offered to those who had delivered up the British emissaries they refused to accept it, alleging that they had only done their duty."

Washington Irving says that the arrest of the British emissaries had a great effect in inspiring hope of the loyalty of the troops and induced President Reed, of Pennsylvania, an Irish-American himself, to appear among them. "As he approached Princeton," writes Irving, "he found guards regularly posted, who turned out and saluted him in military style. The whole line was drawn out under arms near the college and the artillery on the point of firing a salute. He prevented it, lest it should alarm the country. It was a hard task for him to ride along the line as if reviewing regular troops, but the sergeants were all in the places of their respective officers and saluted the President as he passed. Never were mutineers more orderly and decorous. The circumstances connected with the insurrection," concludes Irving, "had ultimately a beneficial effect on the friends of American liberty by proving that, however the Americans might quarrel with their own government, nothing could again rally them under the royal standard."

These true statements of the "mutiny" of the Pennsylvania Line are sufficient to convince all fair-minded men that there was no disloyalty toward America in the hearts of its Irish soldiers, but we will add another from the earnest pen of Matthew Carey, of Philadelphia, who wrote while the events were fresh and many of the participants were yet alive to attest his story:

"During the American Revolution a band of Irishmen were embodied to avenge, in the country of their adoption, the injuries of the country of their birth. They formed the major part of the celebrated Pennsylvania Line. They fought and bled for the United States. Their adopted country was shamefully ungrateful. The wealthy, the indolent, and the luxurious, for whom they fought, were rioting in all the comforts and superfluities of life. Their defenders were literally half starved and half naked. Their

shoeless feet marked with blood their tracks on the highway. They bore their grievances patiently. They at length murmured. They remonstrated. They implored a supply of the necessities of life, but in vain. A deaf ear was turned to their complaints. They felt indignant at the cold neglect, at the ingratitude of that country for which so many of their companions in arms had expired on the crimsoned field of battle. They held arms in their hands. They had reached the boundary line beyond which forbearance and submission became meanness and pusillanimity. As all appeals to the gratitude, the justice and generosity of the country had proved unavailing, they determined to try another course. They appealed to its fears. They mutinied. They demanded with energy that redress for which they had before supplicated. It was a noble deed. I hope in all similar cases similar measures will be pursued.

"The intelligence was carried to the British camp. It there spread joy and gladness. Sir Henry Clinton hoped that a period had arrived to the 'rebellion,' as it would have been termed. There was a glorious opportunity of crushing the half-formed embryo of the republic. He counted largely on the indignation and on the resentment of the natives of the Emerald Isle. He knew the irascibility of their tempers. He calculated on the diminution of the strength of the 'rebels' and the accession to the numbers of the royal army. Messengers were dispatched to the mutineers. They had *carte blanche*. They were to allure the poor Hibernians to return, like prodigal children, from feeding on husks to the plentiful fold of their royal master. Liberality itself presided over his offers. Abundant supplies of provisions, comfortable clothing to their heart's desire, all arrears of pay, bounties and pardon for past offenses were offered. There was, however, no hesitation among those poor, neglected warriors. They refused to renounce poverty, nakedness, suffering, and ingratitude.

"The splendid temptations were held out in vain. There was no Judas, no Arnold there. They seized the tempters. They trampled on their shining ore. They sent them to their general's tent. The miserable wretches paid their forfeited lives for attempting to seduce a band of ragged, forlorn, and deserted but illustrious heroes. We prate about Roman, about Grecian patriotism. One-half of it is false. In the other half there is nothing that excels this noble trait which is worthy the pencil of a West or a Trumbull."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ARNOLD SCOURGES THE SOUTH—WAYNE, WITH THE PENNSYLVANIA LINE, CHARGES THE WHOLE BRITISH ARMY—THE UNION OF THE FRENCH AND AMERICAN ARMIES ON THE HUDSON—THE SEIGE OF YORKTOWN AND THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS—“RICHELIEU” ROBINSON’S LIST OF GUESTS WHO SHOULD HAVE BEEN INVITED TO ITS CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION—IRISHMEN IN THE FRENCH ARMY—THE ENGLISH, “WHO LOST AMERICA THROUGH THE IRISH,” DRIVEN FOREVER FROM THE UNITED STATES.

After these troubles had been satisfactorily settled the tide of fortune began to turn in favor of the Americans, though the South, especially Virginia, had still to suffer from the marauding forces of the English, and a few minor setbacks had to be endured.

Arnold, now a brigadier in the service of England, set out for Virginia toward the close of 1780 with a force that he boasted would shake the continent, but during the voyage his ships were tempest-tossed and scattered and half of his cavalry horses and several of his guns had to be thrown overboard.

He opened the new year with a buccaneering ravage, more ferocious in its nature than any the defenseless Virginians had experienced before. On January 4 he landed at Westover, about twenty-five miles below Richmond, and pushed on to that place, then little more than a village, though the capital of the State. He there hoped to capture Governor Jefferson, but the latter was temporarily absent, and Arnold, almost unopposed, burned the public stores and workshops, with a great quantity of tobacco, and pillaged the private houses.

After destroying all he could at Richmond, Arnold re-embarked at Westover and slowly fell down the James River, landing occasionally to burn, plunder, and destroy, and finally set up his headquarters at Portsmouth, which he proceeded to fortify.

Virginia, at this time under the command of Baron Steuben, was in a most defenseless state. The baron was after sending all the troops he could raise to the aid of General Greene, and the few that he had left were unable to cope with Arnold, though

he harassed him all he could with the remnant of half-famished troops at his disposal.

Jefferson wrote to Washington of Arnold's devastation, and the latter, desirous of checking and punishing the traitor, resolved to send Lafayette to oppose him with 1,200 men.

At this juncture a disastrous storm scattered the English fleet blockading Newport, and four of the French ships were enabled to proceed to the Chesapeake. This was grateful news to Washington, as he had already written Rochambeau making such a request, and he now hastened the departure of Lafayette, who set out on his march on February 22, 1781.

The expedition of the four French ships resulted in failure, and the French commanders now determined to follow the plan of Washington and operate in the Chesapeake with their whole fleet and a detachment of land troops, being disposed to risk everything to prevent Arnold from establishing himself at Portsmouth.

Washington set out for Newport to concert operations with the French commanders, and when he arrived there on the 6th of March he found the French ships ready for sea, with 1,100 troops under General Viomenil already embarked.

Washington was received with enthusiasm by the French soldiers and sailors, and found to his great satisfaction that an excellent feeling existed between them and the inhabitants of the town. He had a most cordial interview with Rochambeau and witnessed with great delight the departure of the whole fleet to the scene of operations in the South.

Washington was once more filled with the highest hopes, but he was soon doomed to disappointment, for the French fleet met disaster and were again compelled to return to Newport.

But Washington did not allow himself to remain long cast down by this check to his high hopes, especially when the safety of General Greene in the South demanded his attention. Two thousand English troops had sailed from New York under General Phillips to join Arnold in Virginia and then form a junction with Cornwallis. Should this occur Washington foresaw that Greene would be unable to withstand their united forces, and he therefore requested Lafayette to proceed to the aid of Greene.

Lafayette was at the head of Elk, preparing to return to the Hudson, when he received Washington's letter, but he immediately proceeded to carry out his instructions. At first he had some difficulty with his men, who were all Eastern troops, and wished to return home, but he soon induced them to march toward the South.

When Phillips reached Virginia the torch was again applied with renewed vigor and fresh forays were organized against the people. He landed at City Point and advanced against Peters-

burg, the Americans under Michlenburg falling back before him, though constesting his progress inch by inch.

Phillips entered the town, burned the warehouses and all the shipping in the river, and penetrated the country as far as Chesterfield Court House, while Arnold carried on a similar devastation in the direction of Warwick.

They pursued their destructive course until they reached Manchester, where they set fire to the tobacco warehouses, but Richmond, on the opposite side of the river, was the chief object of their maraud, because there a great part of the military supplies of the State had been collected.

Fortunately, Lafayette, with his detachment of 2,000 men, had arrived there by forced marches the evening before, and, being strongly reinforced, posted himself on the north side of the river.

This opportune appearance of Lafayette prevented the destruction of Richmond, and Phillips, greatly irritated in being thus foiled by the youthful Frenchman, was compelled to fall down the river below the confluence of the Chickahominy, whither he was followed and closely watched by Lafayette.

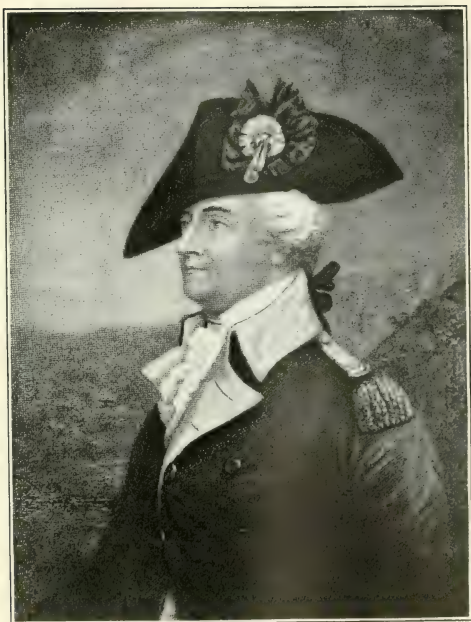
On April 25 Cornwallis, reduced in all the pomp and circumstance of war, and fearful that Greene would again confront him, sent a dispatch to Phillips that he was about to join him at Petersburg and had already set out on his fated march.

When Cornwallis arrived at Petersburg, on May 20. he found Arnold in command of the English forces, General Phillips having died of fever on the 13th. Tarleton, with a corps of 240 ruthless dragoons, was sent in advance of Cornwallis to disperse the militia and overawe the inhabitants. The outrages committed by these marauding troops were pronounced by Stedman, then an officer of the British army, as "a disgrace to the name of man." Simcoe had been sent by Arnold on a similar mission in another direction, and the two armies, unopposed, effected a junction at Petersburg, when Cornwallis assumed command of the whole and sent the traitor Arnold to the North.

Lafayette endeavored to get to Petersburg before Cornwallis, but was too late, and he fell back to Richmond to guard the public stores. He was now, under Greene, in chief command of the American forces in Virginia.

In order to strengthen his hands Washington sent him the old Pennsylvania Line, now 1,100 strong, which, with Wayne still at its head, joined him at Fredericksburg on the 7th of June.

When Cornwallis heard that Lafayette was reinforced by these and other troops he felt obliged to retreat to the seashore in order to draw supplies from the British fleet. He left Richmond



GENERAL ANTHONY WAYNE.



on June 20, crossed the Chickahominy, and marched down the peninsula between the James and York rivers as far as Williamsburg, closely followed by Lafayette.

When Cornwallis reached Williamsburg, on June 25, he heard that the Americans had some boats and stores on the Chickahominy, and sent Colonel Simcoe, with his rangers and some yagers, to destroy them and collect all the cattle they could find.

When informed of Simcoe's expedition Lafayette sent Lieutenant Colonel Pierce Butler, a brave officer of the Pennsylvania Line, who had already distinguished himself at Saratoga and elsewhere, to intercept him. When Simcoe was returning with his spoils he was met by Butler at Spencer's Ordinary and received a check which he did not expect when he set out on his maraud. He was forced to retreat by Butler and leave most of his booty behind.

"As usual under such circumstances," writes Spears, "Wayne had command at the head of the column, while Lafayette was following the British down the peninsula, and thus found an opportunity for the display of the genius that has made him memorable. When Cornwallis had reached Williamsburg (on the north side of James River) word was brought to the American camp (July 6, 1781) that the British were crossing to the south side of the James at Greene Spring, on their way to Portsmouth, Va.

"At this Wayne was ordered forward with his 800 Pennsylvanians to reconnoiter, and, if possible, to attack the rear guard of the enemy after the main body had crossed the river. On approaching Greene Spring Wayne had to cross a swamp by means of a causeway (dirt and corduroy road), and he was advancing into the fields beyond the swamp when he discovered, instead of the rear guard of the British, the whole British army there, and that they were drawn up in line of battle.

"Wayne had 800 men; the British army numbered 5,000. In crossing the causeway Wayne had entered the best trap he had ever seen. But with the pluck that he had displayed when with twenty men in the edge of the swamp at Three Rivers he held the army of Burgoyne at bay he now ordered forward his riflemen—men selected for their skill as marksmen—and they opened a galling fire, while a messenger was sent in hot haste for the whole American army (then five miles away) to come up and join in. It was Wayne's determination to force a general engagement then and there to end the campaign.

"But while the riflemen were doing their whole duty the British recognized that the number of the men firing was small and began to advance. Instantly Wayne ordered forward two detachments to support the riflemen, but in vain, for the British

army of 5,000 veterans was coming. The utter destruction of the whole American force was at hand, when Wayne, with the spirit of the god of battles surging in his breast, formed his men with bayonets fixed and charged the enemy.

"With 800 men he charged 5,000, and Cornwallis, unable to suppose that such a dash could be made unless the whole American Army was supporting it, halted his veterans and allowed Wayne to retreat in perfect order."

Washington was highly elated when he heard of the action of Wayne at Greene Spring and sent him the following letter on July 30, 1781:

"I received, with the greatest pleasure, the account of the action at Greene Spring. The marquis speaks in the handsomest manner of your own behavior and that of the troops under your command. Be pleased to make my compliments to Colonels Butler and Stewart and the other gentlemen of the line. I cannot but feel interested in the welfare of those to whose gallant conduct I have so often been a witness."

General Greene also spoke in the highest terms of Wayne's conduct. "The marquis," he writes, "gives you great glory for your conduct in the action at Jamestown, and I am sensible that you merit it. Oh, that I but had you with me a few days ago! Your glory and the public good might have been greatly advanced."

Wayne was truly grateful for these tributes, but he gave the credit of his achievement to the Irish troops under his command in the Pennsylvania Line, to the brave officers who led them in the heroic charge, like Colonel Richard Butler and his brother Pierce, the lieutenant colonel; Colonel Walter Stewart, Major Galvin, and, last, but not least, Colonel Moylan and his brave dragoons.

These men and their comrades had much to do with the retreat of Cornwallis to Portsmouth, which immediately followed their courageous action at Greene Spring, and they materially aided in confining him to the peninsula until the allied armies arrived, two months later, to capture his entire army at Yorktown.

On May 22, 1781, a conference was held at Weathersfield, Conn., between Washington and Rochambeau to concert a plan of joint operation. General Knox and the Chevalier Chastellux accompanied their respective commanders. Washington, having learned that Sir Henry Clinton had received orders from his government to turn his immediate attention to the conquest of the South, was in favor of making an attack upon New York. Rochambeau, on the other hand, thought it better to operate in the South, as there was not sufficient water at the bar of Sandy

Hook to permit the large French ships to enter the harbor of New York. The question of future action was left in abeyance, but it was decided that the French and American armies should immediately unite on the east bank of the Hudson at Dobbs' Ferry, where they could advance on New York or proceed to the South, as circumstances might require.

Washington sent the result of this conference to General Sullivan, then a member of Congress in Philadelphia, but his letter fell into the hands of Sir Henry Clinton. This incident had an important effect on the future conduct of the war, as Sir Henry Clinton made up his mind that New York was the objective point of the allied armies.

"There were a thousand circumstances to prove," writes Sir Henry of this period, "that New York was their object till De Grasse's pilots refused to carry his long-legged ships over the bar of New York."

On his return to Newport Rochambeau immediately set his troops in motion and marched across Connecticut to the place of meeting. Washington, too, moved his headquarters from Windsor, on the Hudson, to Peekskill, and began to assemble his forces. Major General James Clinton was ordered to send down the regular troops from Albany, where he was in command, and Governor George Clinton was notified to hold himself in readiness to advance with his militia toward Kingsbridge upon the signals of alarm guns and beacons.

While the French army was approaching the Hudson Washington received intelligence that a large detachment of British troops had left New York for a marauding incursion into New Jersey. He thought this a favorable opportunity to make an attack upon New York and sent dispatches to the Count de Rochambeau informing him of the movement and urging him to push on his troops to cover and support the attack. He also sent a courier to the Duke de Lauzun, who was leading the French advance, to hasten his hussars to the scene of action.

Arrangements were made to begin the attack at Kingsbridge on July 7, 1781, it being expected that Rochambeau would be on hand at that time. The task of cutting off the British troops along the Harlem River under Delancey was assigned to De Lauzun, then fast approaching, who was to be reinforced with American troops.

On the night of July 1 a strong detachment under General Lincoln went down the Hudson from Tappan in boats with muffled oars and landed a half mile below the village of Yonkers, near the present Ludlow station on the Hudson River Railroad. Lincoln marched over the hills of Tippet's brook and down that

stream to the house of General Montgomery, near Kingsbridge. Here he was attacked by the enemy's pickets, and Delancey, ever on the alert, retreated within the forts before De Lauzun was able to intercept him.

Washington had by this time advanced to Valentine's hill and when he heard the firing hastened forward to the aid of Lincoln, but before his arrival the English had all fallen back.

Lincoln ascertained that the British detachment had returned from New Jersey; that Sir Henry Clinton had been re-enforced by fresh troops; that a large party was on the north end of the island, and that a ship of war stood guard at the mouth of the Spuyten Duyvil Creek. In view of these difficulties Washington withdrew his forces to Dobbs' Ferry, where he was joined by Rochambeau and the French army on July 6.

This may be said to have ended the war in Westchester County, and with the exception of a few more marauding expeditions on the part of the British the trials and hardships of the neutral ground gradually disappeared.

No section of America felt the persecuting hand of England more than Westchester. The Hudson River was considered the gateway to the north and the dividing line between New England and the south, and the struggle for its possession was kept up during the entire war. The beautiful stream, with its alarm guns and beacons, supplied the telegraphic system of the time and news was swept along its valleys almost as swiftly as it could to-day.

A monument to this achievement now stands on Beacon Mountain opposite Newburgh, erected by the Daughters of the Revolution in 1900, and commemorates the lighting of signal fires during the Revolution. It commands a glorious prospect—the cities of Newburgh, Fishkill, and Mattewan lying at its base fourteen hundred feet below, the hills around West Point looming in the south, the noble Hudson majestically sweeping to the north, and the blue line of the Catskills in the distance.

There are a hundred places of deep historic interest in Westchester, but none more so than Valentine's hill in Yonkers, where the Roman Catholic Seminary of Dunwoodie now stands. It was the scene of many stirring events and affords a charming view from the Palisades of the Hudson to the shores of Long Island Sound and southward along the vale of Tippet's brook in the direction of New York, where Van Courtland Park is now situated. During the Revolution it was nearly a score of miles from the city, but now the confines of the great metropolis are only two miles away, and Yonkers, then a village of a few houses,

is now a city of 75,000 inhabitants. Here, as everywhere throughout the country, the opportunities of American freedom, bravely wrung from England, plainly appear and show the blessings which have flowed from the sacrifices of the founders of the nation, among whom, we are proud to say, the sons of Ireland were most potent factors.

The united armies of France and America remained for six weeks in the vicinity of Dobbs' Ferry, during which Washington, although his mind was made up to go to the South, kept up the appearances of a meditated attack upon New York. This action on his part prevented obstacles from being thrown in his way by Sir Henry Clinton and also deprived Cornwallis of needed reinforcements in Virginia.

At length the two armies crossed the Hudson at Verplanck's Point and marched by different routes to Trenton under the general command of Lincoln, some passing through the Ramapo Valley and the pass to Morristown, and others going by way of Ringwood.

The French took the river route, by Tappan and the Hackensack Valley to Newark and Perth Amboy. At the latter place they made preparations as if to attack the British on Staten Island and then advance upon New York. These movements, together with deceptive letters which, as intended, fell into the hands of the enemy, caused Sir Henry Clinton to believe that an attack on New York City was the grand object of the Americans, and before he awoke from this delusion the allied armies had crossed the Delaware and were well on their way to Virginia.

They marched in proud array through the streets of Philadelphia and were joyously reviewed by Congress, but when they arrived at the head of the Elk there were not sufficient vessels to transport them, and a large portion of the American troops and all of the French had to march to Baltimore and Annapolis.

Washington went on ahead and reached Mount Vernon on the 10th of September. This was the first visit he paid to his home since he left it in 1775 to attend the Continental Congress in Philadelphia—a period of six years and five months—and he only remained long enough to await the arrival of Rochambeau, whom he had left in Baltimore. When joined by that commander he resumed his march and arrived in Williamsburg, Va., on the 14th of September. He found the French fleets in the Chesapeake and now devoted all his time to hasten the march of the united forces. Before his arrival Cornwallis endeavored to retreat into North Carolina, but he was prevented from doing so by Lafayette and Wayne and he was now securely blocked up in Yorktown.

"With colors flying," writes Doheny, "hopes elate and unimpeded progress, the finest army America yet saw hastened to the succor of Lafayette, before whom, with his very inferior force, Cornwallis fled and took shelter in Yorktown, where the co-operation of the British fleet would, as he fancied, enable him to resist any assault or defy any blockade. The combined army arrived before Yorktown on the 30th of September and lay all night under arms, 12,000 strong. They were led in person by their first military chief, aided by all the talent and courage of the American service. The French fleet lay in the Chesapeake, and, however impregnable seemed the works which protected Yorktown, Washington proceeded to invest it with an unerring and unfaltering purpose—to capture or destroy the proud British army that defended it.

"He commenced his second parallel two hundred yards from the works of the besieged. Two redoubts in the advance of the British impeded the work and dealt death among the workmen. To storm them was at once decided upon. The French chose one and the American another. After a desperate resistance both were taken with great loss to the gallant defenders.

"As the siege progressed Cornwallis found that his hope of coping with so superior a force and of receiving succor from the navy was delusive. The batteries of the besiegers frowned on every part of the town and his intrenchments were quickly giving way. He reluctantly yielded to the conviction that there was but one alternative, to capitulate or to fly. He decided on the latter. Boats were in readiness to convey his troops to Gloucester Point, where flight was deemed practicable. A storm frustrated the attempt before the first debarkation took place. But one thing remained—to capitulate on any terms. His own terms to the garrison at Charleston led him to expect the hardest. He wrote to Washington praying for an armistice of twenty-four hours and the appointment of a commission to adjust the conditions of capitulation.

"Cornwallis endeavored to obtain permission to march out of town with colors flying, but it was refused, General Lincoln, who received his submission, reminding him of his own terms at Charleston.

"The besieging army consisted of 7,000 French troops, 5,500 American regulars, and 4,000 militia. Their loss amounted to 300 killed and wounded. That of the British to nearly 600. Seven thousand men surrendered.

"From the day on which the commander-in-chief, with mortified feelings, had turned his thoughts and hopes from the more daring project of investing the British in New York until the con-

summation of the great work, above detailed, the combinations of the army scarcely received a single check, and not one of them failed of its destined aim. Signal success, with the least possible loss, attests the wisdom of all Washington's operations, as it bespoke for him the approval and blessings of his country. Nor was the success more complete than the consequences of defeat to England were overwhelming. Indomitable did her courage still appear and unbowed her strength of purpose; but the second capture of an entire army was a blow which vibrated to her heart with a sense so stunning that she never afterward forgot it.

"The capture of Lord Cornwallis and his army of rapacity spread unspeakable gladness throughout America. If ever tidings of joy may be said with truth to be insupportable, these claimed title to be so. The steps of that army in its day of triumph were traceable in ruin and ashes. No scourge breaking from the hand of an angry God ever left behind it wider or more indiscriminate ruin. Even criminals and prisoners were allowed to share in the national jubilee; for by an order of the commander-in-chief they were pardoned and set free. The state felt that the best expression of its thanks to God was an imitation of His mercy. Blessed gratitude! Raising man toward divinity, in exercising the divine attribute of remission and pardon, not because they are deserved, but because it is Godlike to forgive."

In 1881, while preparations were being made by the United States government for the centennial celebration of the surrender of Cornwallis, William E. Robinson, one of the ablest statesmen and writers of his time, contributed the following letter to the Brooklyn Eagle on the subject. It truthfully portrays the services of Irishmen, not only at Yorktown, but throughout the entire Revolution, and we gratefully copy it from the Celtic Monthly, for which it was revised by the author:

(From the Celtic Monthly, August, 1881.)

It is proposed to make preparations for a grand entertainment to be given before the season closes to the nation's guests, who are invited to attend the grand celebration of the centennial of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis and his army at Yorktown, in Virginia, on the 19th day of October, in the year 1781.

We shall undoubtedly have distinguished European representatives of our allies, and they will likely arrive in New York some time in September, which will be presently upon us, and I suggest that the municipal authorities of New York and Brooklyn should unite in giving them a worthy reception here. There is no time to be lost.

If you will turn to the New York Herald of Tuesday last you will see a very cordial letter written by James G. Blaine,

Secretary of State, to Andrew D. White, Esq., our minister to Germany, tendering from the President of the United States an invitation to the representatives of Baron Steuben's family to attend the coming centennial celebration at Yorktown as guests of the government of the United States, and asking that this request be communicated through the imperial minister of foreign affairs. It is understood that some relatives of Baron Steuben are now officers in the army that supports the Kaiser on his throne and the despotic Bismarck in his iron rule of despotism.

It is also understood that there are several representatives of the family of Richard Montgomery in Ireland, as well as representatives of the families of William Irvine, Stephen Moylan, Daniel Morgan, Andrew Lewis, and Andrew Pickens, of the Revolutionary army, as well as of John Barry, of the navy, all of them natives of Ireland, and Charles Stewart, "Old Ironsides," of our navy, the son of an Irishman and grandfather of Charles Stewart Parnell. No American could think of inviting the representatives of the families of those who distinguished themselves in fighting for the colonies against England without thinking of the above named illustrious generals and commodores and a hundred other native Irishmen and sons of Irishmen, who won our independence, and our celebration of the crowning victory of the Revolutionary War at Yorktown would be a mockery and an insult to the memory of the most glorious heroes of that victory, sons of Ireland, including Anthony Wayne and Henry Knox, if their families should be forgotten at the festival at which those of the illustrious Lafayette and Steuben were the nation's guests.

The following letter which should have been written by Mr. Blaine has not been hitherto published, but "Richelieu" is enabled to send to the *Eagle* the only copy furnished for publication. It will be seen by those who have read this letter now furnished to the *Eagle* and addressed to our Minister to England that it is nearly word for word, and in date the same as addressed to our Minister to Germany, except the names and the postscript:

A LETTER WITH A POSTSCRIPT.

Department of State,
Washington, D. C., July 30, 1881.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, ESQ., ETC., LONDON:

Sir: During the darkest hours of our early struggle for independence, before it was known whether an undisciplined body of patriots could make a successful stand against the veteran troops of England, an Irish soldier of character and distinction tendered his sword in aid of American independence—Richard Montgomery joined the army of Washington in the memorable

and disastrous winter of 1775. He attested the sincerity of his attachment to the patriotic cause by espousing it when its fortunes were doubtful, its prospects gloomy, and its hopes, but for the intense zeal of the people, well nigh desperate. Montgomery was received by Washington with the most cordial welcome and immediately placed on duty by that illustrious chief as commander of the northern division of the Continental army. A detailed history of his military career would form an epitome of our early Revolutionary struggle and with that of his illustrious countryman, John Stark, worthily occupies the most conspicuous pages of the first volume of "Spark's American Biography." He had served in the war against France under Amherst and his famous countryman, Wolf, and had acquired in the campaign against Louisburg, Ticonderoga, Quebec, and Havana the skill and experience so much needed by the untrained soldiers of the Continental army. The drills and discipline and effective organization which were at once imparted to the American army by the zeal and diligence of Montgomery transformed the volunteers and raw levies into veterans, who successfully met the British regulars in all the subsequent campaigns of the long contest. The final surrender of the British army under Lord Cornwallis occurred at Yorktown, Va., on the 19th day of October, 1781.

Though Montgomery had fallen at Quebec, the brave officers and men whom he had educated and disciplined bore a most conspicuous part in the arduous campaign which ended so auspiciously for the Continental army. It was Anthony Wayne, the son of an Irishman, who served so gallantly in Montgomery's retreating army, that opened on the 6th of October, 1781, the first parallel at the investment of Yorktown. It was he who commanded when, on the 11th, the second parallel was opened, and it was he who, on the 14th, after dark, most gallantly sustained Lafayette in the attack on the two detached redoubts. The centennial of that great event in American history is to be celebrated with appropriate observances and ceremonies on the approaching anniversary. I am directed by the President to tender through you, an invitation to the representatives of Richard Montgomery's family in Ireland to attend the celebration as guests of the government of the United States. You will communicate the invitation through the English secretary of state for foreign affairs and will express to him the very earnest desire of this government that it shall be accepted. Those who come as representatives of Richard Montgomery will be assured, in our day of peace and prosperity of as warm a welcome as was given to their illustrious kinsman in the dark days of adversity and war. They will be the honored guests of fifty millions of Americans, a vast

majority of whom have, as I have, Irish blood in their veins and constitute the most worthy and valuable elements that make up the strength of the republic. Eight of our Congressmen, four in the House and four in the Senate, being native Irishmen, and a majority of both Houses, with the Vice President, of Irish descent. Intensely devoted with patriotic fidelity to America they yet retain and cherish and transmit the most affectionate memories of the dear old Emerald Isle. To these the visit of Montgomery's relatives, or of his brothers, Alexander and John, or of his sister, who married Lord Rawleigh, and had two sons, Charles and Thomas, will have something of the revival of family ties, while to all Americans, of whatever origin, the presence of Irish guests will afford fitting opportunity of testifying their respect for that noble island within whose limits are included so much of American sympathies for the island of saints and sages, of orators, poets, and patriots, and of devoted friends of the United States. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

JAMES G. BLAINE.

POSTSCRIPT—I am likewise directed to suggest that you also inquire for the representatives now living in Ireland of the following Irishmen who dedicated their hearts and swords to the independence which was won at Yorktown:

John Barry, a native of Ireland, the first commodore of the American navy appointed by Washington.

Ephraim Blaine, a native of Ireland, a quartermaster in Washington's army, from whom I am proud to trace my pedigree.

Richard Butler, a native of Ireland, one of the five brothers who rendered distinguished services to Washington's army.

John Dunlap, a native of Ireland, a brave officer under Washington and publisher of the first daily paper in the United States; also the first printer and publisher of the Declaration of Independence. In 1780 he subscribed \$20,000 to supply Washington's army with provisions.

George Ewing, a brave soldier in Washington's army, of a distinguished Irish family, resident in Cumberland County, New Jersey. He was an officer in the New Jersey Line and fought at Germantown and Brandywine and spent the terrible winter of 1777 with Washington at Valley Forge. His son was Thomas Ewing, of Ohio, Senator of the United States and member of President Harrison's and President Taylor's Cabinet. His granddaughter is the wife of General Sherman, the head of the army, and my own cousin.

John Gibson, a native of Ireland, a renowned Indian fighter and major general in our army. His brother George penetrated

the forests from Pittsburg to New Orleans to supply Washington with powder from the latter city, then under Spanish rule. He fought in all our battles with England, from Trenton to Yorktown. His men were rifle sharpshooters and were known as "Gibson's Lambs." This George's son George was commissary general of the United States army for forty years, and his son, John B. Gibson, was chief justice of Pennsylvania for twenty-five years, whom Jeremiah S. Black, another son of Ireland, describes as "the most illustrious judge of his time."

James Graham, who commanded in fifteen battles in our war with England before he was twenty-three years of age. The youngest of his twelve children, whose mother was the daughter of John Davidson, another Irishman, who signed the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, was William A. Graham, a member of President Taylor's Cabinet and a candidate for Vice President on the ticket with Winfield Scott.

Edward Hand, Washington's favorite adjutant general, a native of Ireland.

John Hazlett, a native of Ireland, who fell with Mercer at Princeton and whose son was governor of Delaware.

William Irvine, a native of Ireland, who fought with Wayne under General Thompson (both Irish) in Canada, commanded the advance troops at Monmouth, stormed Stony Point with "Mad Anthony," and was trusted and praised by Washington everywhere.

Henry Knox, major general and Washington's chief of artillery, and also Secretary of War and of the Navy in Washington's Cabinet.

Andrew Lewis, who was born in Ireland, but had to fly with his father, John, who shot an Irish landlord for evicting himself and family from their home. This John who slew his Irish landlord had five sons, all of whom distinguished themselves in our war with England. When Washington assumed command of our army he requested that Andrew Lewis should be made one of his major generals.

Andrew McClary, the giant patriot, a major commanding at Bunker Hill, where he fell.

David Porter, a naval officer of merit in the war of the Revolution, father of David Porter, whose career was "a blaze of heroism," and grandfather of Admiral David D. Porter, the head of our navy, who will have charge of the naval display at Yorktown.

Stephen Moylan, brother of the Catholic Bishop of Cork, one of Washington's favorite generals and one of five brothers who fought in our Revolutionary army.

Daniel Morgan, a native of Ireland, who won the victory of the Cowpens over Tarleton; helped to defeat Burgoyne, and fought under Montgomery at Quebec.

Andrew Pickens, who fought at the Cowpens and elsewhere and whose son and grandson were governors of South Carolina.

Jerry O'Brien, who fought and won our first sea fight with the British. John Rodgers, whose father came from Ireland and served in the Revolutionary War, and gave to this country one of its most illustrious families of naval heroes.

John Stark, who fought and won the battle of Bennington. John Sullivan, one of Washington's favorite generals. There are also some of the most illustrious heroes of our second war with England, who were born in Ireland or of Irish parents, whose descendants or relatives, if living, should be welcome guests at our centennial. Andrew Jackson and Alexander Macomb in our army. Stephen Decatur, David Porter, John Rodgers, Johnston Blakeley, Thomas McDonough, Oliver H. Perry, and Charles Stewart in our navy. If there are any of the families of these heroic Irishmen and sons of Irishmen who served this country so well, now resident in Ireland, a warm welcome is tendered them, and particularly to the grandson of our gallant commodore, "Old Ironsides," Charles Stewart Parnell.

I need not tell you in what part of Ireland to look for the families of these illustrious friends of America, for every American should be familiar with the subject, but I may say that Conroy Castle, near Raphoe, in the county of Donegal, is the birth-place of Montgomery and is still in possession of his family. John Barry was born at a place called Tacumshane, in the county of Wexford. The Butlers were from Drogheda. John Dunlap was born in Strabane. Edward Hand was born at Clyduff, in King's County. Hazlett was from Coleraine, and a gentleman of his name and family is now a magistrate there. General Irvine was born near Enniskillen. About nine miles north of Enniskillen is the village of Irvintown and the family seat of the Irvines is called Rockfield. General Irvine's grandson, William A. Irvine, who is proud of his Irish ancestry, is living in Warren County, Pennsylvania, at a place called Irvine. The Moylans were born in Cork. General Morgan was born at the Cross of Ballinascreen, which the English barbarously call Draperstown, after a London company who possessed themselves of a large portion of land in Derry, which the English barbarously call Londonderry.

John Stark was from Derry. John Sullivan from Limerick. Stephen Decatur's Irish mother's name was Pine. Captain Johnston Blakeley was born at Seaford, in the county of Down. Charles Stewart's father was from Belfast, his mother from Dublin. His

grandson, Charles Stewart Parnell, lives in Wicklow, and another son has property in Armagh. General Jackson was from Carrickfergus. It is probable that our minister and consuls in Great Britain might be more profitably employed in collecting information of the homes and families of those illustrious friends of America than they are at present in trying to find excuses for our ancient enemy in keeping our citizens in prison without any charges specified against them.

It has not escaped the notice of the department that recently a young clergyman named Thomson was ordained at Maghera, in the county of Derry, Ireland, and that probably he is a relative of Charles Thomson, our illustrious and venerable secretary of the Continental Congress, who was a native of that village and who was the most determined foe of England in our revolutionary struggle. If any of his family are still living in Ireland, it is no more than what our people owe to this, perhaps, the purest patriot of our revolutionary days, that a national vessel should be put at their service to make us a visit. This would be more worthy employment for our navy than that to which they have of late been dedicated or desecrated.

That was a grand spectacle for America and Ireland at Yorktown, the 19th day of October, 1781, when Cornwallis surrendered to Washington. The American army was drawn up on the right side of the road leading from Yorktown to Hampton and the French army on the left. Their lines extended more than a mile in length—Washington on his white charger, at the head of the American column, and the princely Rochambeau, on his splendid bay, was at the head of our faithful allies—the French. A vast concourse of our people assembled to witness the ceremony. The vanquished British troops marched slowly between the columns of the allied armies. All were anxious to look upon Cornwallis, whose march through the Southern States had been one of cruelty and plunder, almost as cruel as his subsequent career in Ireland as lord lieutenant. But he pleaded illness and sent General O'Hara to deliver his sword. Twenty-eight British regiments were to deliver their colors.

Twenty-eight British captains, each with a flag in a case, were drawn up in line. Opposite to them twenty-eight American sergeants were stationed to receive the colors. Colonel Alexander Hamilton, a foreign-born citizen of the young republic, was the officer of the day. And amid these magnificent surroundings and in this august presence, these twenty-eight flags of the grand British army were surrendered to America, and the young ensign who received them was an Irish-American boy of eighteen years of age, Robert Wilson, a nephew of Captain Gregg, of the Irish

Londonderry colony of New Hampshire, partially transplanted in New York. It was meet and proper that one kindred in blood to Stark and Wayne and Knox should be selected to receive the spoils of the vanquished enemy whom these Irish-American generals had so bravely fought and conquered on a hotly contested field.

That was a grand midnight scene for America and Ireland when young Lieutenant Colonel Tilghman, of Maryland, Washington's aide, rode express from Yorktown to Philadelphia with Washington's announcement to Congress of Cornwallis' surrender. Riding express and galloping into the city at midnight, he reached High street, near Second, where Thomas McKean resided, the Irish-American president of the Continental Congress, whom, with violent knocking, he roused from sleep to receive the glad tidings. The Irish-American watchman announced the flying hours: "Half past 12 o'clock and Cornwallis is taken." That Irish-American city started from its slumbers and lights flitted through the houses like a crescent illumination. The old state house bell of liberty flung out its treble notes to the crisp October morning air and the hoarse cannon thundered forth their double bass in reply. The Irish-American Congress came early together and Charles Thomson, the venerable Irish-American Secretary of Congress, read with clear and inspired voice the letter from Washington announcing the surrender of Cornwallis and his army to the Irish and French troops.

That, in fine, was a grand day for America and Ireland, Sunday, the 25th day of November, 1783, when General Washington and Irish-American George Clinton, general and governor of the State of New York, with their suites, rode four abreast into the city, which the conquered British had just evacuated, followed by Irish-American General Henry Knox and other officers of the army eight abreast. The governor gave a public dinner to the distinguished company and the next day entertained at dinner the French ambassador, the Chevalier de la Luzerne, followed next evening at the Bowling Green by the most brilliant display of fireworks ever before seen on this continent.

On Tuesday, December 4, the principal officers of the army assembled at Fraunce's Tavern to take final leave of their beloved chief. Filling his glass he turned to them and said: "With a heart full of love and gratitude I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable." Having drunk he added, "I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but should be obliged to you if each of you will take me by the hand." General Knox, his Irish chief of artillery, sat next to

him. Washington, in tears, grasped his hand, embraced and kissed him. With similar emotions and signs of love he took leave of each succeeding officer. He passed through the corps of light infantry to White Hall, followed by the whole company, and entering the waiting barge, waved his hat and passed to Paulus' Hook and thence to Annapolis to surrender his commission to Congress.

The statue of George III in Bowling Green has been overthrown. The British flag, which had been nailed to the staff, was torn down and the American flag, worked by the fair hands of an Irish-American lady, was run up in its place; and so the volume of the Revolutionary War was closed, on which was written many a brilliant page by the brightest swords that Ireland ever unsheathed in the cause of freedom. Her sons will be ever welcome, while we enjoy the liberties which their blood and bravery gave us.

J. G. B. (RICHELIEU).

William E. Robinson, the writer of the foregoing remarkable document, was a leading contributor, under the pen name of Richelieu, to the New York Tribune in Horace Greeley's time, before Whitelaw Reid came on the scene to deprive it of its pre-eminence as a great American newspaper and turn it over to the service of England.

Robinson was several times a member of Congress from Brooklyn, and while serving in that body in 1868 he was the author of a bill which prevented England from ignoring the rights of naturalized Irish-American citizens. At that time the late Colonel John Warren, of Boston, and Captain Augustine E. Costello, now a prominent citizen of New York, were sent to prison in Ireland on the claim of "once a British subject a British subject forever," but the bill alluded to not only gained the freedom of these Irish patriots, but permanently settled the rights of naturalized American citizens of Irish birth.

Another important paper on the services of Irishmen in the French army in America, who were also forgotten in the celebration, was contributed to the Irish-American Almanac for 1882 by William J. Onahan, of Chicago. It shows that nearly one-half the troops sent here by the King of France were men of the Irish race—a fact entirely ignored by American historians of the present day:

(From Irish-American Almanac for 1882.)

The national celebration commemorating the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown a hundred years ago will be remembered as one of the notable events of 1881. Deserved honor was paid on the occasion to the descendants of the gallant Frenchmen who

were in command there, and to the official representatives of the French nation, whose aid throughout the war of the Revolution, first in subsidies and moral support and afterward with fleets and armies, contributed so powerfully to the great and glorious result at Yorktown, which, in effect, crowned and consummated American independence. The services of the brave General Steuben were likewise justly remembered in the recognition shown to those who claim descent from him; and different cities showered honors on the German representatives, though, oddly enough, Baron Steuben, in his will, altogether ignored and disinherited every one of his "kith and kin." These demonstrations of gratitude on the part of the American government and people are eminently just and appropriate. I by no means wish to be understood as caviling with or finding fault with any part or feature of the Yorktown celebration. I desire merely to call attention to the historical fact that there was another element and people, it may fairly be claimed, represented at the original scene of the English surrender in 1781 who seem to have been wholly forgotten recently. I refer to the Irish! In the army of the Count de Rochambeau, during the siege and at the final surrender of Cornwallis, was Count Arthur Dillon, of the French-Irish Brigade—the same who served with signal distinction at the siege of Savannah two years previously, where he held the post of second in command to the Count d'Estaing, commander-in-chief of the French fleet and army operating at the time on the southern coast.

Enumerated as among the troops in Rochambeau's army at the surrender at Yorktown will be found mentioned Dillon's Regiment. The field officers of the regiment were Count Arthur Dillon, colonel; Bartholomew Dillon, lieutenant colonel; James O'Moran—not placed—likely major.

Certainly there is no mistaking the nationality of these names. The notable and even distinguished part taken in the American war for independence by Count Dillon and the Irish soldiers serving in the French armies in America has scarcely met adequate recognition and acknowledgment in the histories of the war. I am not referring now to the services of the Irish who fought in the American army and navy. My object is to call attention to the services of the Irish who fought under the French flag, in aid of American independence, against the flag and arms of their hated foe—England. From the capitulation of Limerick, in 1691, down almost to the period of the French Revolution, a hundred years later, Ireland supplied an enormous contingent to the French armies, the Irish troops being privileged to maintain their distinctive organization, and being even allowed extra pay over and above that paid to the ordinary French soldier. Who has not

heard and read the story of the career of these gallant exiles? Every battlefield in Europe for a hundred years flamed with their valor and was crimsoned with their blood. Extravagant though the figures may seem, authority is not lacking for the statement that four hundred thousand Irish soldiers died in the service of France during the period alluded to.

The significant fact in connection with the services of the French-Irish troops in the War of the Revolution is that they were sent to America, at their own request, to fight the British! After the outbreak of hostilities between France and England following the signing of the treaty of alliance between the former and the "United Colonies" the Irish regiments in the French army, and more particularly the one commanded by Count Dillon, addressed a petition to the French War Office asking to be sent to America to fight the English, urging as a reason that they were entitled to serve before other troops, "the English being their hereditary foes." The request seems to have been willingly and quickly granted.

The roster of the contingent sent out in the French fleet to cope with the British forces in the West Indies and in the United States (or Colonies) gives the regiments of "Dillon," "Berwick," "Roche-Fermoy," "Walsh," and others.

At the siege of Savannah, in 1779, Count Arthur Dillon was second in command to the Count d'Estaing, who was commander-in-chief of the French fleet and army, which operated in conjunction with the American force under General Lincoln. Count Dillon had under him his own regiment and parts of others—"Walsh's," "De Foix," etc.—in all 2,300 men, "for the most part Irish," as the record states. In the first assault on Savannah, which ended disastrously to the allied French and Continental forces, Count Dillon sustained a gallant and conspicuous part; though wounded, he would not leave the field. Three times the attempt was made on his side to carry the intrenchments. Lieutenant Colonel Brown, who led the regiment of Walsh, twice planted the French flag on the ramparts, and in the third charge was killed. The list of the killed and the wounded officers presents the names of Brown, "major of Dillon's regiment;" Moran and O'Neill, "captains;" Roche, "officer of artillery;" Taafe, "lieutenant;" Fermoy, "cadet," and others.

Of the French force upward of 700 fell in the final attack; the Americans suffered proportionately. It was on this occasion that the gallant Count Pulaski—a Polish volunteer in the American service—lost his life leading a column of troops to the attack.

Need I recall also in this connection the name of Sergeant William Jasper, whose romantic service in the Southern cam-

paign was crowned by a glorious death at this same siege? He received his death-wound on the ramparts while in the act of rescuing the American flag from the English, who had overwhelmed the first assaulting party, "but his hold did not relax, and he bore it off to a place of safety before he fell and died." Professor Sparks says of him: "Sergeant William Jasper had probably done more injury to the enemy than any one man in the American army." The city of Savannah has raised a monument in honor of this brave Irishman, who, like many thousands of his countrymen on later fields, willingly gave his life to "save the flag."

Count Dillon was not the only notable Irishman present at the surrender of Cornwallis; there were others outside of his regiment. The name of M. Lynch appears in the list of Rochambeau's staff, whose chaplain, too, was an Irishman.

W. J. ONAHAN.

Exhaustive as are those articles of Richelieu Robinson and W. J. Onahan, they leave many things unsaid as to the services of Irishmen at Yorktown. It is safe to say that between the Pennsylvania Line, the Irish in the French army and those in the militia and Continental forces, our countrymen were present in far greater numbers than all other nationalities combined when the death blow was given to English power at Yorktown.

The surrender of Cornwallis was hailed with intense joy throughout the country and thousands of citizens assembled to witness his humiliation. If ever a commanding officer deserved punishment at the hands of his captors Cornwallis was the man, but the Americans, as was their custom throughout the war, refrained from giving him the same treatment which they had received at his hands. They heaped coals of fire upon his head by returning good for all the evil he had done them.

He was justly styled the terror of the South, and Lossing says that his conduct during his march of over 1,500 miles through that section was disgraceful to the British name. He suffered dwelling houses to be plundered of everything that could be carried off, and it was well known that his table was furnished with plate thus obtained from private families. His march was more frequently that of a marauder than an honorable general, and it was estimated, on the best information, that during the six months previous to his surrender the devastation of his army amounted to about fifteen million dollars.

Among those of our race who gave up their lives at Yorktown was Colonel Alexander Scammell, who had bravely distinguished himself throughout the entire war. He had been com-

mander of the First and Third New Hampshire regiments, nearly all of whom were Irish, and adjutant-general of Washington's army. He studied law in the office of General John Sullivan, and was with that gallant officer when he struck the first blow of the Revolution at Fort William and Mary. He was mortally wounded by Hessian officers after he had surrendered, on September 30, and his death was justly denounced as a cowardly murder.

Young Lieutenant Wilson, who had the honor of receiving the surrendered flags at Yorktown, was, as Robinson says, the nephew of a famous Irishman, Captain James Gregg, of New Hampshire, well known in the history of the Mohawk Valley, in New York.

Young Wilson was with his uncle at Fort Schuyler when it was invested by St. Ledger in 1777. Captain Gregg was one of the commanders of the garrison, and one day went out, with two of his soldiers and his young nephew, to shoot pigeons. Fearing the Indians, the boy was sent back, and the party had not proceeded far before they were attacked by some Indians in ambush, who shot down all three, scalped them, and made off. Captain Gregg, though badly wounded, was not killed. His two soldiers, however, were lifeless, and, laying his bleeding head upon the body of one of them, he expected soon to die. His dog had accompanied him, and, in great agitation, whined, licked his wounds, and otherwise manifested his grief and attachment. He told the dog to go for help, and the animal, as if endowed with reason, at once obeyed him. He ran about a mile and found two men fishing. By piteous moans he induced them to follow him to his wounded master. The captain was carried to the fort, and, after much suffering, was restored to health. "He was a most frightful spectacle," says Dr. Thacher. "The whole of his scalp was removed; in two places, in the forepart of his head, the tomahawk had penetrated the skull; there was a wound on his back with the same instrument, besides a wound in his side and another through his arm with a musket ball."

This was the uncle of Lieutenant Wilson, and the young man had accompanied him through the war since he was twelve years of age, thereby earning for himself the great honor conferred upon him at Yorktown, leaving out the sacrifices of his uncle and other members of his family.

We cannot here recount the individual efforts of the many Irishmen who were present in this decisive battle, but we may mention, in addition to the many instances of their bravery recited by Robinson and Onahan, that General James Clinton, Colonel Francis Barber, Colonel Stephen Moylan, Colonel Richard

Butler, and his brother, Captain Pierce Butler, distinguished themselves during the siege.

With the exception of the action in the South which we have already described, the siege of Yorktown was the last engagement of the war. The French army remained in Virginia until the summer of 1782, when it joined Washington's army on the Hudson, its headquarters being near Peekskill.

On his march northward Rochambeau everywhere met with enthusiastic receptions, not only on account of the great aid he rendered to the American cause, but for the order and discipline of his army in its progress through the country. His soldiers would not even take fruit from the trees without leave.

The French army remained at Peekskill until October, when it commenced its march to Boston, going by way of Hartford and Providence. At the latter place Rochambeau took leave of his troops and returned to Washington's headquarters at New Windsor on the Hudson.

Soon after the arrival of the French troops in Boston John Hancock, the Irish-American Governor of Massachusetts, gave a public dinner to the officers of the army and navy. On December 24, 1782, the French fleets sailed from Boston for St. Domingo with all the troops except Lauzun's Legion, which had been sent to the aid of General Greene in the South, the army having been in the United States two years and six months.

Having paid a visit to Washington, Rochambeau, on January 14, 1783, embarked at Norfolk, Va., for France. Before he left Congress presented him with resolutions praising his bravery, the services he had rendered to the cause of independence, and the discipline he had maintained in his army. It also gave him two cannon that he had taken from the enemy at Yorktown, and recommended him to the most favorable consideration of the King of France. The blessings of the American people followed him to his French home, and even in our own day a magnificent statue keeps his memory green in our national capital.

Soon after the departure of Rochambeau two of the most painful events in the life of Washington occurred at Newburgh. One of these—that relating to what is called the Newburgh Address—we have already described in our remarks on General John Armstrong, Jr. The other was the proposition of Colonel Nicola advocating, in a personal letter to Washington, the establishment of a monarchy and tendering him the title of King. Nicola was quickly made to realize the true character of his illustrious chief by the following stinging rebuke which he received at his hands:

"Sir—With a mixture of great surprise and astonishment, I have read with attention the sentiments you have submitted to my perusal. Be assured, sir, no occurrence in the course of this war has given me more painful sensations than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army as you have expressed, and which I must view with abhorrence and reprehend with severity. For the present, the communication of them will rest in my own bosom, unless some further agitation of the matter shall make a disclosure necessary. I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address which to me seems big with the greatest mischiefs that can befall my country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. At the same time, in justice to my own feelings, I must add that no man possesses a more serious wish to see ample justice done to the army than I do, and, as far as my power and influence, in a constitutional way, extend, they shall be employed to the utmost of my abilities to effect it, should there be any occasion. Let me conjure you, then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate, as from yourself or any one else, a sentiment of the like nature.

GEORGE WASHINGTON."

When the final arrangements for the evacuation of the British came to be made Sir Guy Carleton was in chief command of his majesty's forces in America, and thus it fell to the lot of an Irishman to deliver the new nation into the hands of Washington—a task which must have been pleasing to him as the former companion of the brave Montgomery and the most honorable English commander in America.

On the 2d of November, 1783, Washington issued his farewell address to the armies of the United States, and on the 14th of the same month he made arrangements with Governor Clinton to enter and take possession of the city of New York. As the result of a conference held at Dobb's Ferry by Washington, Clinton, and Carleton, the 25th of November was appointed as the time for the departure of the British troops.

On that day the American troops under General Knox took possession of the city amid the roaring of the artillery and the joyous shouts of the vast multitude, while Washington formally entered, attended by Governor Clinton and a long procession of leading citizens.

A week of feasting and thanksgiving followed, and on Thursday, December 4, the officers of the army bade farewell to

their beloved chief at Fraunce's Tavern, where the deeply touching scene so well described by Robinson was enacted.

The last survivor of those affecting incidents was Major Robert Burnet, the son of an Irish woman, who commanded the rear guard of the Americans on the day of the evacuation, and who died on December 1, 1854, seventy-one years after the great historic events.

Washington repaired immediately to Annapolis, where Congress was then in session, his progress being attended by great popular demonstrations. As he entered the National Assembly he was met at the door by Secretary Thomson, who conducted him to a seat, when President Mifflin announced that the United States, in Congress assembled, was prepared to receive his communications.

Washington arose for the last time as commander-in-chief of the Army of Independence and delivered a dignified and heartfelt address, briefly stating that the great events upon which his resignation depended had at length taken place, and recommending his soldiers, who, through their great sacrifices, had won the freedom of their country, to the kindest consideration of Congress. "I consider it," he concluded, "as an indispensable duty to close this last act of my official life by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them to His holy keeping. Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theater of action, and, bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission and take leave of all the employments of public life."

In acknowledging the receipt of the communication President Mifflin paid a glowing tribute to the career and character of Washington, joined with him in commending the nation to divine care, and closed with earnest prayers that God would foster a life so well beloved and finally grant him that reward which this world cannot give.

After more than eight years of the most arduous and exacting service Washington returned to his home at Mount Vernon, having accomplished a task never before equaled in the history of mankind.

As New York was merely a prison house and a barrack during the seven years of its occupancy by the British, the Americans found it in a most deplorable condition when they entered it. The wide tract swept by the fire of 1776 still lay in blackened ruins, and every house bore evidences of destruction at the hands

of the soldiers. The streets were filled with filth and ashes, and the whole city seemed a total wreck.

But with the spirit of freedom actuating its citizens it soon arose from its ruins and started on that wonderful career which has since made it the second city of the world and will soon make it the first. James Duane, the son of Anthony Duane, of Cong, County Galway, Ireland, had the honor of being its first mayor of the new government, and under his wise and able direction it bounded forward with flying leaps. He had been a member of the Continental Congress during the whole period of its existence, and while he was chief magistrate of New York he had the pleasure of welcoming to the city the old Congress, of which he was a member; the First Congress under the present Constitution, and George Washington as first President of the United States. He was the founder of Duanesburg, Schenectady County, and lies buried there under a church which he had erected during his lifetime.

During the Revolution thousands of American prisoners were crowded into New York, and every building of any size was a guardhouse and every cellar a dungeon. One of the gloomiest of these prisons, as described in the Story of Manhattan, was an old sugar house close by the Middle Dutch Church. It was five stories high, and was built in the days of Jacob Leisler, with thick stone walls and small windows. The stories were so low and the windows so small that there was no air, and underneath was a black and dismal cellar. The pale and sunken faces of the prisoners filled the openings by day and night seeking air, and there were so many of them confined there that they had to divide themselves into groups to do so. They slept on straw that was never changed, and the food given them was not enough to keep them alive. They might have freed themselves from this living death by joining the British, but few deserted their colors even in the face of death. They died by scores of fevers which always raged. Their bodies were thrown out of doors every morning and gathered up in carts and buried in trenches, like dogs, in the outskirts of the city. This was only one of a dozen such infernos; but the worst of all was the New Jail, which was afterward turned into the Hall of Records, and which stood on the site of the present Brooklyn Bridge Subway Station until 1903.

In Chapter XI of his Irish-American Historical Miscellany, John D. Crimmins gives a harrowing account of the Brooklyn prison ships and publishes a list of 354 patriots bearing Irish names who had been confined there. Mr. Crimmins estimates that 11,000 prisoners perished from all causes aboard these ships during the Revolution, and quotes from many authorities to show

the manner of their horrible deaths. One of these is William Burke, who had been a prisoner on the Jersey for fourteen months, and who states that the cruel treatment was never relaxed by the English or Scots, but sometimes the more humane Hessians evinced pity for the unfortunate sufferers.

"During that period," writes Burke, "among other cruelties which were committed, I have known many of the American prisoners put to death by the bayonet. In particular I well recollect that it was the custom on board the ship for but one prisoner at a time to be admitted on deck at night, besides the guards or sentinels. One night, while the prisoners were many of them assembled at the grate at the hatchway for the purpose of obtaining fresh air, and waiting their turn to go on deck, one of the sentinels thrust his bayonet down among them, and in the morning twenty-five of them were found wounded, and stuck in the head, and dead of the wounds they had thus received. I further recollect that this was the case several mornings, when sometimes five, sometimes six, and sometimes eight or ten were found dead by the same means."

Mr. Crimmins recites the following affecting incident regarding one prisoner who died on the Jersey: "Two young men, brothers, belonging to a rifle corps, were made prisoners and sent on board the ship. The elder took the fever, and in a few days became delirious. One night (his end was fast approaching) he became calm and sensible, and, lamenting his hard fate and the absence of his mother, begged for a little water. His brother, with tears, entreated the guard to give him some, but in vain. The sick youth was soon in his last struggles, when his brother offered the guard a guinea for an inch of candle, only that he might see him die. Even this he was denied. 'Now,' said he, drying up his tears, 'if it please God that I ever regain my liberty, I'll be a most bitter enemy!' He regained his liberty, rejoined the army, and when the war ended he had eight large and one hundred and twenty-seven small notches on his rifle stock."

Henry R. Stiles, in his History of the City of Brooklyn, as quoted by Mr. Crimmins, describes the following scene which took place on the Jersey on July 4, 1782, when the war may be said to have been over, and an era of better feeling might have been expected to prevail on the part of the English garrison:

"A very severe conflict with the guard occurred," writes Stiles, in consequence of the prisoners attempting to celebrate the day with such observances and amusements as their condition permitted. Upon going on deck in the morning they displayed thirteen little national flags in a row upon the booms, which were immediately torn down and trampled under the feet of the guard,

which on that day happened to consist of Scotchmen. Deigning no notice of this, the prisoners proceeded to amuse themselves with patriotic songs, speeches, and cheers, all the while avoiding whatever could be construed into an intentional insult of the guard, which, however, at an unusually early hour in the afternoon, drove them below at the point of the bayonet and closed the hatches. Between decks, the prisoners now continued their singing, etc., until about 9 o'clock in the evening. An order to desist not having been promptly complied with, the hatches were suddenly removed, and the guards descended among them, with lanterns and cutlasses in their hands. Then ensued a scene of terror. The helpless prisoners, retreating from the hatchways as far as their crowded condition would permit, were followed by the guards, who mercilessly hacked, cut, and wounded every one within their reach, and then, ascending again to the upper deck, fastened down the hatches upon the poor victims of their cruel rage, leaving them to languish through the long, sultry summer night without water to cool their parched throats and without lights by which they might have dressed their wounds. And to add to their torment it was not until the middle of the next forenoon that the prisoners were allowed to go on deck and slake their thirst or to receive their rations of food, which, that day, they were obliged to eat uncooked. Ten corpses were found below on the morning that succeeded that memorable 4th of July, and many others were badly wounded."

Nowhere in America were sufferings for the American cause more heroically borne than on the prison ships moored in the Wallabout, now occupied by the Brooklyn Navy Yard. As Stiles says, it was this calm, unfaltering, unconquerable spirit of patriotism—defying torture, starvation, loathsome disease, and the prospect of a neglected and forgotten grave—which sanctifies to every American heart the scene of their suffering in the Wallabout, and which will render the sad story of the prison ships one of ever-increasing interest to all future generations.

The bones of these patriots, washed from their shallow graves by the ever-recurring tides, continued to whiten the Brooklyn shore for many years after the Revolution, and it was not until 1808 that a suitable vault was built for their reception by Tammany Hall, then, as now, mainly composed of Irishmen.

We have now come to the close of the War of the Revolution, which drove the English out of America and established its freedom and independence, and in our hasty glance at the events from the capture of Fort William and Mary by John Sullivan to the surrender of Cornwallis, and further on to the fall of Charleston, we think we have established the fact that our coun-

trymen, both as commanding officers and fighting soldiers—alluded to as the Line of Ireland by Light Horse Harry Lee—were among the most active participants of the long-continued struggle which many times seemed hopeless of success.

From the first to the last they were ever at the front, and even in the scenes which marked its glorious conclusion we have seen General Knox entering New York as commander of the victorious Americans, Governor George Clinton at the head of the State troops, Major Burnet in charge of the rear guard, and the venerable Charles Thomson, as the Secretary of the Continental Congress from its opening to its close, leading Washington before that body to tender his resignation after his great work was done.

We have written no new history on this matter, and all our efforts have been directed to restore absolute facts to the readers of the present day. The official records of the Revolution do full justice to the Irishmen who took part in it, but these records have been so deliberately laid aside by modern writers, or so grossly distorted from their original shape, that great injustice has been done the innumerable Irishmen and Irish-Americans who freely sacrificed and bravely fought for the establishment and independence of this republic.

The evidence which we have collected in this connection, and which we have been careful to duly credit to its various authors, represents only a small part of what exists in the archives of the thirteen original States or lies hidden away in private and public libraries throughout the country. It is a vast field to cover, and our means of reaching the sources of stored knowledge have been very meager. We have done the best we could with the data at our disposal, but we are confident that a more thorough study of a local nature, which at present is beyond our reach, would reveal far more to the credit of the Irish race than we have been able to glean.

We are satisfied, however, that the facts we have set forth in these chronicles, as they appeared from month to month in *The National Hibernian*, have already aroused a deep and widespread interest, and we believe it will continue to grow in strength until we shall have a volume on the subject for every State in the Union.

Theodore Roosevelt has publicly proclaimed that the people who have come to this country from Ireland have contributed to the stock of our common citizenship qualities which are essential to the welfare of every great nation. "They are a masterful race of rugged character," he says; "a race the qualities of whose womanhood have become proverbial, while its men have the elemental, the indispensable, virtues of working hard in time of peace and fighting hard in time of war."

The Irishmen of the present day are still marked by these sterling qualities, and they may be depended upon through all future generations to fight and die for the institutions which their fathers so materially helped to establish in the war of the American Revolution.

THE END

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